

SCOOP

COMICS

MASS
NO. 8
10¢

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
WORLD'S
FAMOUS
COMICS

MASTER
KEY

ROCKET
MAN

MOTHER
HUBBARD

DAN
HASTINGS

ROCKET
BOY

SCOOP
DALEY

GLOBE
TROTTER

CORPORAL
GRANT

PLUS-8
SPECIALS

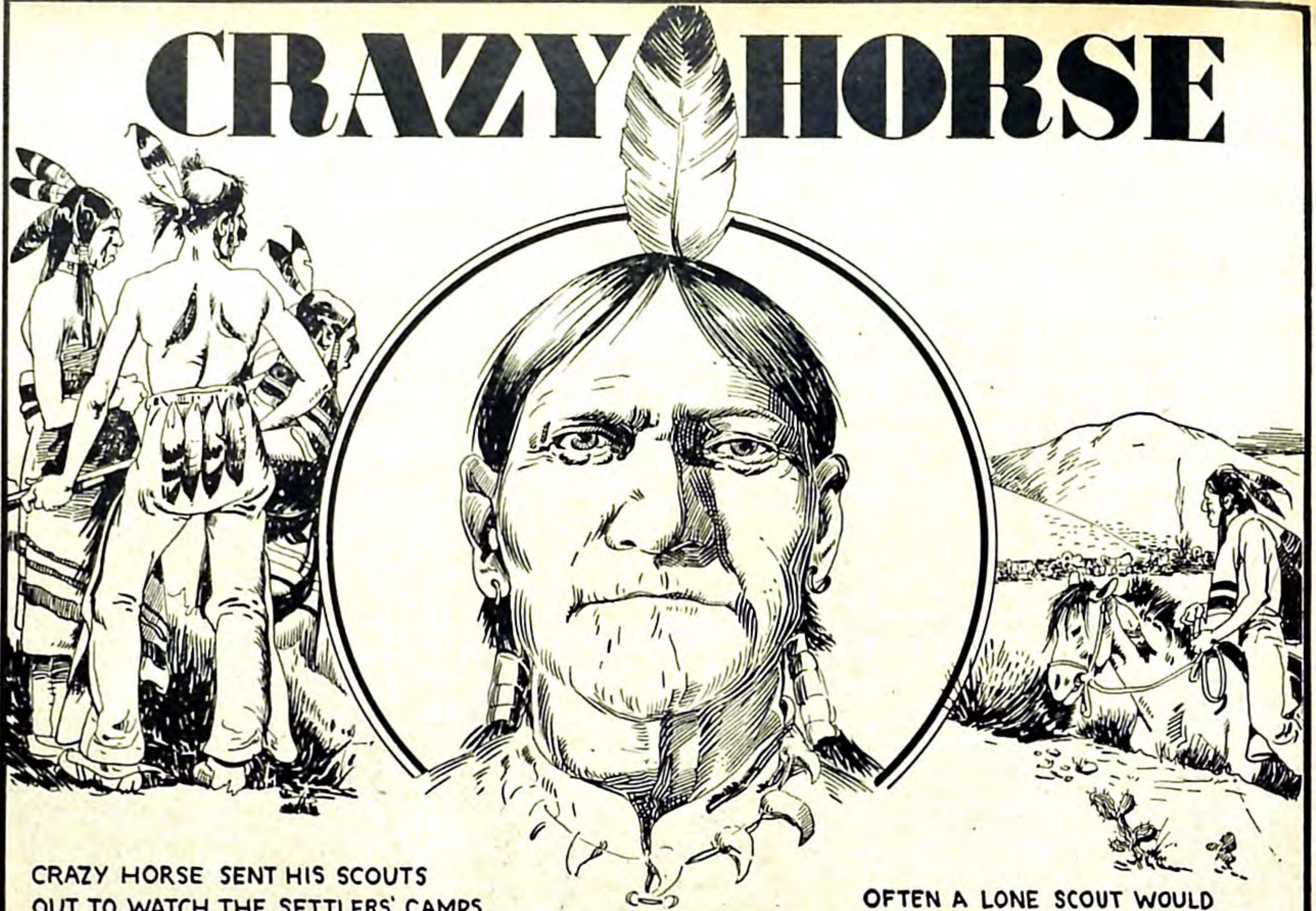
FEATURING
MASTER
KEY



MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE
FEATURING SUPERHEROES & VILLAINS

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

CRAZY HORSE



CRAZY HORSE SENT HIS SCOUTS OUT TO WATCH THE SETTLERS' CAMPS. HE GAINED GREAT FAVOR AMONG HIS TRIBE FOR THE LOOT HE GOT FROM RAIDS ON THEIR SUPPLY WAGONS.

**CRAZY
HORSE**

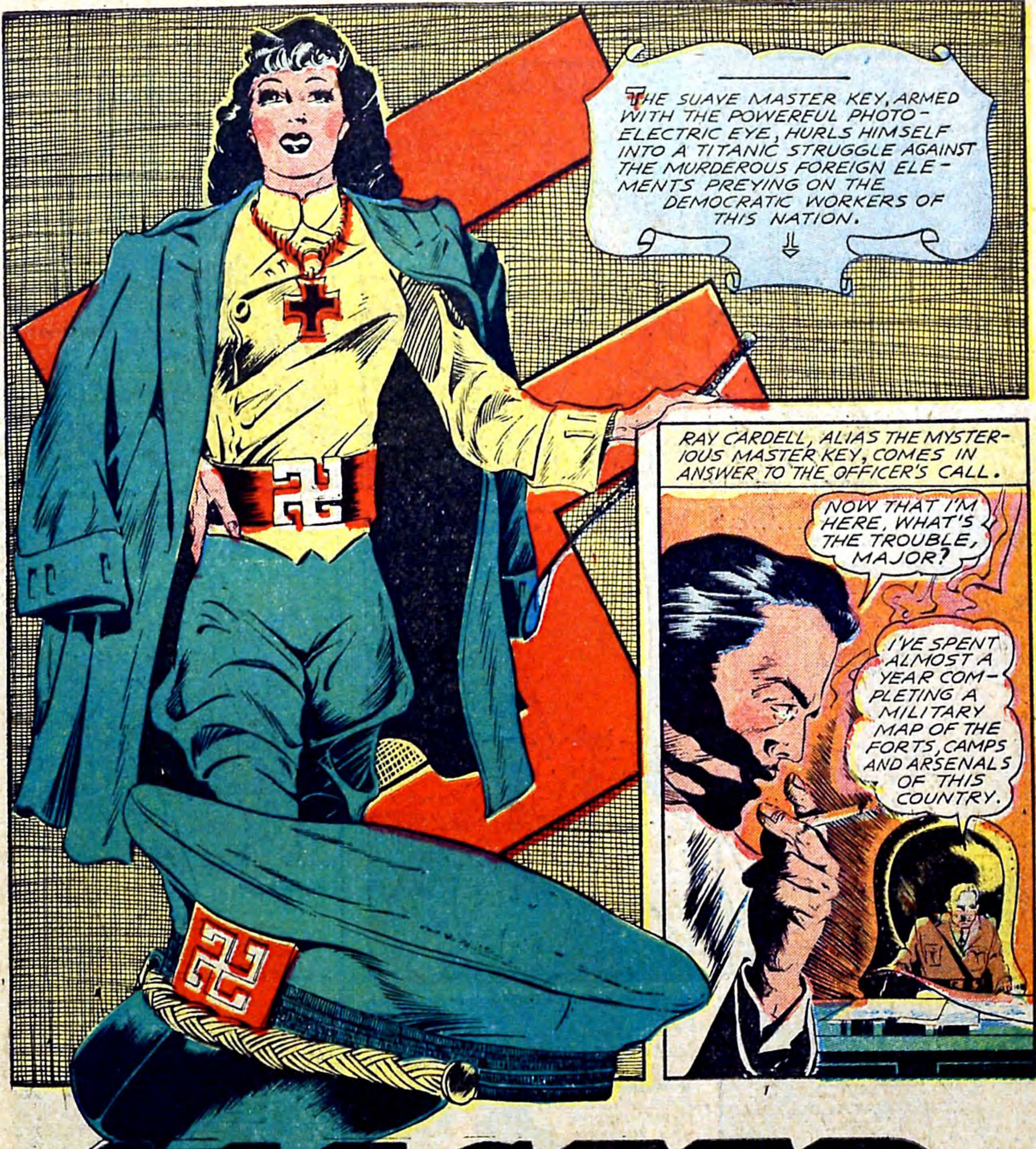
OFTEN A LONE SCOUT WOULD CONCEAL HIMSELF IN THE HILLS FOR DAYS UNTIL HE COULD INFORM CRAZY HORSE OF AN OPPORTUNITY TO LOOT THE WHITE MEN'S CAMP.



SOMETIMES IN HIS RAIDS, HIS SAVAGES CARRIED AWAY WOMEN AND CHILDREN. HE ASSISTED "SITTING BULL" IN THE SIOUX UPRISING IN 1876, AND HELPED DEFEAT GENERAL CUSTER.

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MASTER KEY

THE PLAN IS OUTLINED IN A MUFFLED VOICE.

I'M WORRIED, RAY. SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN TO IT BEFORE I GET TO WASHINGTON.

IN THAT CASE I HAVE AN IDEA. I'LL STAY HERE TONIGHT. YOU WILL GO ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS AS USUAL AND I'LL....



AND THAT NIGHT, AS THE MAJOR WORKS OVER HIS PLANS..



THE SHADOWY FIGURE SILENTLY ENTERS THE HOUSE.



AAAHHH... THIS WILL BE EASY!



NOW THE MAP IS OURS!



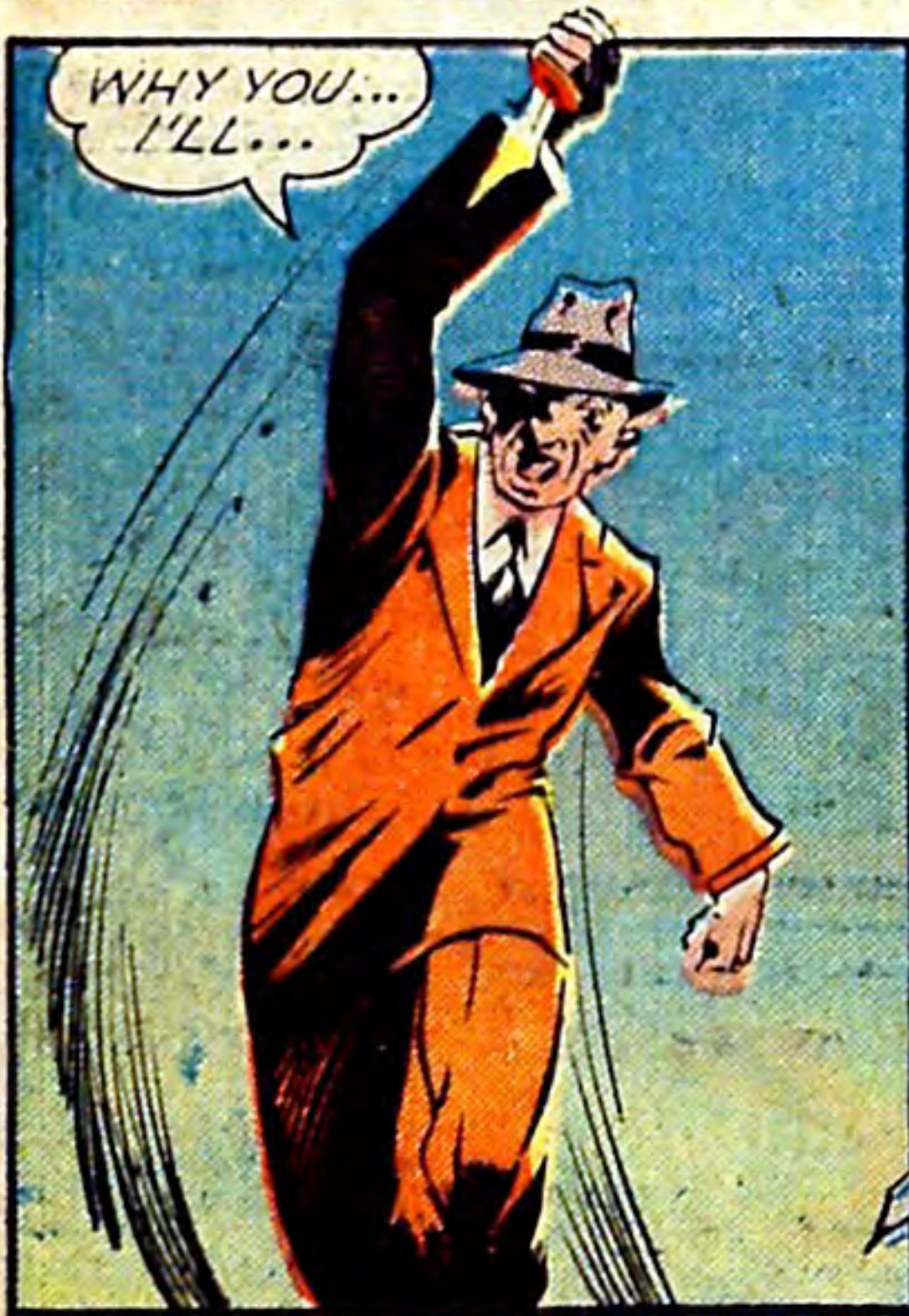
SUDDENLY, THE ROOM IS FLOODED WITH LIGHT.



WHAT TH... A TRICK!

ALL PHONEY... YOU, THE DUMMY AND THE PAPERS IN YOUR HAND!

WHY YOU... I'LL...



AND IN A SPLIT SECOND, THE MASTER KEY FOCUSES THE ELECTRICALLY CONTROLLED BEAM.

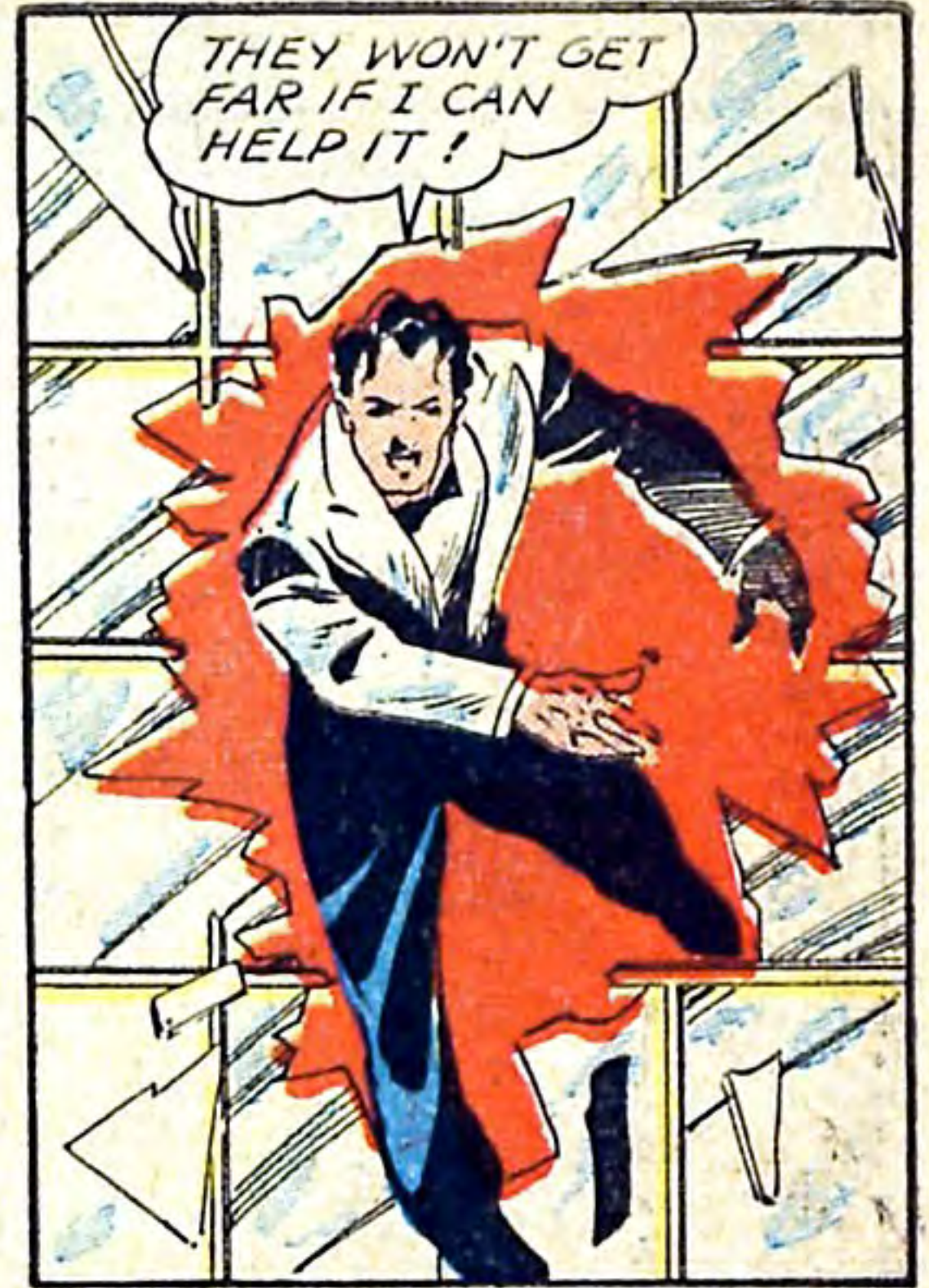
AAAHH... STOP, I CAN'T SEE. I'M BLIND!



SPEAK OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM!

STOP, I'LL TALK!







A SURPRISE VISIT WON'T HURT!



INSIDE THE HOUSE, A NERVOUS GROUP WAIT.

I WISH THE LEADER WOULD COME... I'M GETTING NERVOUS.

WHY WORRY... NOBODY'LL EVER FIND THIS HIDE-OUT... AND BESIDES, AS SOON AS WE GET THE MAP, WE BOARD THE SUB AND RETURN TO THE FATHERLAND.



SUDDENLY, ONE OF THEM SEES...

WHA.. WH... WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE A DEVIL!



MAYBE A GHOST!



IT'S NOT A DEVIL, IT'S NOT A GHOST, IT'S...



...THE MASTER KEY!

OOF!



YEAH, YOU'RE THE DOOR AND I'M GOING TO SLAM YOU!

LET'S, PLAY, RATS!



OOOFFF!

I CAN USE THIS!



TRY SITTING ON THIS ONE!

A UNIFORMED FIGURE COMES THROUGH THE DOORWAY, A DULL THUD, AND THE MASTER KEY SINKS TO THE FLOOR.

I WILL WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

OOOHHH!

ALL STIFFEN AT ATTENTION AS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN FOREIGN UNIFORM ENTERS.

THE LEADER-- HEIL!

BAH, YOU BLUNDERING FOOLS, OUR FUEHRER SHOULD HAVE ALL WOMEN AGENTS. THINGS WOULD BE ACCOMPLISHED. ERIC, COME HERE!

YOU WILL DESTROY HIM AND THIS HIDE-OUT. I HAVE THE MAJOR A PRISONER.

JA, BARONESS NOHART, I WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM AND JOIN YOU ON THE SUBMARINE!

WATCH FOR OUR SIGNAL ON THE SEAS!

I'LL LIGHT THE CORD, IT WILL REACH THE NITRO GLYCERINE, AND BRING THE CAREER OF THE MASTER KEY, TO AN END.

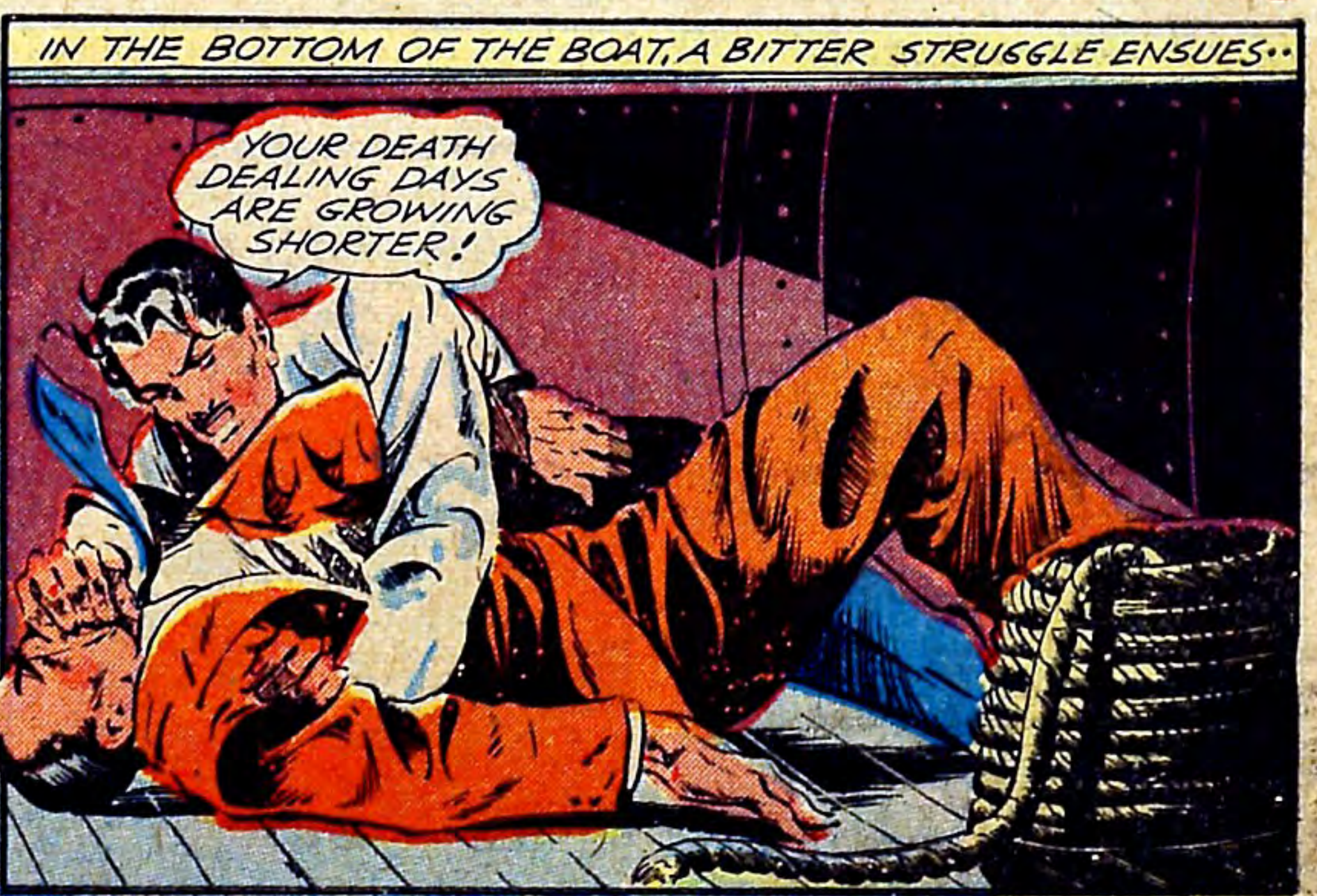
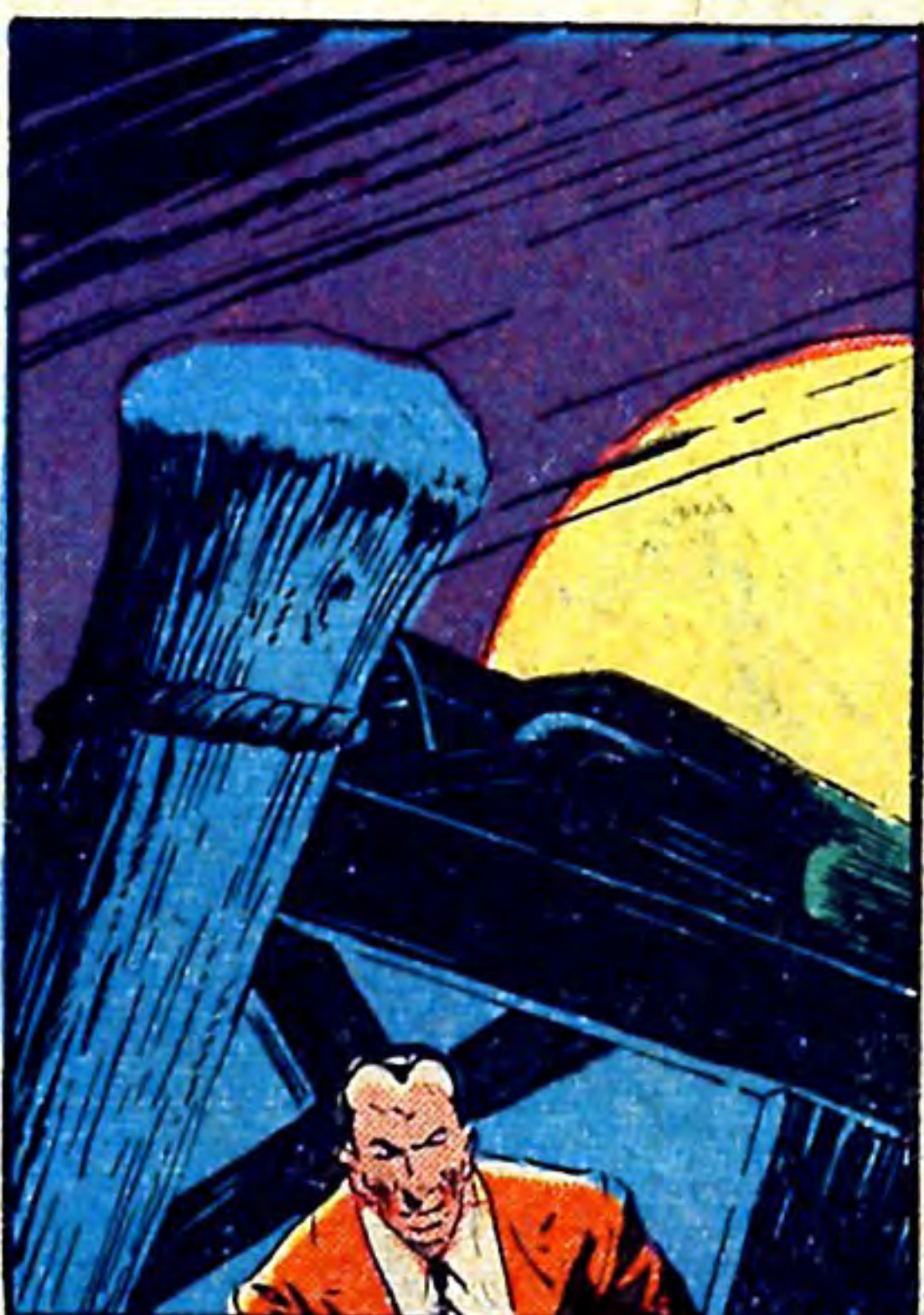
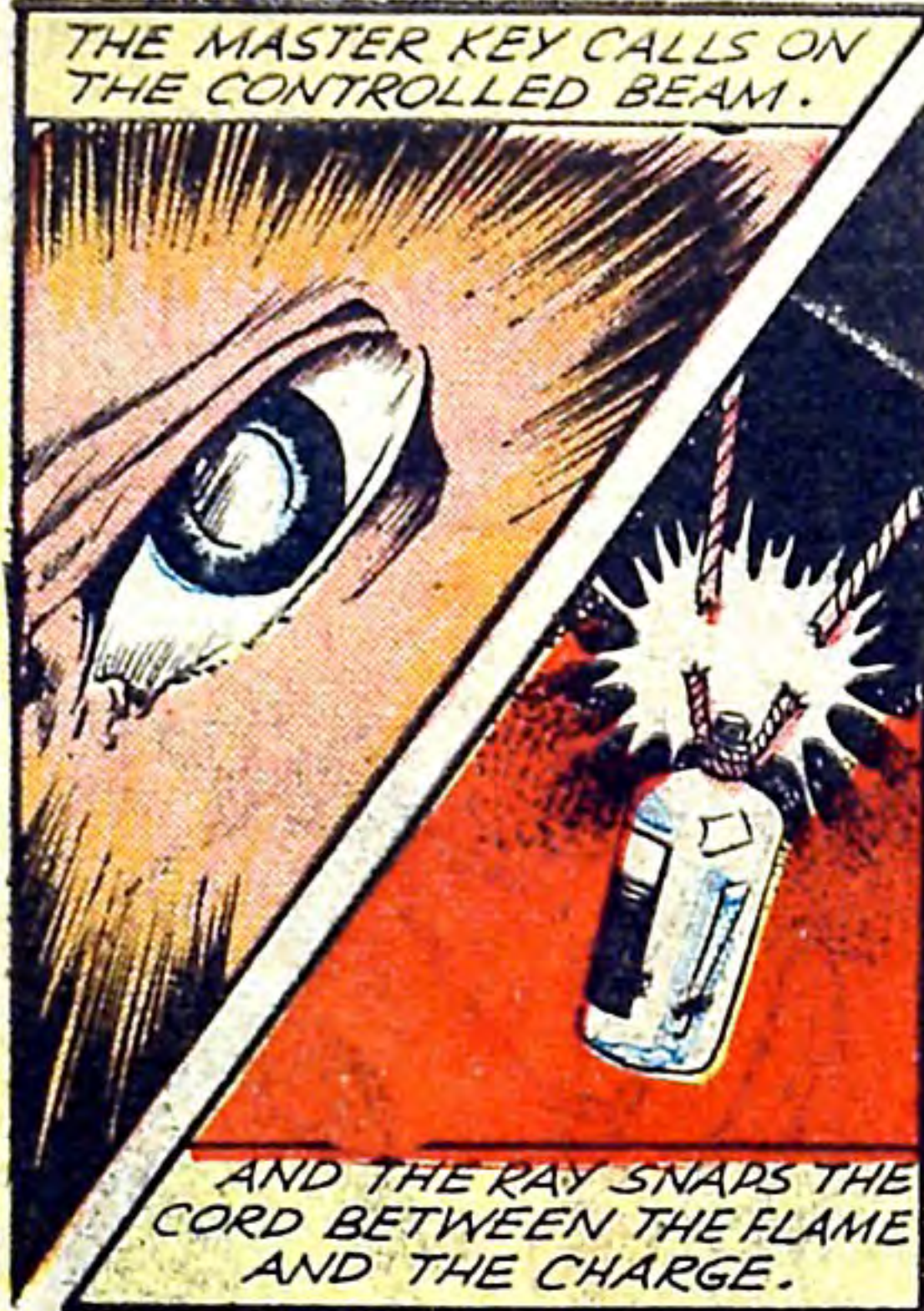
I'LL WATCH, BARONESS.

MY WORK IS DONE-- NOW TO JOIN THE OTHERS!

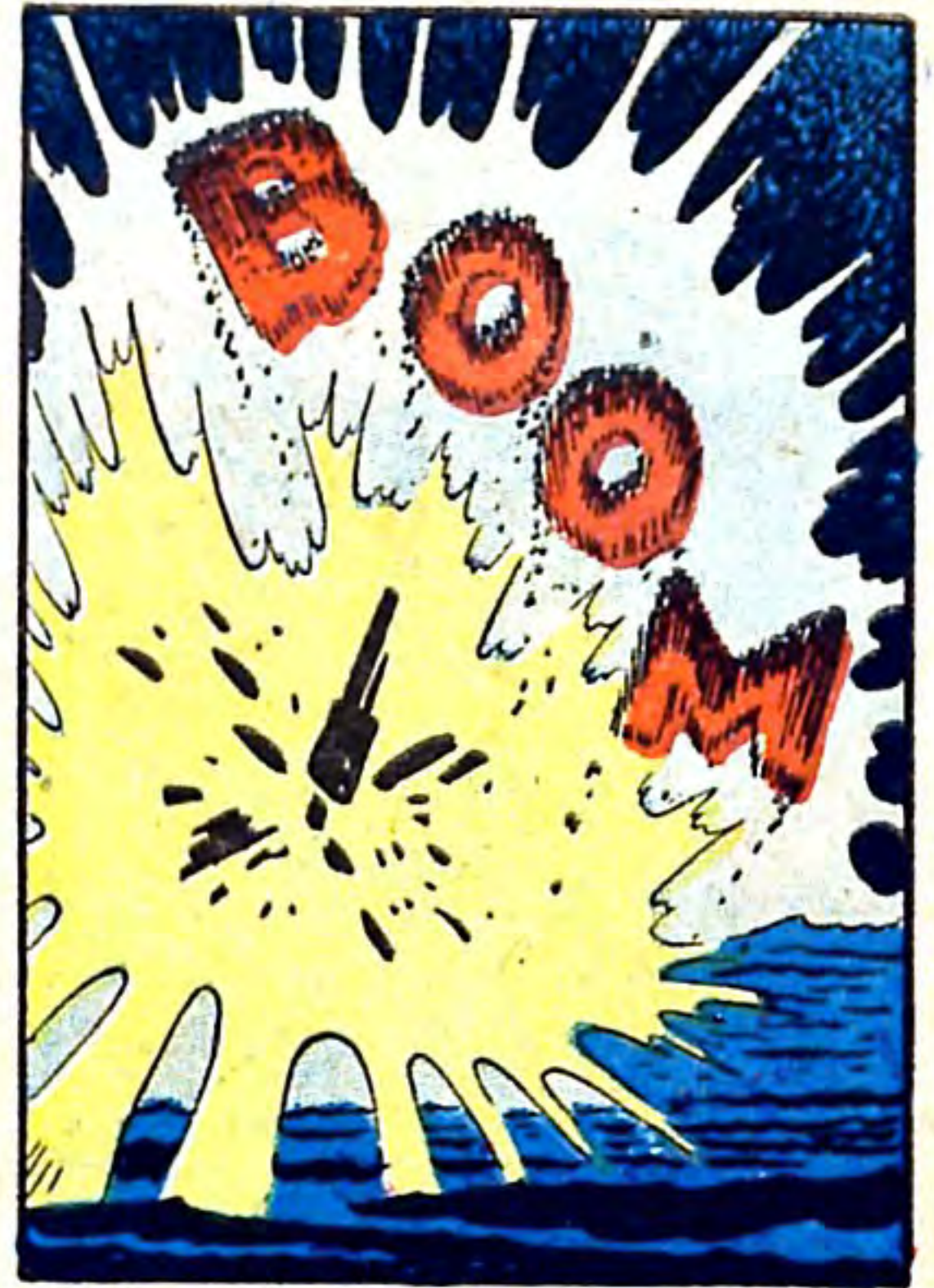
SWIFTLY, THE FLAME CLIMBS THE THIN CORD NEARING THE DEADLY VIAL OF T. N. T.

WHA.. OH.. SAY, I'M TIED. A PRISONER!

HEY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A BOTTLE OF NITRO!







64 **PAGES OF DYNAMIC ADVENTURE** **64**
FEATURING...
YANKEE DOODLE **YANKEE BOY** **YOUNG AMERICANS**
JONES & DANDY **JOHNNY REBEL** **THE ECHO**
YANKEE COMICS **NOW!**
ON YOUR NEWSTAND

TAIL SPINS

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

"MEBBE IT
WUZN'T SUCH
A GOOD IDEA
FER US'HITCH
A RIDE ON THIS
PLANE."

THE WIND
KEPT SHIFTING IT
AROUND, SO I TIED
IT DOWN.

"HE'S BEEN
PRACTICING
RIGHT BANKS
ALL MORNING!"

"YOU WOULD HAVE TO GET A FLAT
TIRE AT A TIME LIKE THIS!"

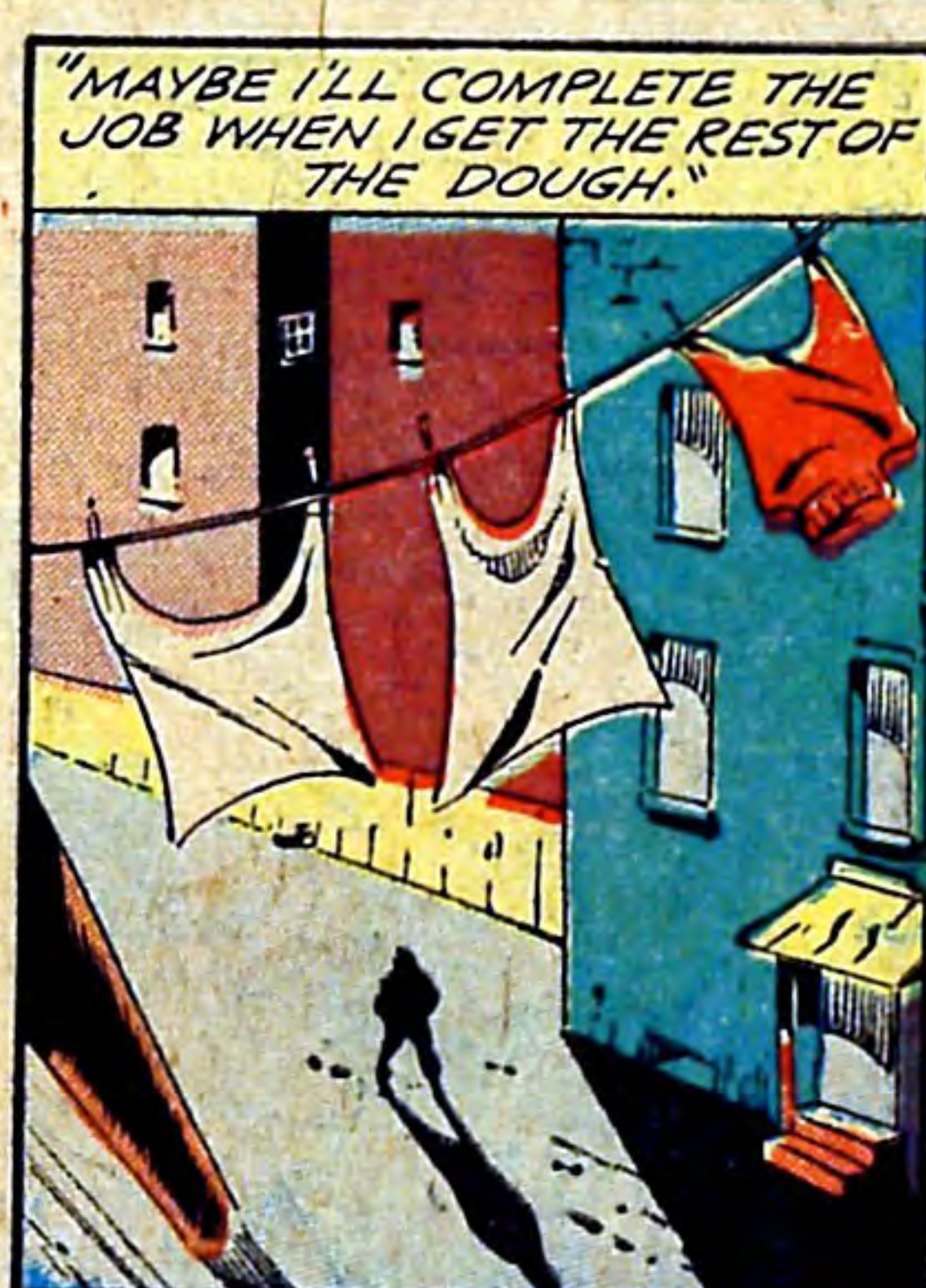
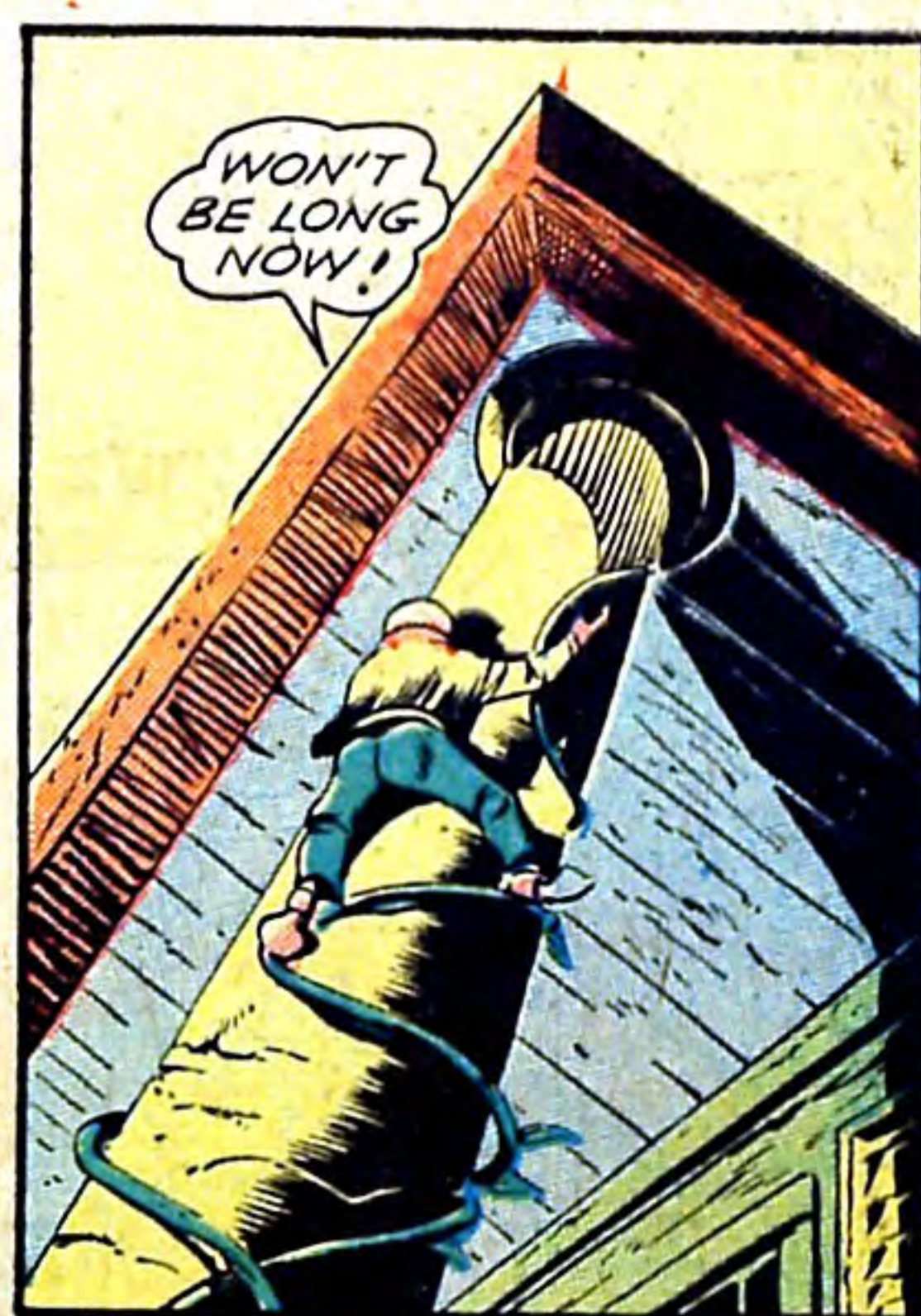
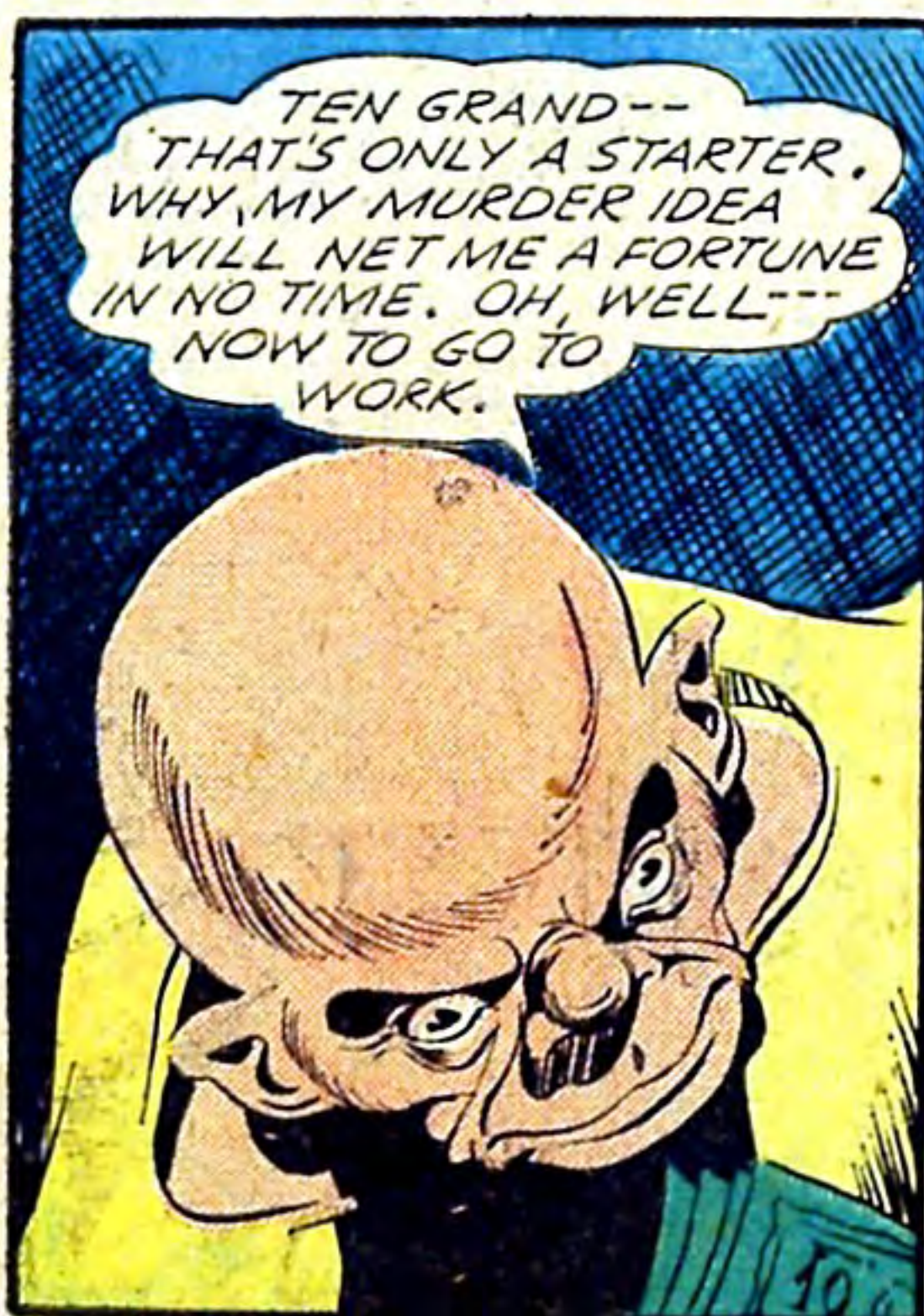
"ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS
THIS SHOULD BE FLORIDA-BUT I
THINK I SLIPPED UP SOMEPLACE!"



ROCKET MAN

IT'S A
HIDEOUS MURDER PLOT
THAT HURLS
ROCKETMAN
AND HIS FIANCEE INTO A
GIGANTIC STRUGGLE WITH
A MURDEROUS BAND HEADED
BY A FIENDISH KILLER.





Washington
Press **Guardian**

WEALTHY RETIRED STEEL MAGNATE FOUND DEAD!!

Mystery strangulation of Harvey
Manns baffles police wife and
daughter find body Investigated
to be held at victims home
this afternoon

EARLY THE FOLLOWING
AFTERNOON, CAL MARTIN AND
HIS FIANCEE DORIS, ENJOY A
BRISK WALK.

WHAT A HORRIBLE
THING! I WENT TO
SCHOOL WITH HIS
DAUGHTER, MARJORIE
I WISH WE COULD
DO SOMETHING,
CAL!

NOTHING
THAT I KNOW
OF. THAT'S
A JOB FOR
THE POLICE.

CAL,
IT'S A POLICE
CAR!

LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE COMING
ALONGSIDE US.

WHY, IT'S YOUR
FRIEND, DETECTIVE
O'REILLY!

SURE IS!
C'MON YOU
TWO--WE'RE
GOING TO
MANNS'
HEARING. I'D
LIKE YOU BOTH
TO COME ALONG.

AT MANNS' HOME, CAL AND
DORIS ARE VERY INTERESTED
SPECTATORS.

SURELY,
YOU DON'T
SUSPECT ANY
OF US?

WHY WOULD
ANYONE WANT
TO KILL HARVEY?
HE HAD NO ENEMIES--
HE WAS SUCH A GOOD
MAN.

MR. MANNS
WAS STRANGLED
AND--- SAY,
WHO IS THAT?

THAT'S
DADDY'S SECRETARY,
MR. BROWN!

WA--WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THIS CASE?
WHO STRANGLED
HARVEY MANNS?

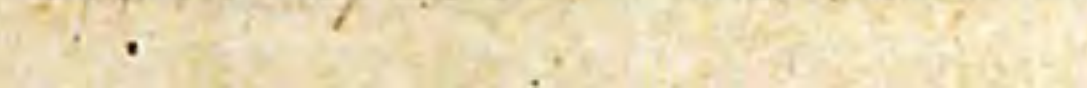
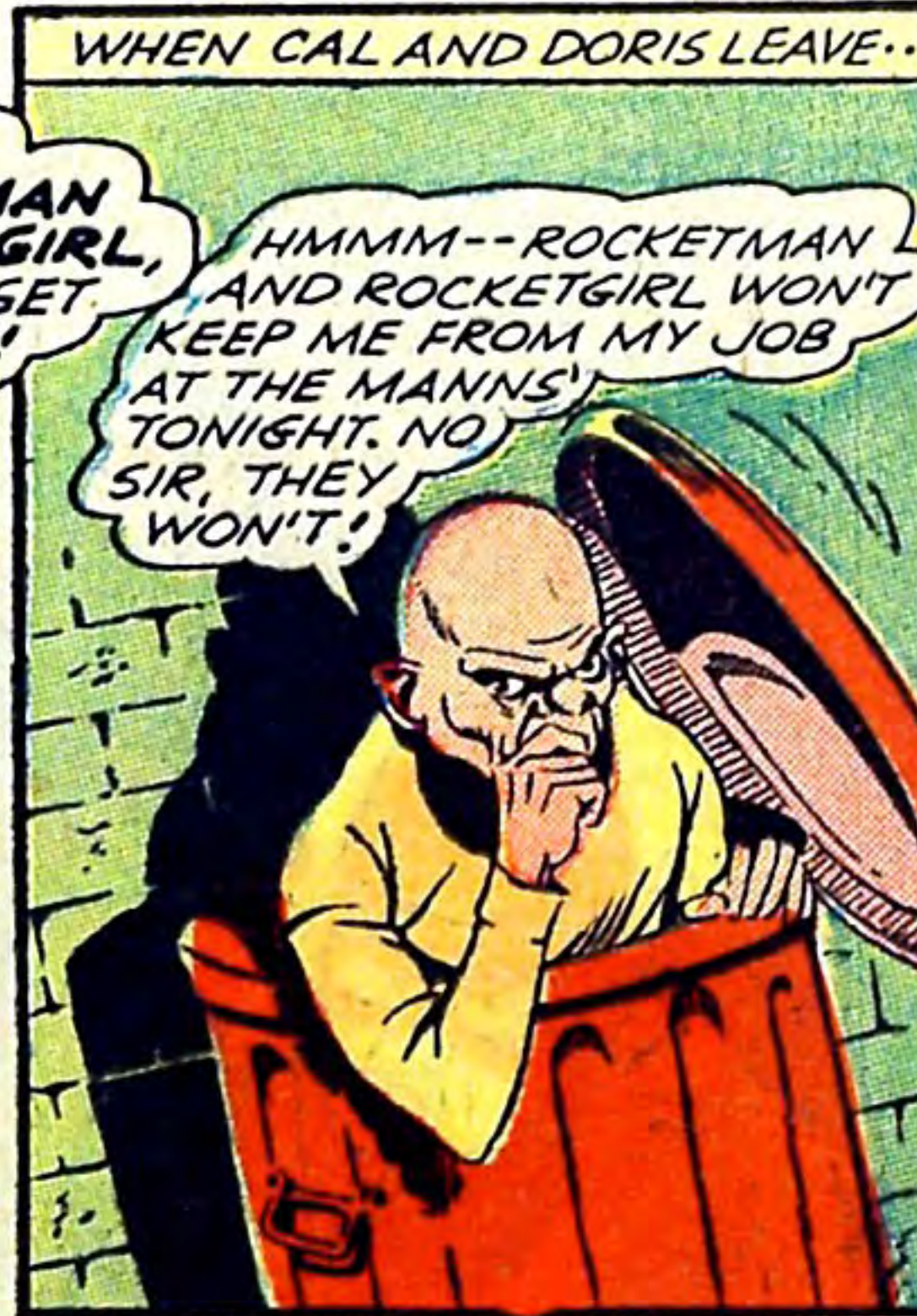
HOW
HORRIBLE!
NO, NO!
I JUST CAME
IN TO LOOK
THROUGH HIS
MAIL, LIKE
I ALWAYS DO.

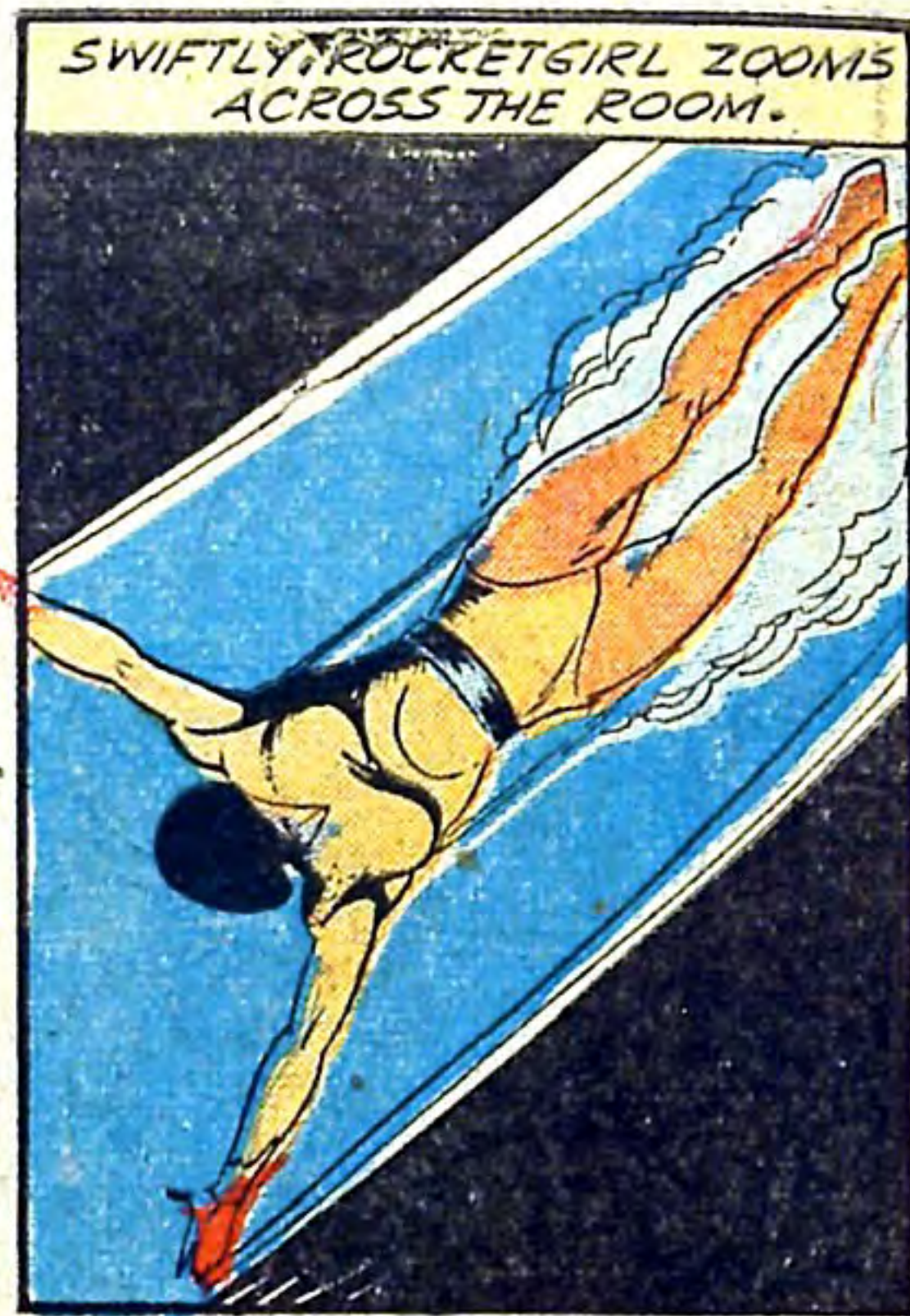
BOY, THIS
CASE LOOKS
LIKE A PERFECT
CRIME...WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
DORIS?

THE
FRENCH
WINDOWS..

LOOK,
BUT DON'T
ATTRACT
ANYONE,
WHEW!

A SINISTER FIGURE VIEWS
THE PROCEEDINGS.







IT'S FROM
THE ROOM
UPSTAIRS!

WE'D BETTER
GET UP
THERE!



SWIFTLY, THE HELICOPTERS
CONVEY THE TWO UPWARD..



IT'S
MRS. MANNS!

I HOPE SHE
ISN'T DONE
FOR! TAKE A
LOOK, I'LL
KEEP AN
EYE ON THE
OUTSIDE.



BRRR---
STRANGLER
LIKE HER
HUSBAND!

SNAKE--
HUNCHBACK-
MARJORIE.
I... AAAHH!



I SAW
SOMEBODY
LEAVE THE
HOUSE AND
GET INTO
THAT CAR.

WE'LL FOLLOW
HIM-- I THINK
HE'LL LEAD US
TO THE RIGHT
PLACE.



HE'S HEADING
FOR THE CLUB--
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
GOING TO STOP!



I'M GOING TO FIND
OUT WHAT'S GOING
ON IN THERE. I
THINK YOU'D
BETTER GET
O'REILLY
AND HAVE
HIM MEET
US HERE!

OKAY,
BUT GOSH,
I ALWAYS
GET THIS JOB!



INSIDE THE DISMAL HIDEOUT
OF THE MURDEROUS HUNCH-
BACK.

I TOLD
YOU I'D GET
RID OF THE
OLD LADY,
EVEN WITH
ROCKETMAN
AROUND.

THAT FAKE
ATTACK ON ME
DREW THEM
AWAY.

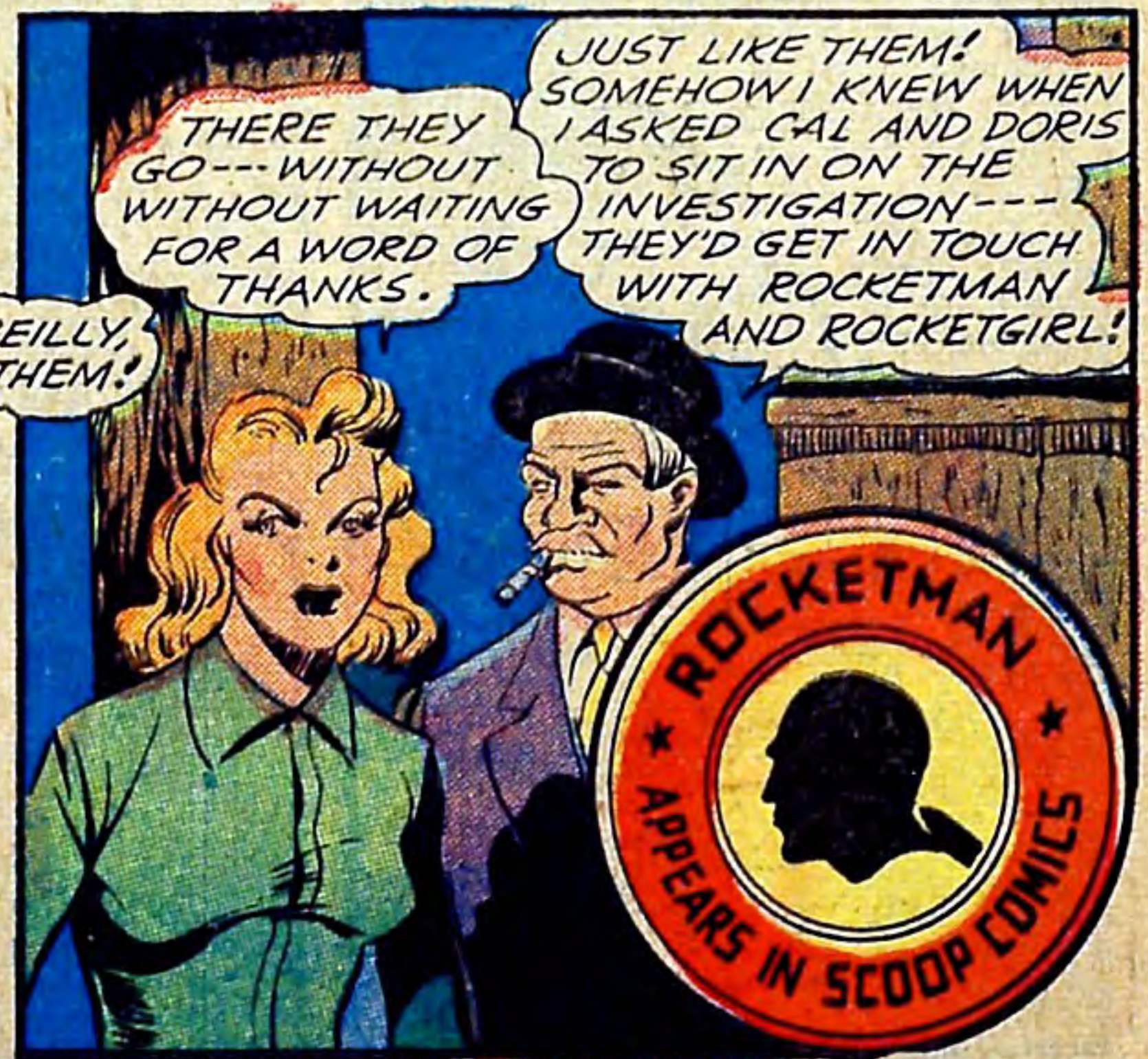
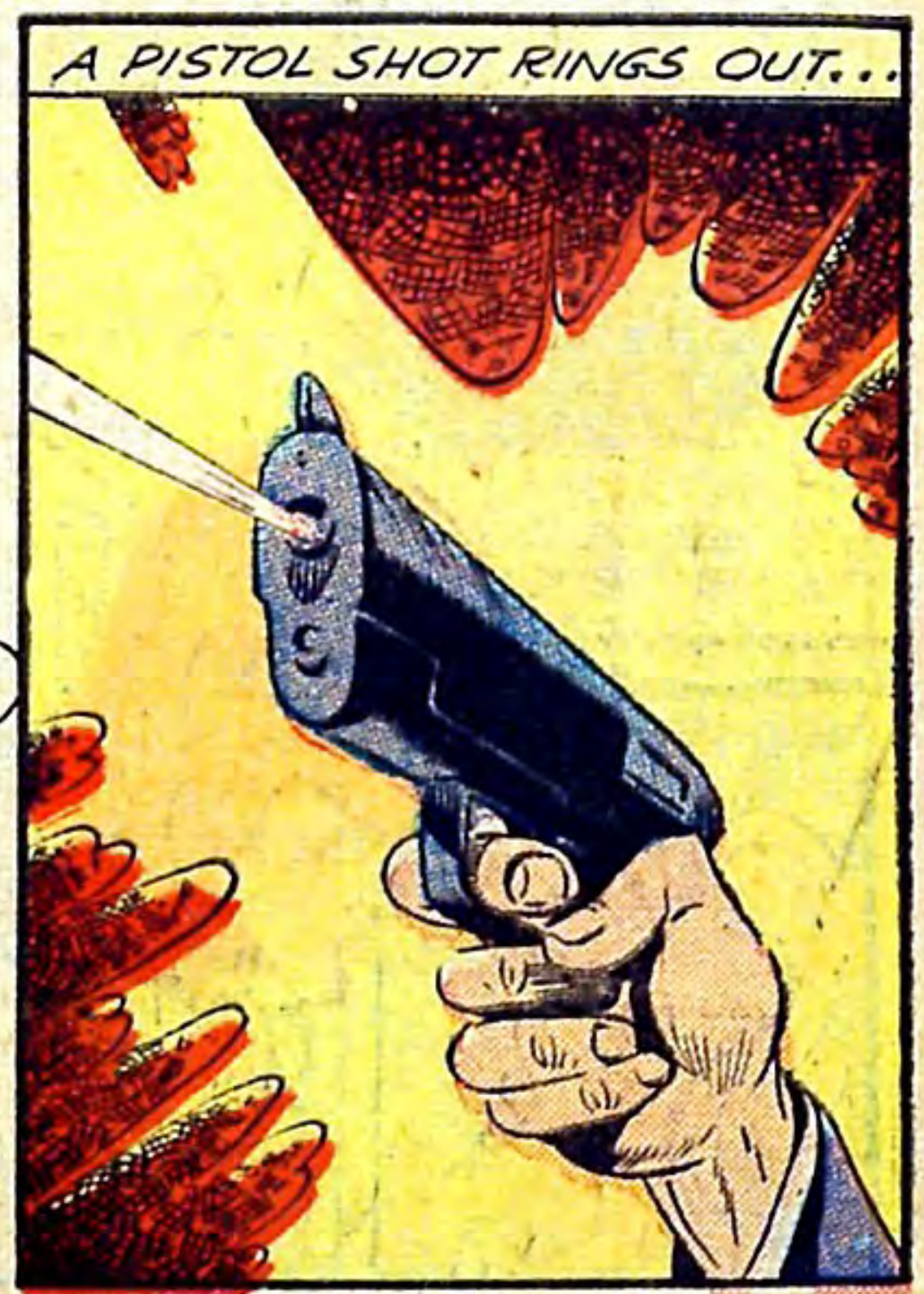
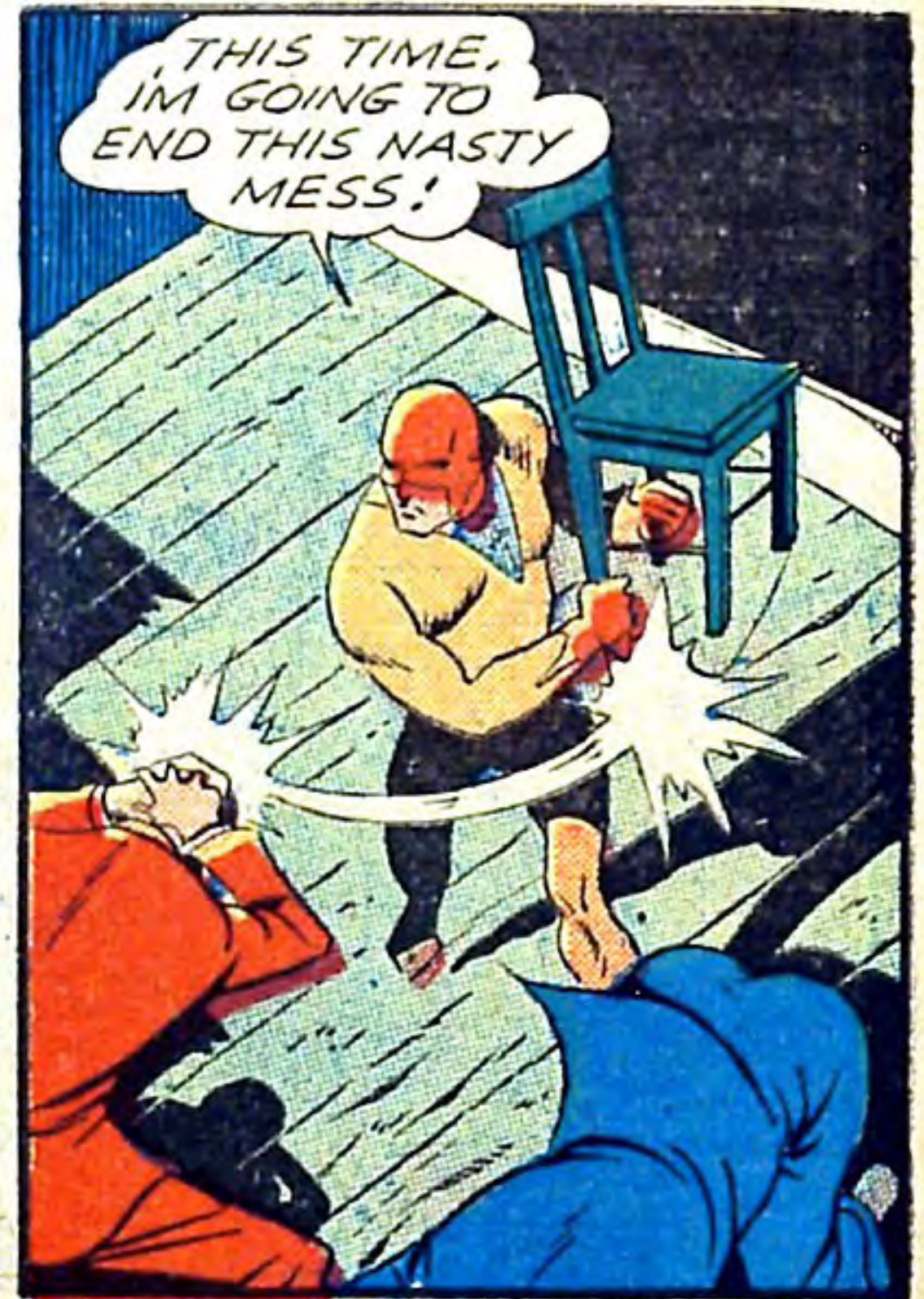
BROWN,
MY FATHER'S
TRUSTED
SECRETARY--
WORKING
WITH THESE
MURDERERS!



THEY WORK FOR
ME! I'LL GET RID
OF YOU, THE
ENTIRE MANN'S
FORTUNE WILL
BE MINE ACCORD-
ING TO YOUR
FATHER'S WILL.


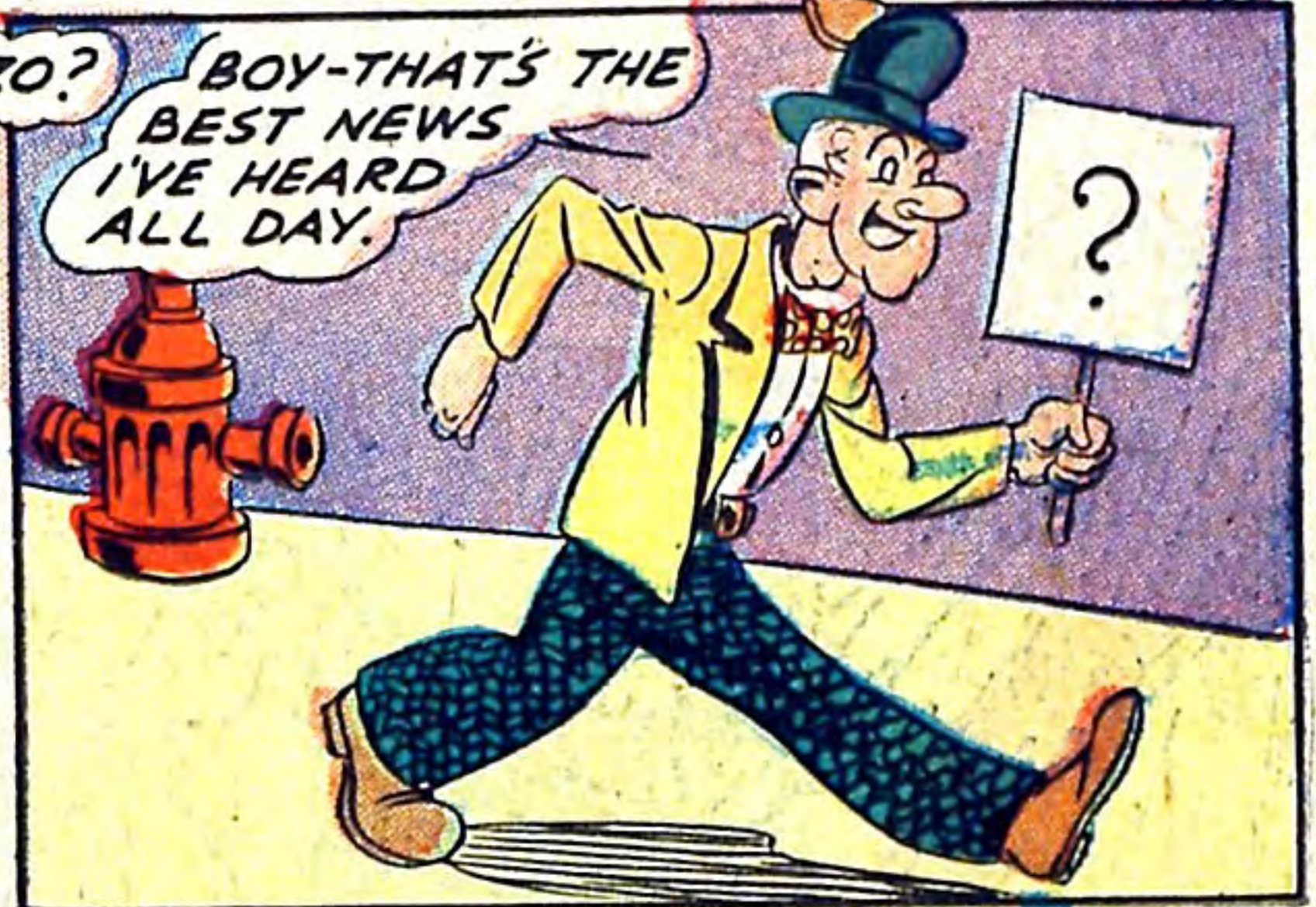
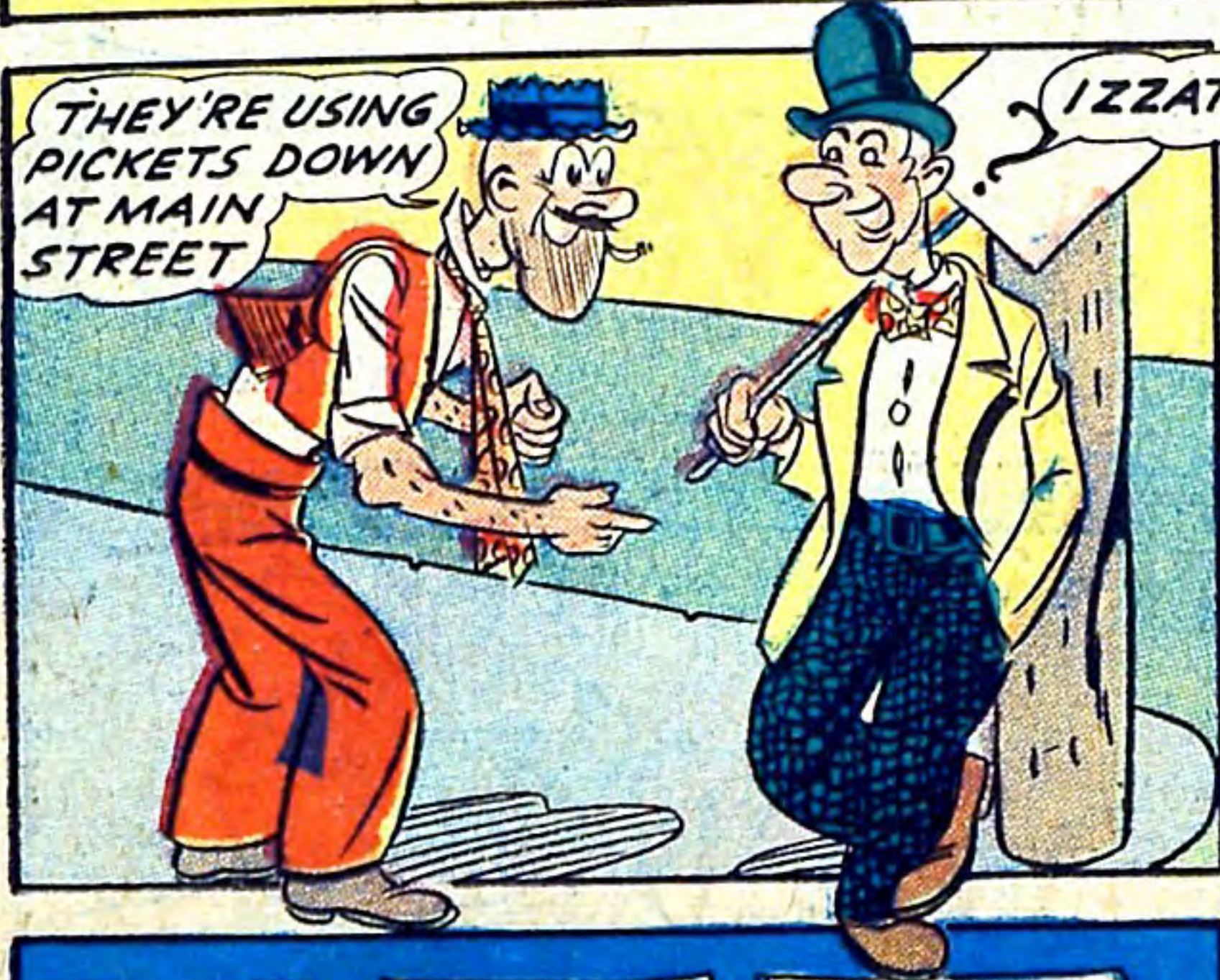
YOU
MURDERER!

STOP
BABBLING,
BROWN, I'LL
GET RID OF
HER WHEN YOU
PAY ME!



JOE TICKET

THE PICKET

MOTHER HUBBARD

A TERRIBLE TALE WE NOW UNFOLD,
OF EYELESS OGRES AND
GNOMES BOLD,
OF LITTLE CHILDREN ROBBED OF
SIGHT,
OF MOTHER HUBBARD IN TERRIFIC
FLIGHT.

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



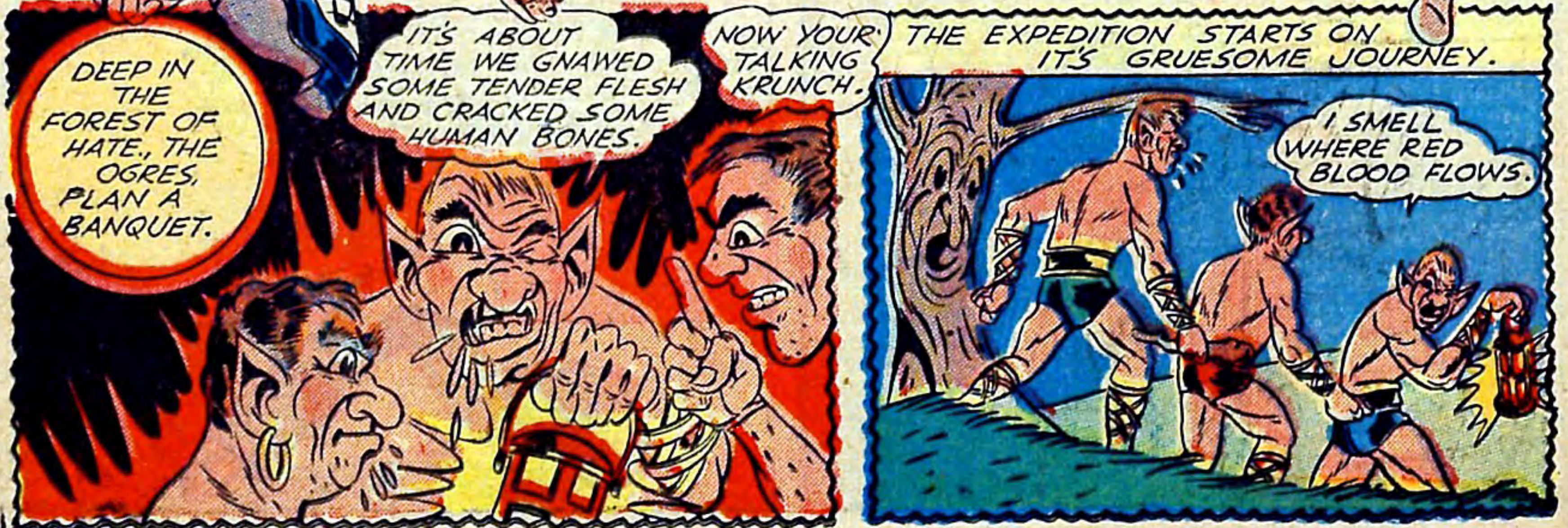
DEEP IN
THE
FOREST OF
HATE, THE
OGRES,
PLAN A
BANQUET.

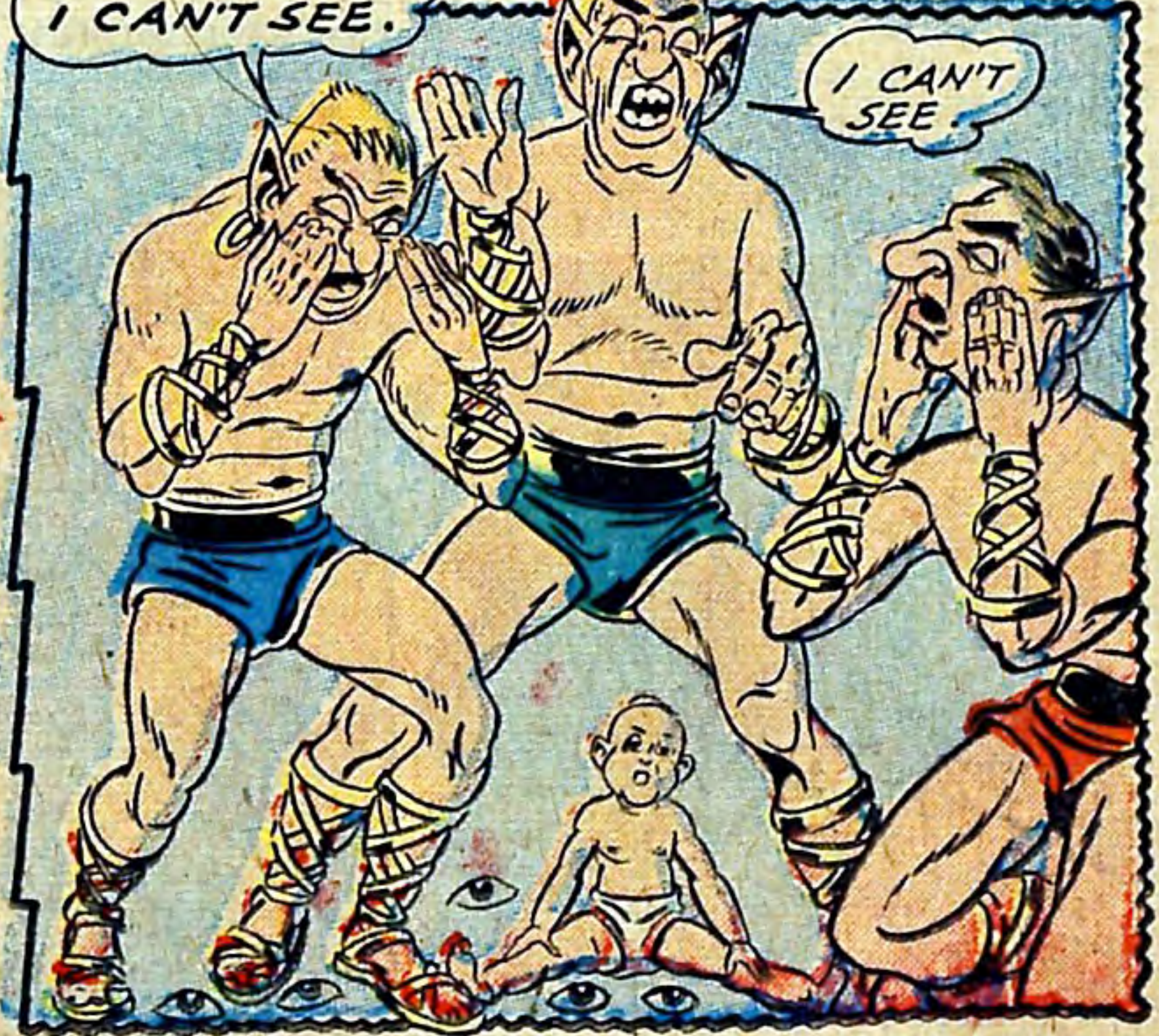
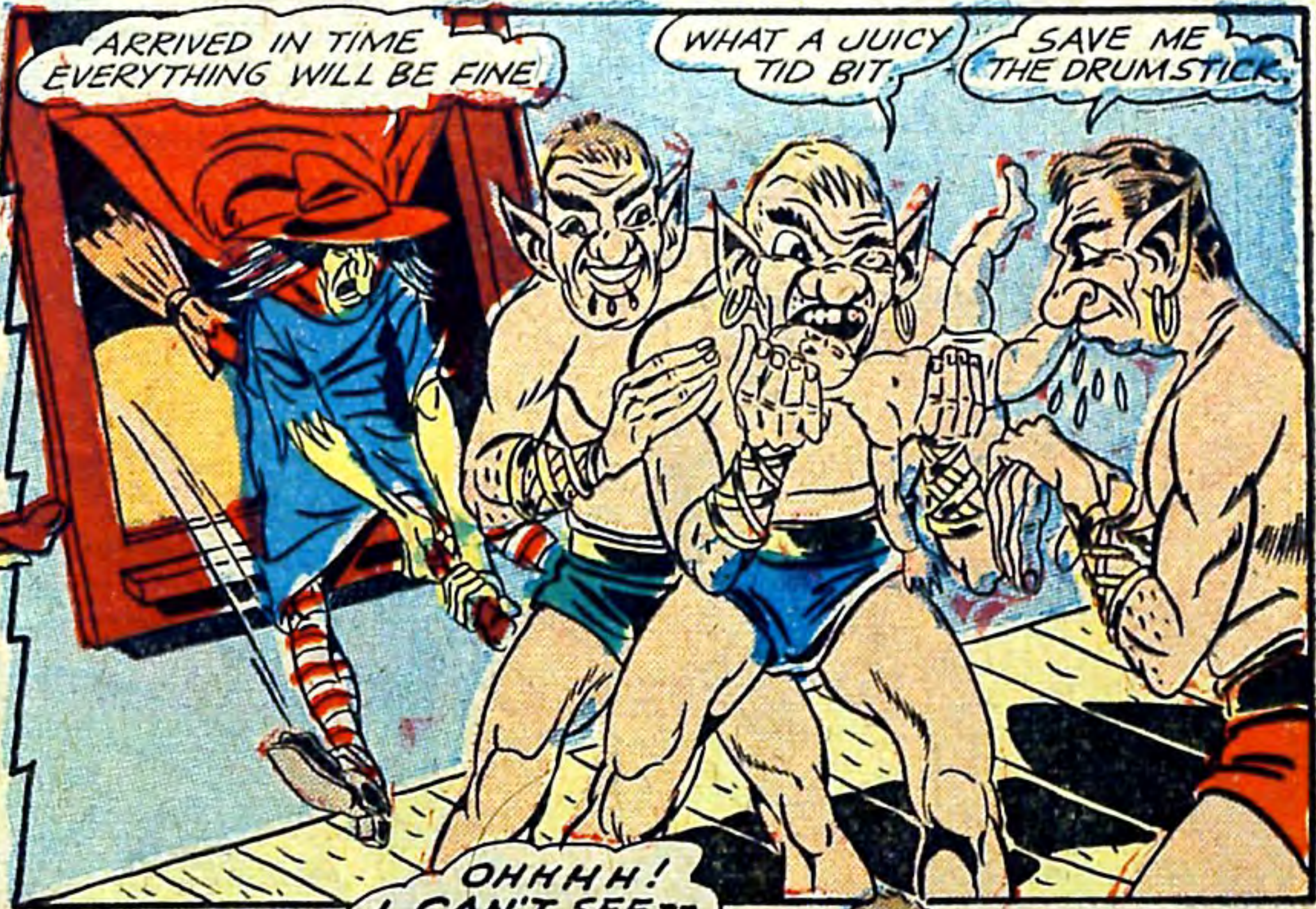
IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE GNAWED
SOME TENDER FLESH
AND CRACKED SOME
HUMAN BONES.

NOW YOUR
TALKING
KRUNCH.

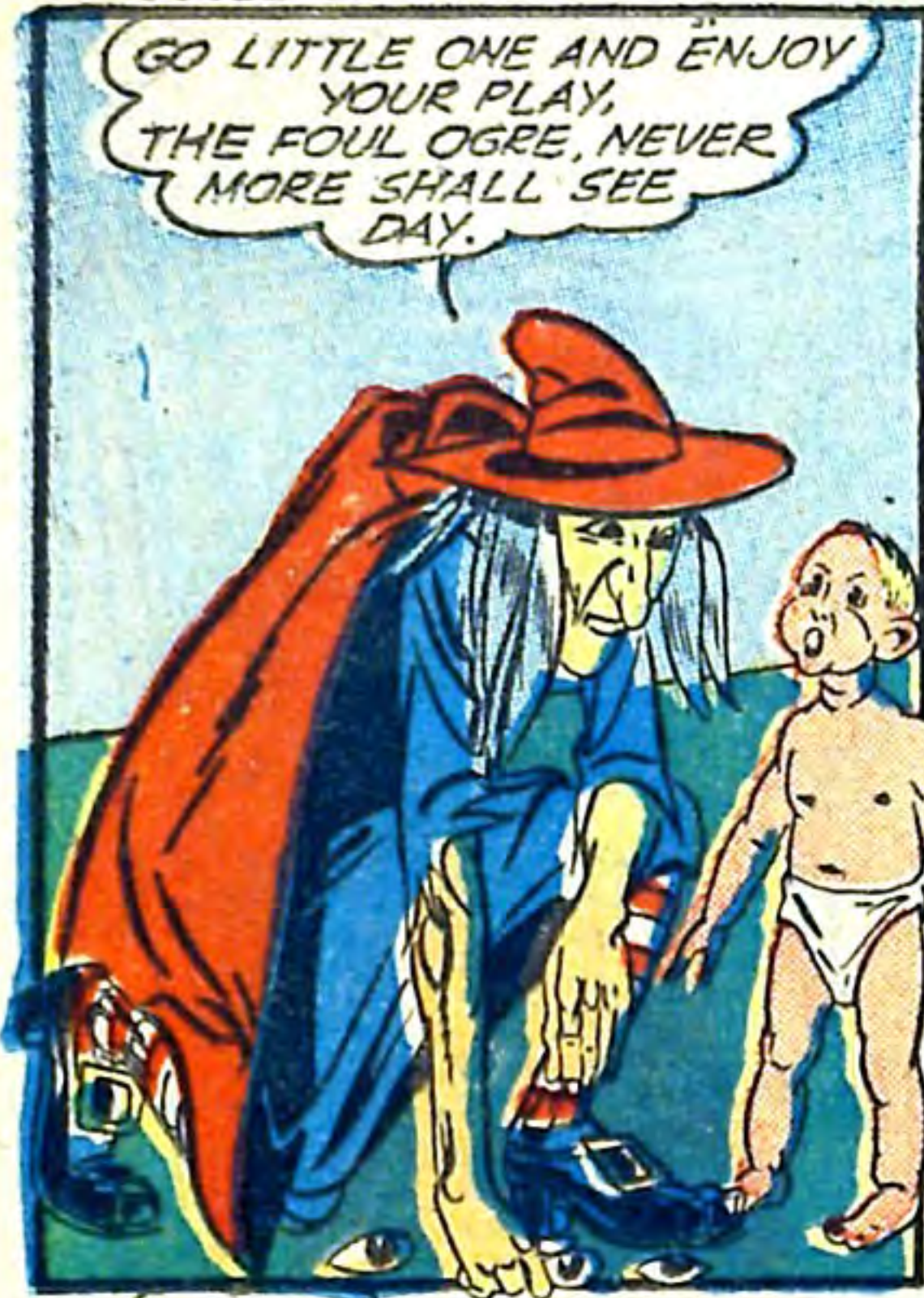
THE EXPEDITION STARTS ON
IT'S GRUESOME JOURNEY.

I SMELL
WHERE RED
BLOOD FLOWS.

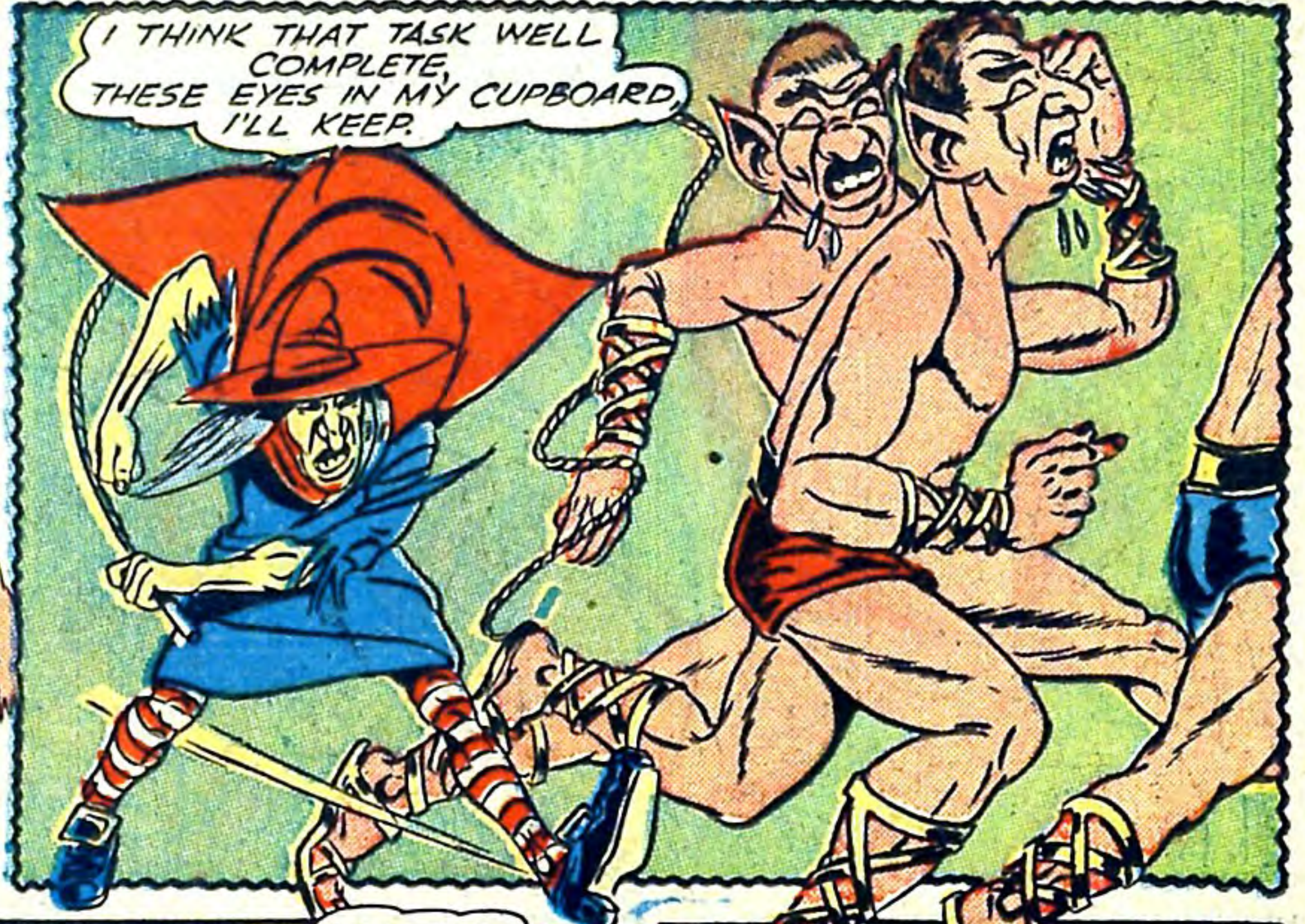




GO LITTLE ONE AND ENJOY
YOUR PLAY,
THE FOUL OGRE, NEVER
MORE SHALL SEE
DAY.



I THINK THAT TASK WELL
COMPLETE,
THESE EYES IN MY CUPBOARD,
I'LL KEEP.



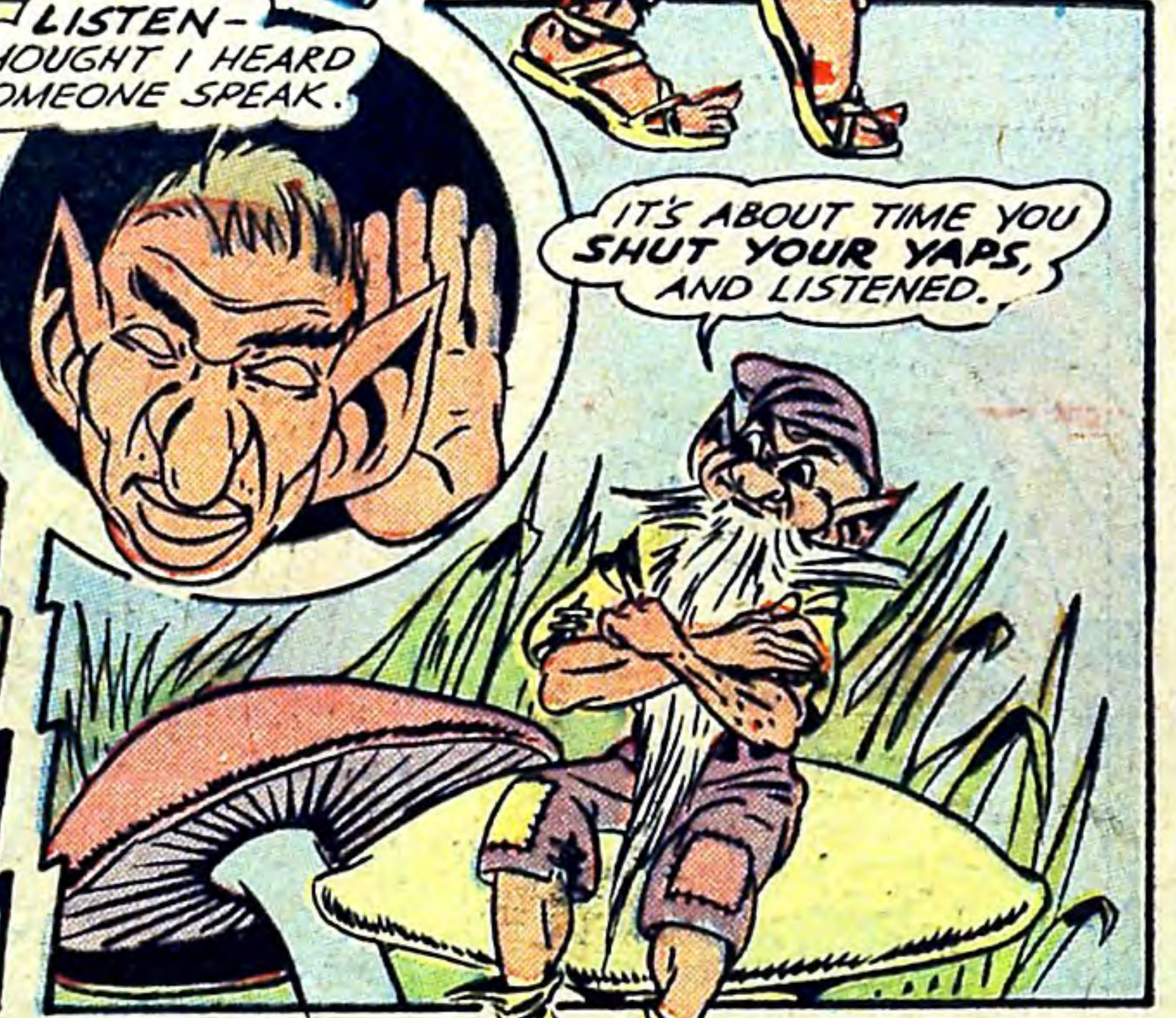
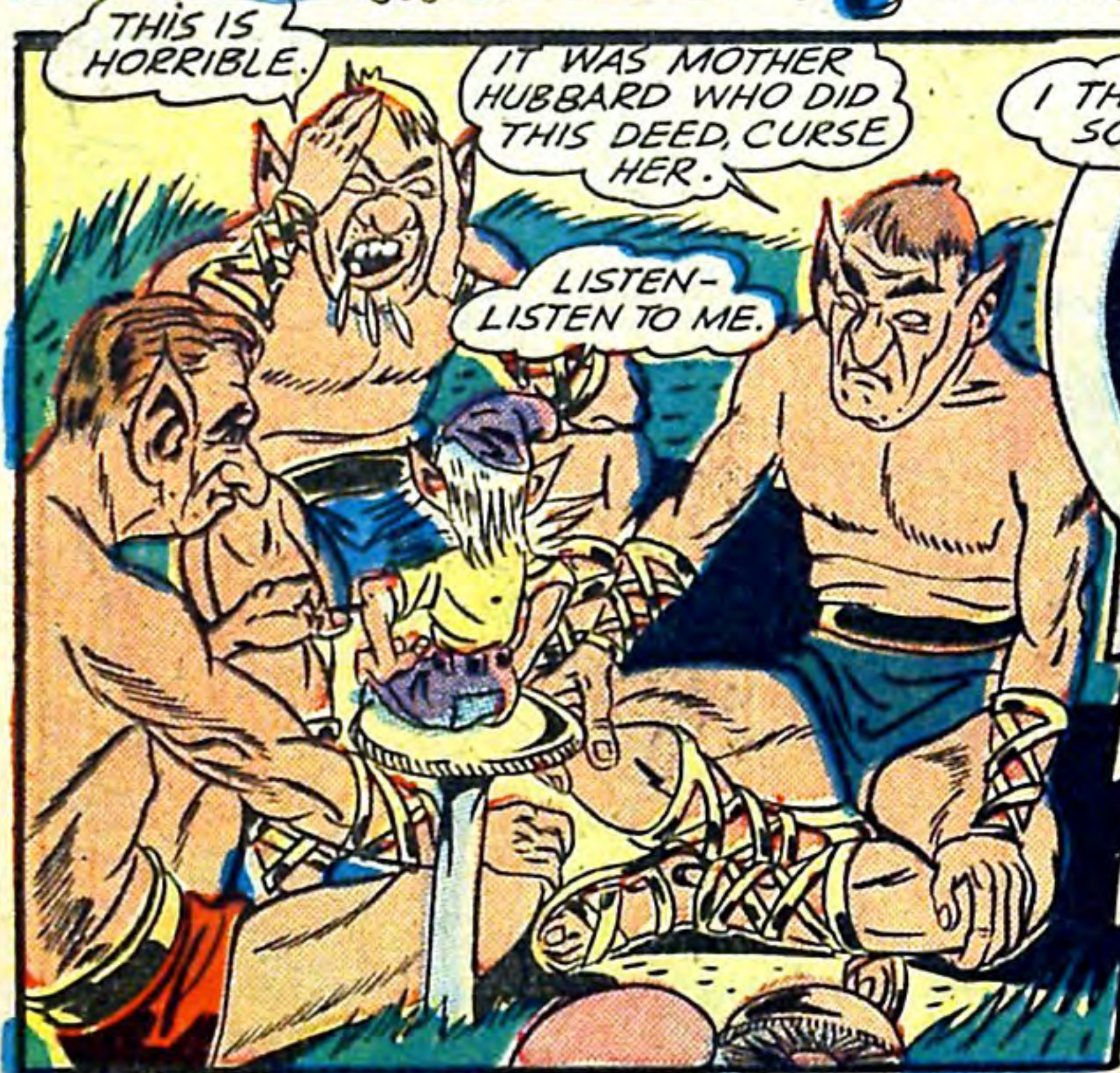
THIS IS
HORRIBLE.

IT WAS MOTHER
HUBBARD WHO DID
THIS DEED, CURSE
HER.

LISTEN-
LISTEN TO ME.

LISTEN-
I THOUGHT I HEARD
SOMEONE SPEAK.

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU
SHUT YOUR YAPS,
AND LISTENED.



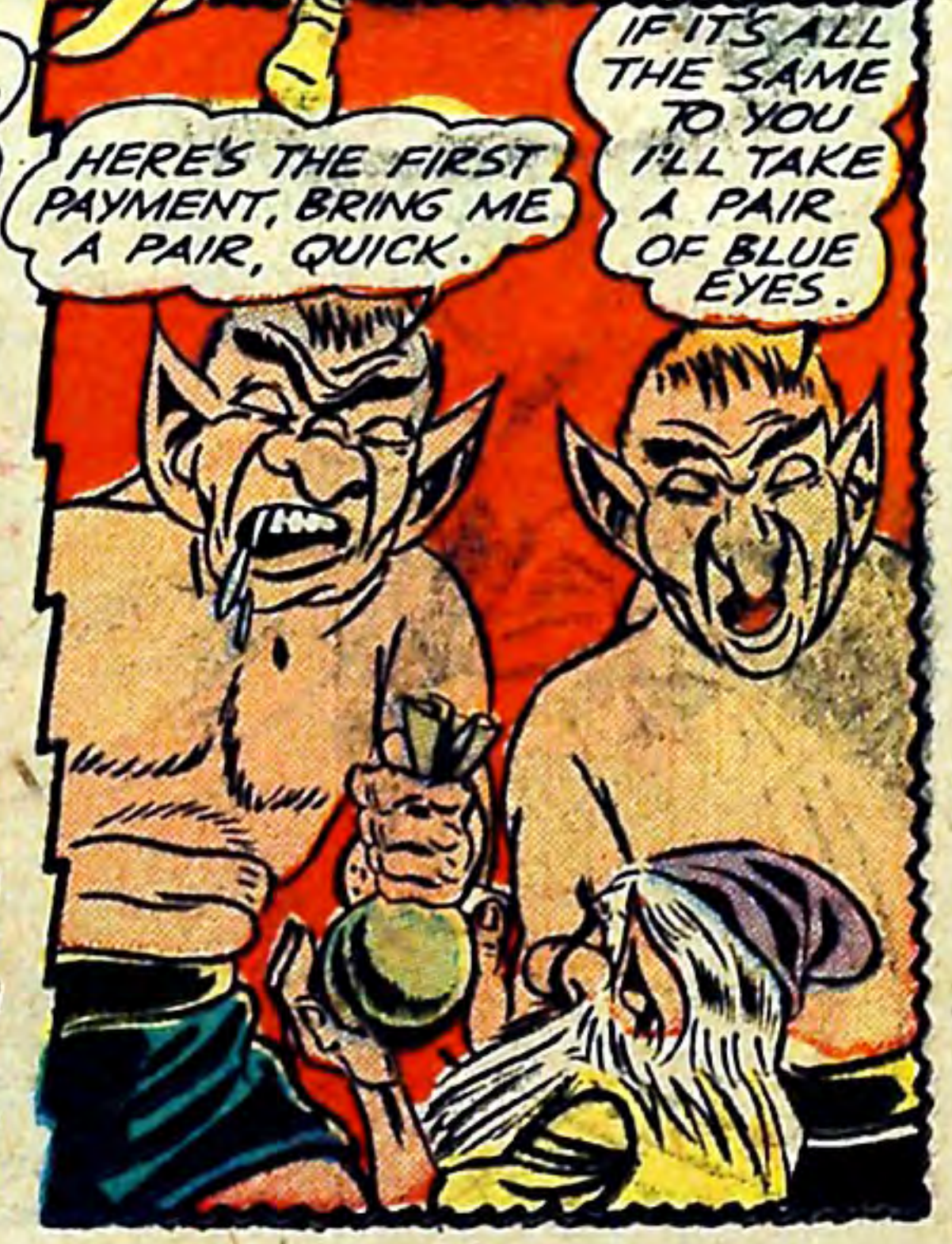
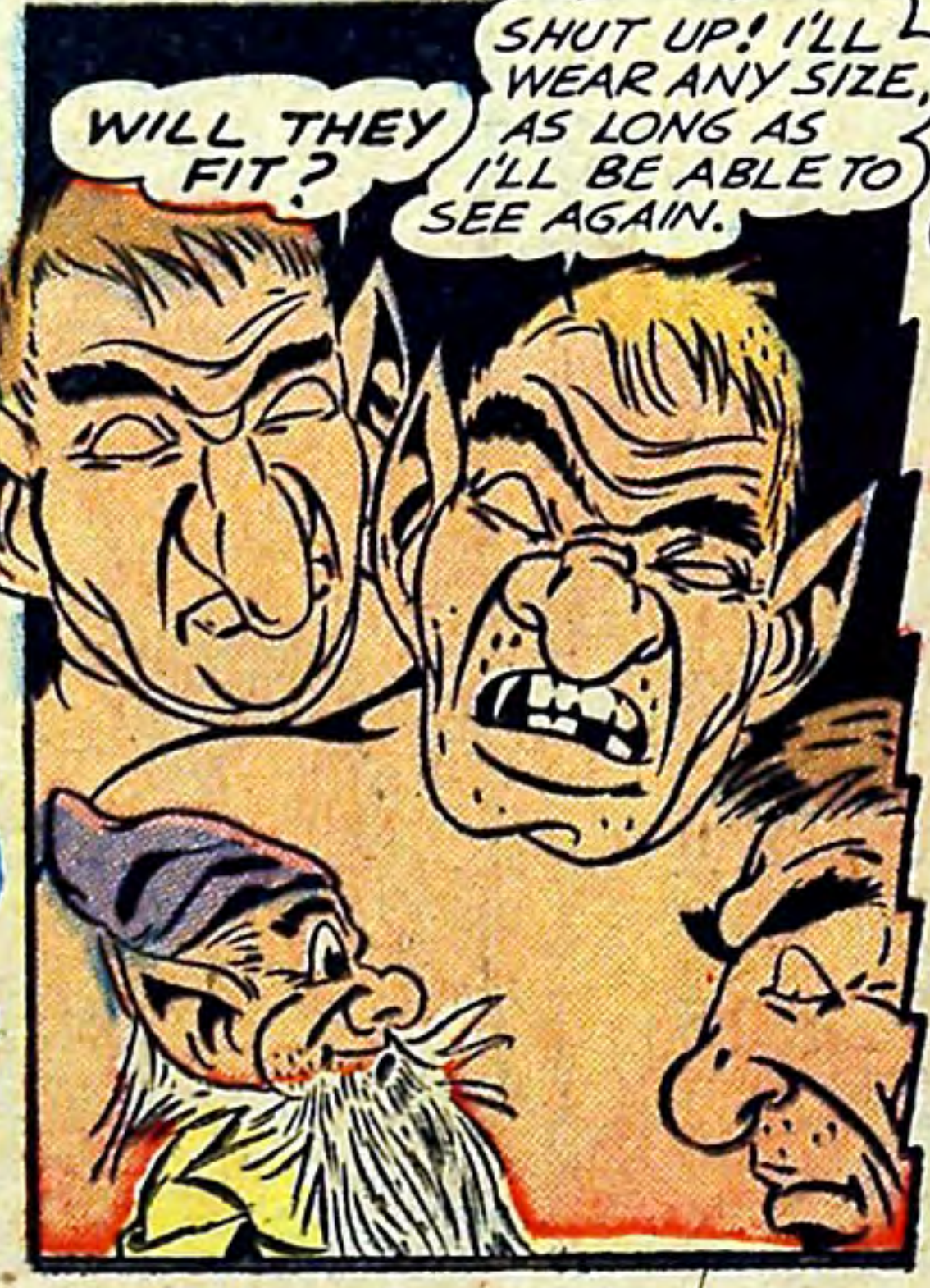
LOOK AT ME-OH, I FORGOT
YOU CAN'T LOOK, THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE. PROMISE ME ONE
BAG OF GOLD EVERY DAY
AND I'LL BRING YOU EYES.

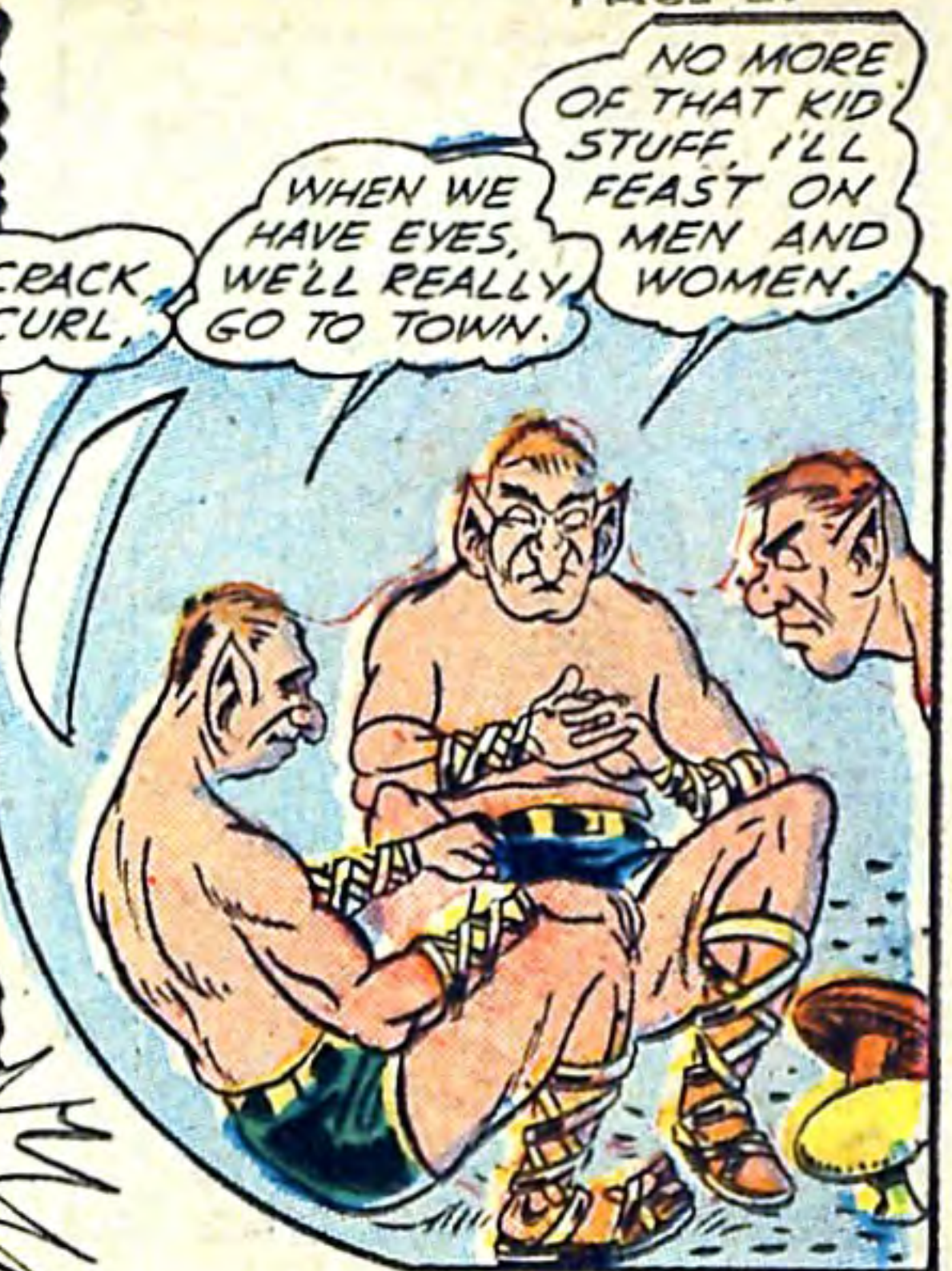
WILL THEY
FIT?

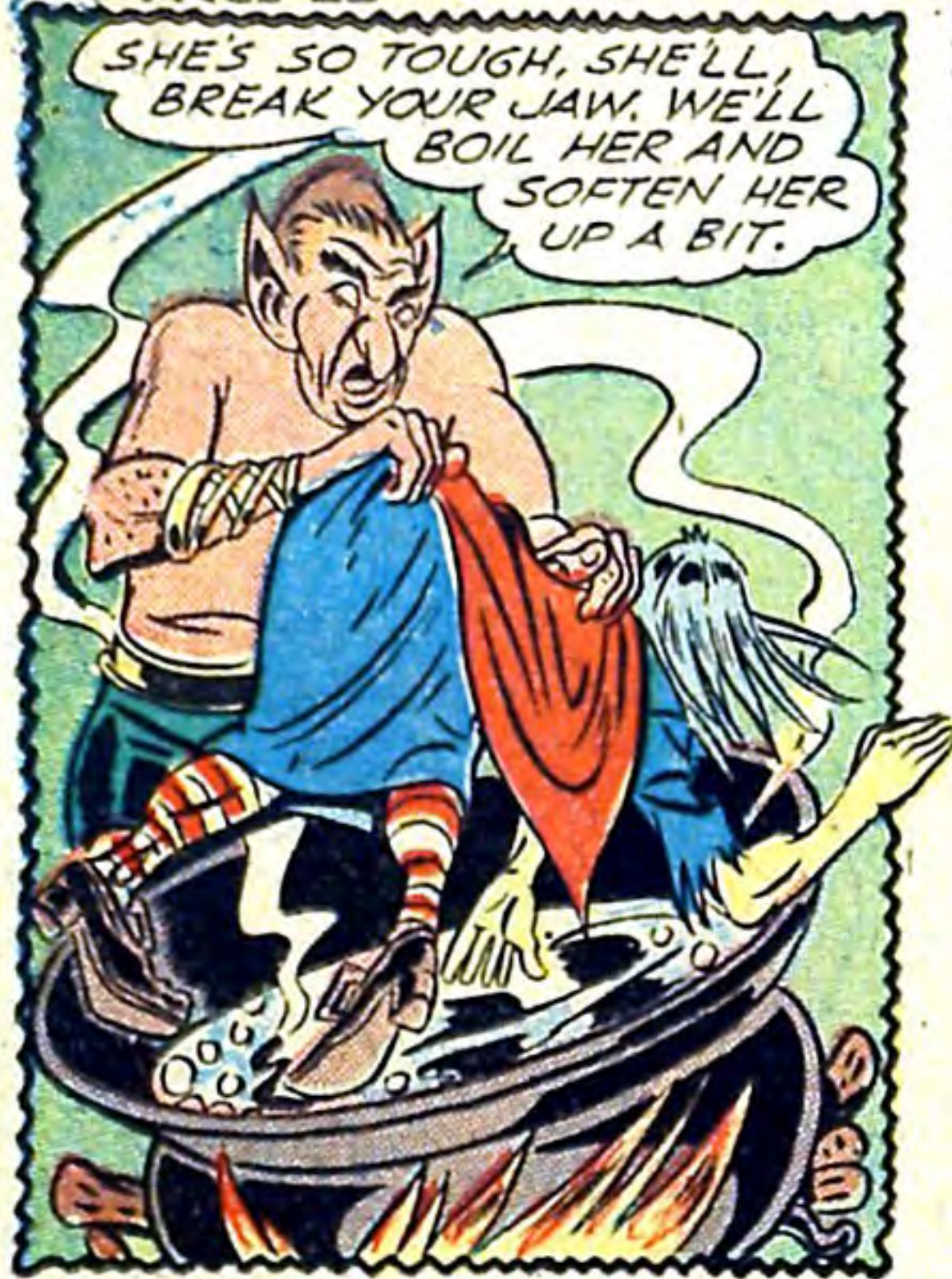
SHUT UP! I'LL
WEAR ANY SIZE,
AS LONG AS
I'LL BE ABLE TO
SEE AGAIN.

HERE'S THE FIRST
PAYMENT, BRING ME
A PAIR, QUICK.

IF IT'S ALL
THE SAME
TO YOU
I'LL TAKE
A PAIR OF
BLUE
EYES.





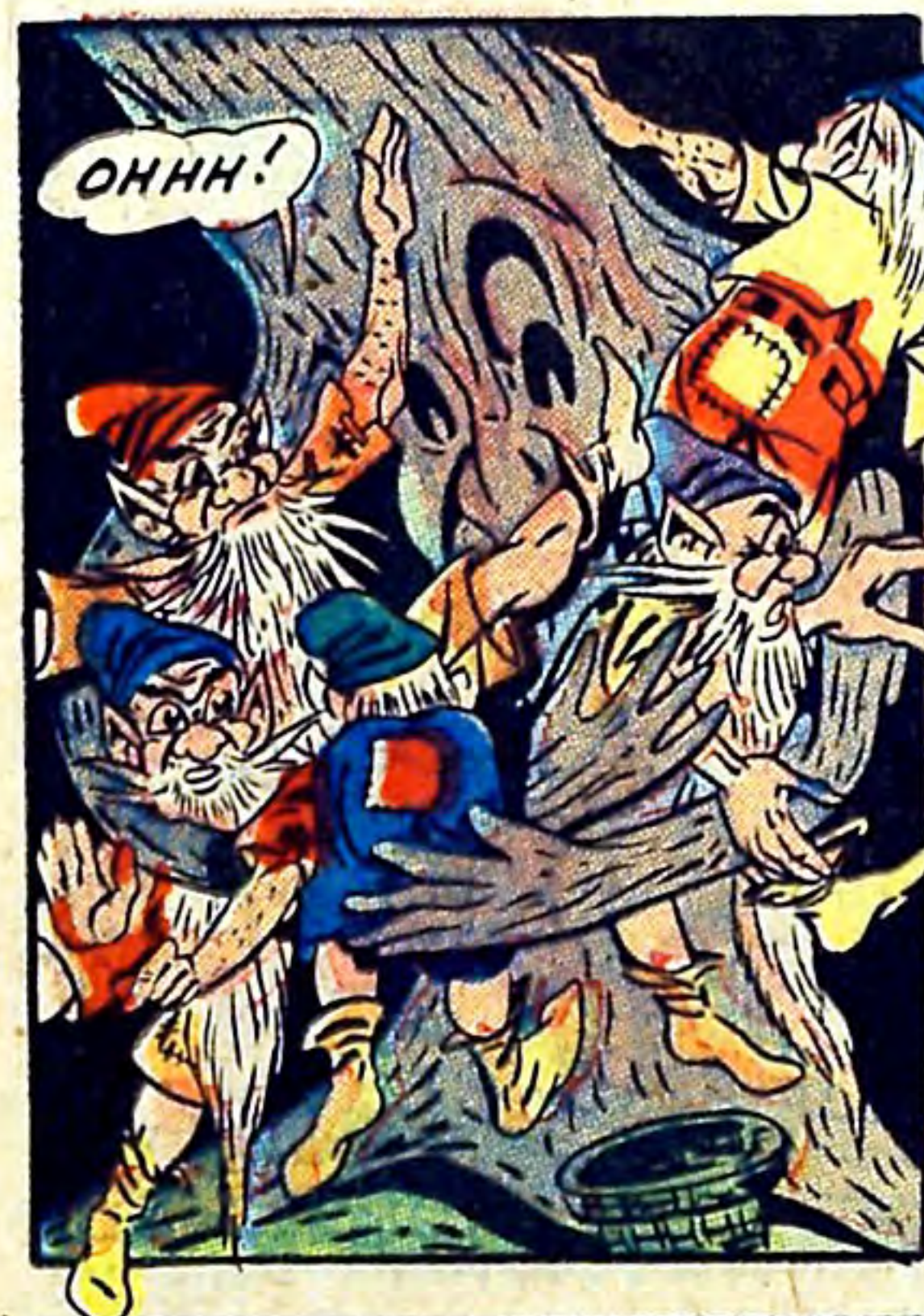


MEANWHILE, THE WICKED LITTLE MEN PLY THEIR TRADE.

HEY LITTLE GIRL, BEND DOWN HERE, I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING.

WHAT A FUNNY LITTLE MAN!!









Suave Ray Cardell, known to few as the Master Key, shifted his legs as he turned to Roger Benton, head of the Benton Trucking Corporation.

"Accidents, Ray, they're ruining me," Benton said quietly. "Seven trucks smashed, the drivers killed or hurt, and the cargoes destroyed. My customers are deserting me, one by one."

"Hold on!" Ray interrupted, his face tense and his eyes gleaming. "What about the one that smacks your outfit?"

"That's 'the hitch,'" the trucking head answered. "It's the same truck all the time—but, there's never a driver in it. Just a mass of solid steel that disappears after the accident."

"You mean every accident has been by the same driverless truck?" Ray questioned. "What about the license number? The police can trace . . ."

Benton broke in quickly. "As yet, it has never appeared with a driver or license plates on it."

"Roger," Ray said softly, but with determination, "I'm going to try a hand at trapping this mysterious truck for you."

. . . . Late that night, a husky black caped figure walked up to the platform of the Benton Trucking Corporation's warehouse. He handed a card to the loading foreman.

The foreman pointed to a huge overland truck. "That's the truck. Get going!"

. . . . Hours flew by as Ray sat

at the wheel. Nothing but dark countryside, broken by the lights of a few passing cars, met his eyes.

"Maybe I picked the wrong route," he mused. "Can't be, Roger said this is the only one that an accident hasn't occurred on."

On and on the truck rumbled, its glaring headlights piercing the stygian darkness ahead. Suddenly, a huge form loomed up before him. He swerved his truck, but the oncoming vehicle swerved, too, as if determined to crash.

Ray tensed, and soon the peremptory look of the Master Key crossed his face. He shifted his head and from his right eye a blue beam shot out. It penetrated the hood of the onrushing truck. A faint explosion, and the huge vehicle stopped. The Master Key jammed on the brakes and leaped out. Running to the cab of the truck, he looked inside, but saw no driver or identification.

Sensing something, the Master Key turned his head and saw the lights of an approaching car.

Quickly, the Master Key hid in the shadows of the truck. The newcomer screeched to a halt. A trio of shadows emerged from the car and made their way to the truck.

"Somebody's been monkeying with the truck," one of them said.

The Master Key braced himself and dived full smack into the three of them.

"Ouch!" came a muffled cry.

"I'll stop him!" another cried.

A revolver gleamed in the dim light. The Master Key turned his head and again the weird blue light flashed out of his eye. The controlled ray hit the gun barrel and it exploded to bits.

"Owwwww!" came the agonizing wail.

"It's the Master Key!" a terrified voice cried.

"Let's get out of here!" another broke in.

They tried, but ran head on into the fists of the Master Key. Dull thuds and moans followed, as the caped figure slashed away unmercifully. One after another, the men slumped to the ground.

. . . . Later, at the office of the Benton Trucking Corporation, Ray Cardell faced his friend, Roger Benton, once again. This time his voice was soft and calm.

"It was the old remote control idea, Roger," he said. "A truck, electrically controlled by a switch in the thug's car. They followed closely behind and guided it into your trucks."

"That clears the mystery up, Ray," Benton said. "But, I don't understand why my loading foreman isn't here today."

Ray smiled. "I don't think he'll show up any more. You see, he's the owner of a few trucks under another name. He conceived the mystery truck idea. After the accidents, his agents easily persuaded your clients to do business with his company."

DAN HASTINGS



WHEN THE HIDEOUS KING ZACO OF THE PLANET ZARIS CAME TO EARTH IN QUEST OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR A BRIDE, IT WAS DAN HASTINGS' SWEETHEART GLORIA, HE CHOSE. NO OBSTACLE PROVED GREAT ENOUGH TO KEEP THE HUSKY SPACE ADVENTURER FROM RESCUING THE ONE HE LOVED.

ON THE PLANET ZARIS, THE WOMEN OF THE COURT WAIT ANXIOUSLY ... KING ZACO IS TO TAKE A BRIDE.

I WILL BE HIS BRIDE FOR I AM THE PRETTIEST.

I HOPE THE KING CHOOSES ME.



IN THE KING'S CHAMBERS...

I WANT A QUEEN TO RULE WITH ME, BUT I WON'T HAVE ANY OF THE UGLY WOMEN IN MY COURT. I WANT ONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS A FLOWER.

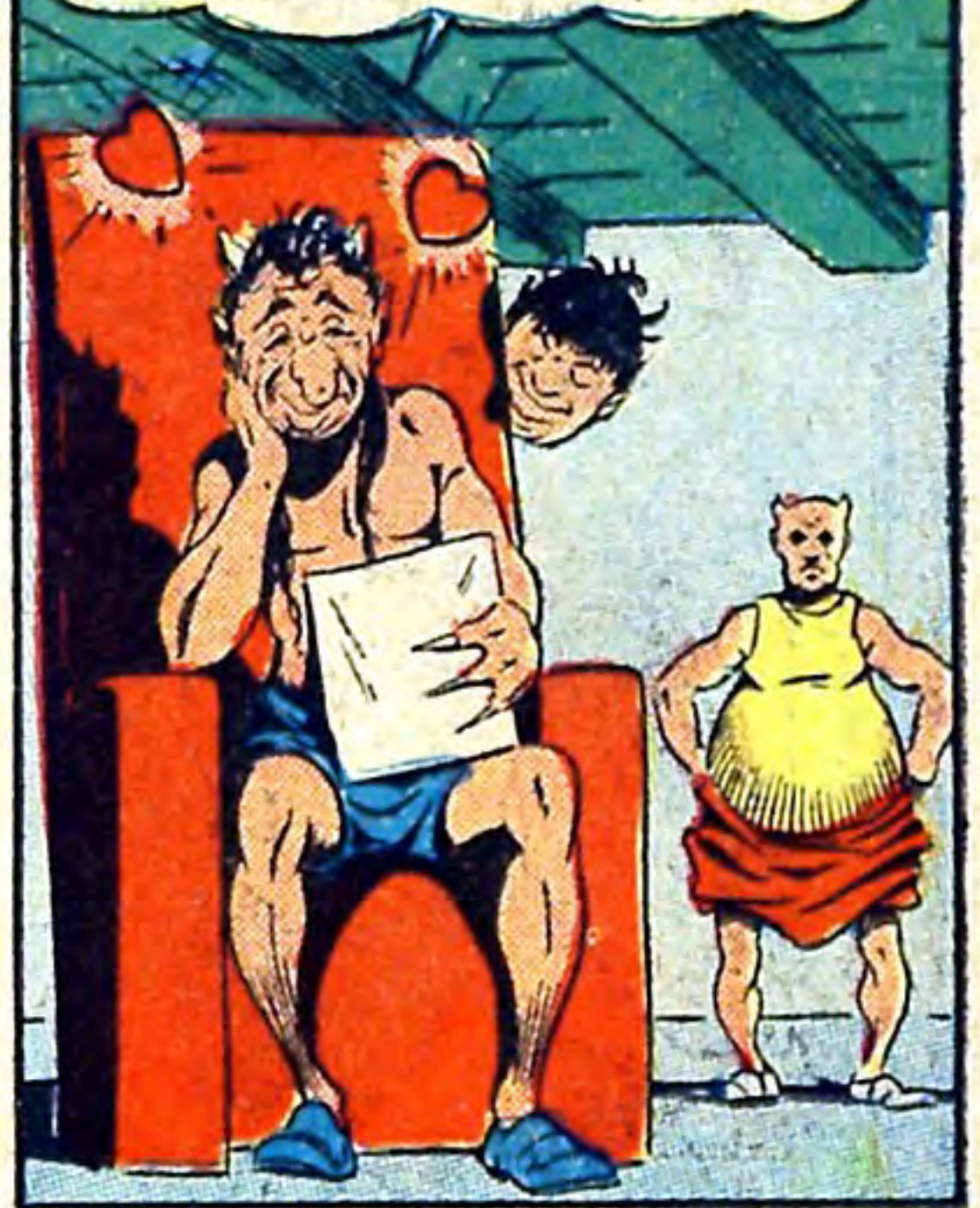
LOOK, KING ZACO, HERE'S THE ONE YOU WANT.



OUR INTERPLANETARY CAMERA PICKED THIS UP FROM THE PLANET EARTH!



AH, HERE AT LAST IS ONE FAIR ENOUGH FOR ZACO. SHE SHALL BE MY QUEEN.



COME, MY MEN OF SCIENCE, WE WILL LEAVE FOR EARTH AND BRING THIS BEAUTIFUL WOMAN BACK TO OUR KINGDOM.



THE FOLLOWING DAY, A GIANT ROCKET SHIP ZOOMS OUT OF THE PLANET ZARIS, HEADING FOR EARTH.

WE WILL FLY ALONG THE PHOTO BEAM AND IT WILL LEAD US TO THE EARTH WOMAN.



HOURS FLY BY WHEN SUDDENLY...

KING ZACO THE PHOTO BEAM IS ENDING.

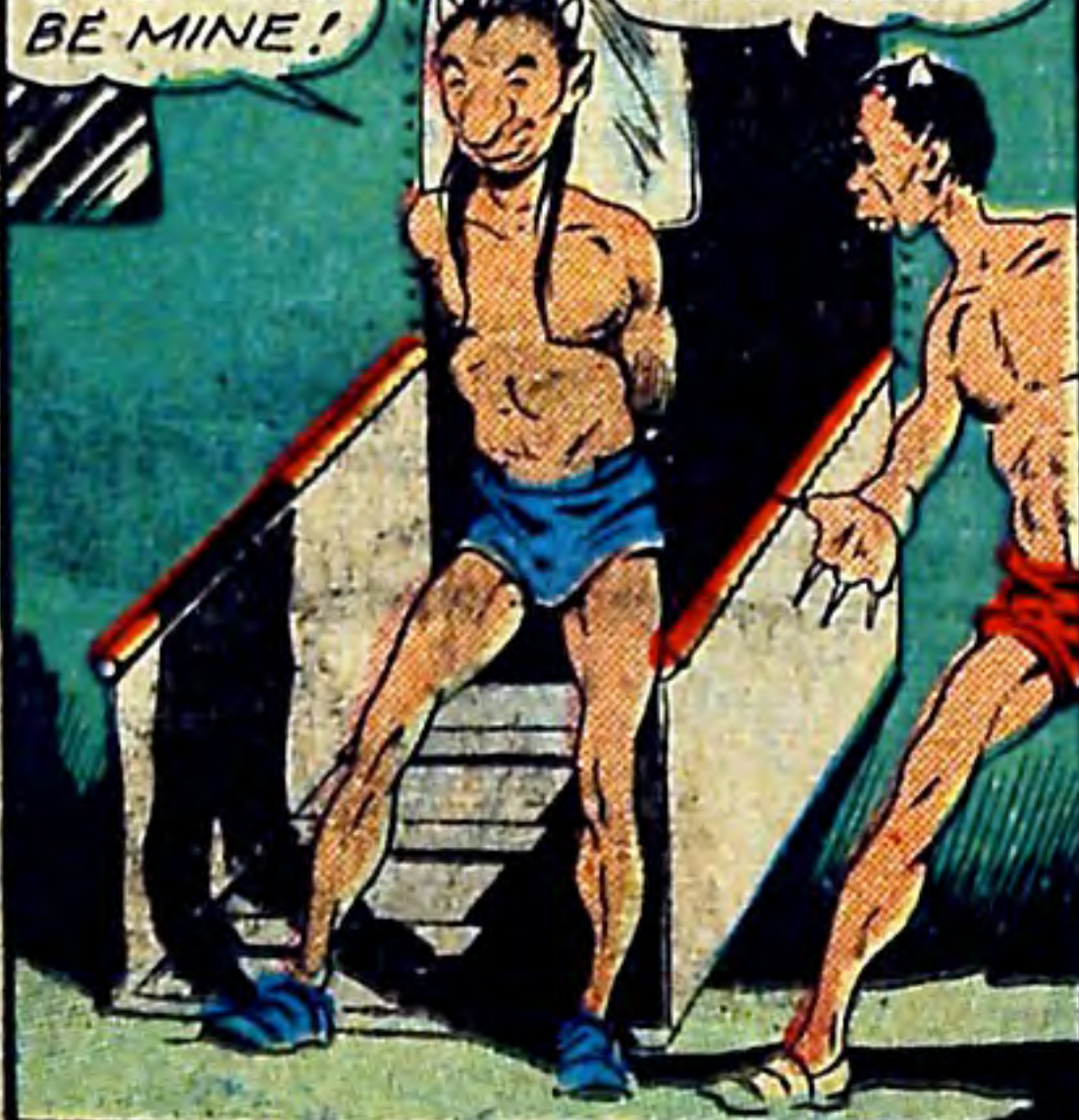
GOOD, THEN WE WILL LAND. WE MUST BE NEAR THE EARTH WOMAN'S HOME.



SILENTLY, THE INVADING BAND LANDS NEAR THE HOME OF GLORIA CARTER.

AH, SOON SHE WILL BE MINE!

THIS WAY TO HER HOUSE.



INSIDE, GLORIA, HER FATHER AND DAN HASTINGS CHAT.

WHEN DO YOU THINK WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE A SCIENTIFIC TRIP, DAN?

I WAS TELLING DR. CARTER... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

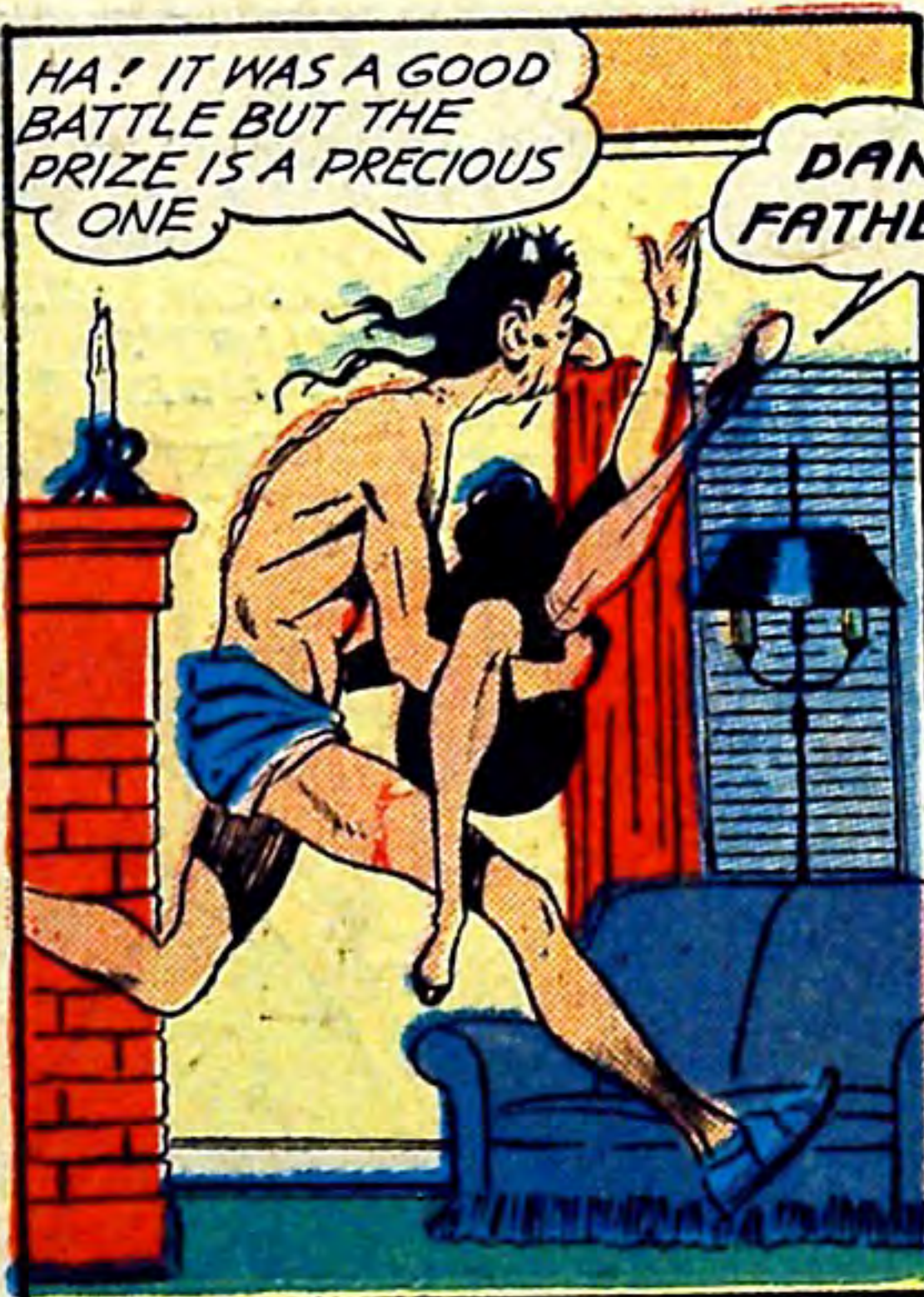


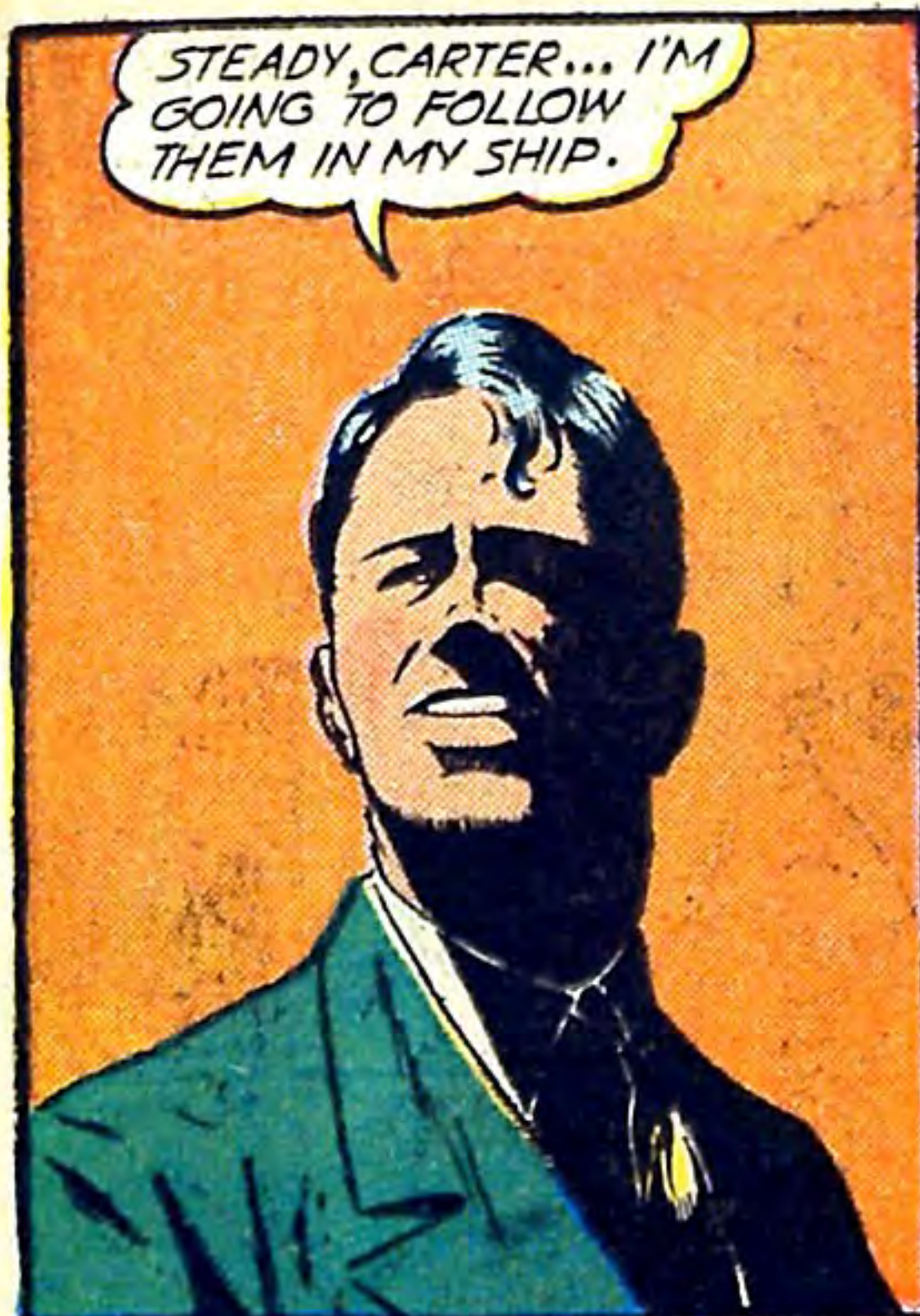
SUDDENLY... WHAT ARE YOU MEN DOING HERE?

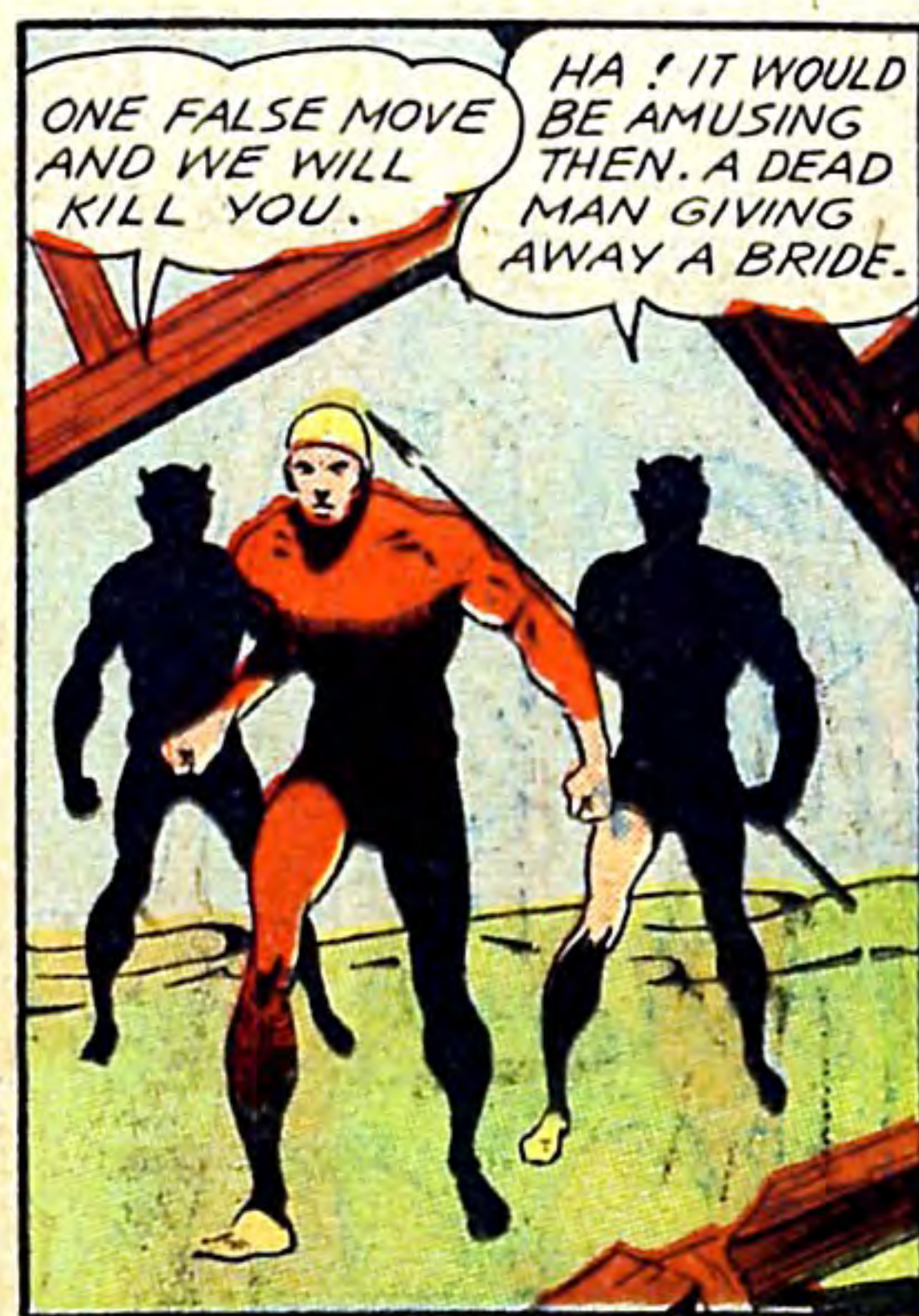
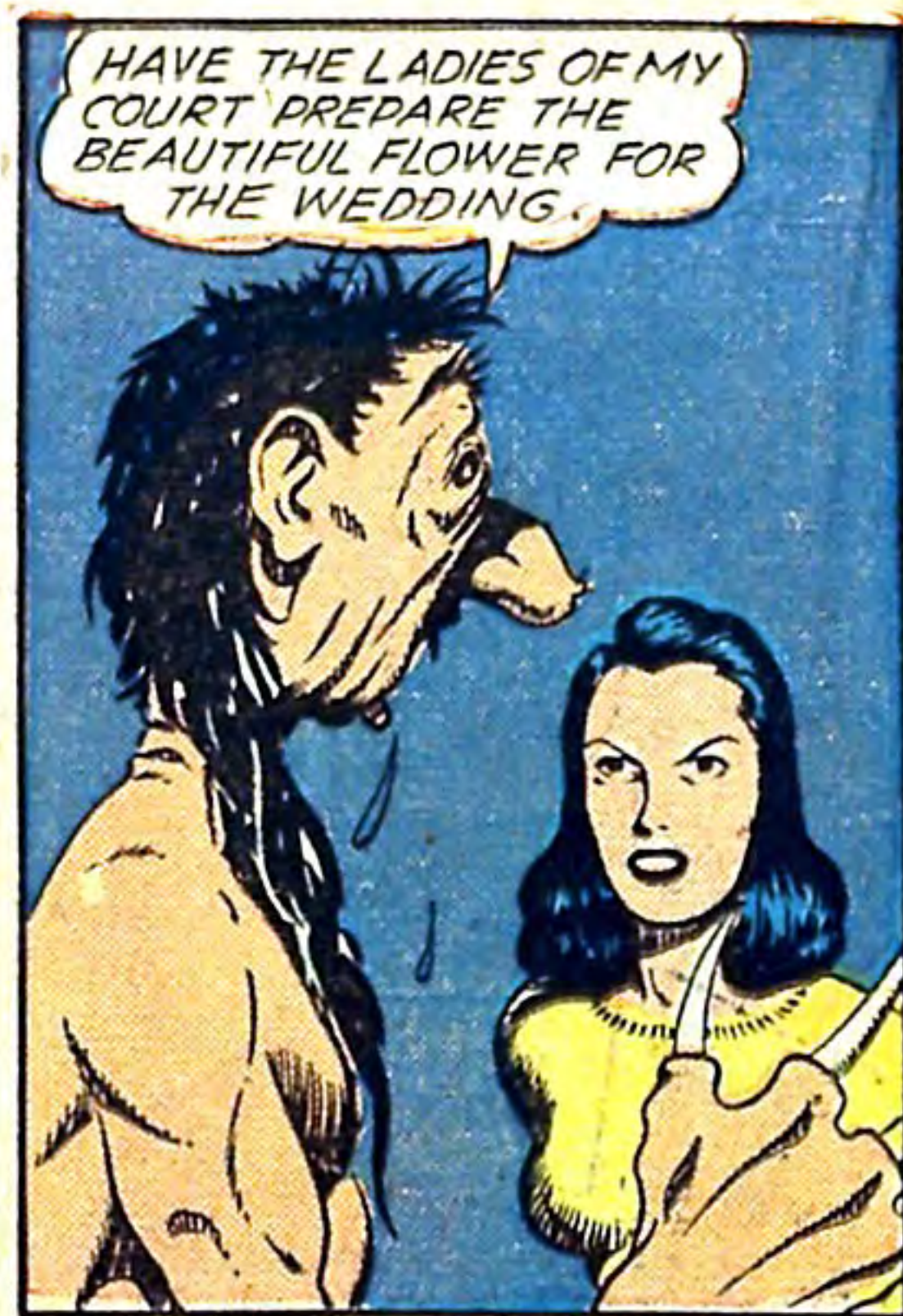
I CAME TO TAKE THE LADY. SHE IS TO BE MY QUEEN AND WIFE.



HASTINGS QUICKLY SWINGS INTO ACTION.







IN ONE OF THE CHAMBERS,
GLORIA IS PREPARED FOR THE
WEDDING...



WHAT CAN THE
KING SEE IN HER?
SHE HAS SUCH
SMALL EYES.

SHE IS UGLY.
LOOK HOW SMALL
HER MOUTH IS.



HURRY, THE GOOD
KING ZACO AWAITS
HIS BRIDE.

WE ARE
COMING!



AH, HERE COMES THE
BRIDE. WHAT IS KEEPING
THE BEST MAN?



I AM READY FOR OUR
MARRIAGE BEAUTIFUL
ONE. WE ARE WAITING
FOR YOUR SWEETHEART
TO GIVE YOU AWAY.



HERE I AM,
ROYAL
JACKASS!

IT'S THE
PRISONER,
GET HIM!



HELLO,
KING
WACKO!

OOOOPS!



OH! DAN, I
KNEW YOU'D
SAVE ME.

START MY SHIP,
I'LL HOLD THEM
BACK AWHILE.

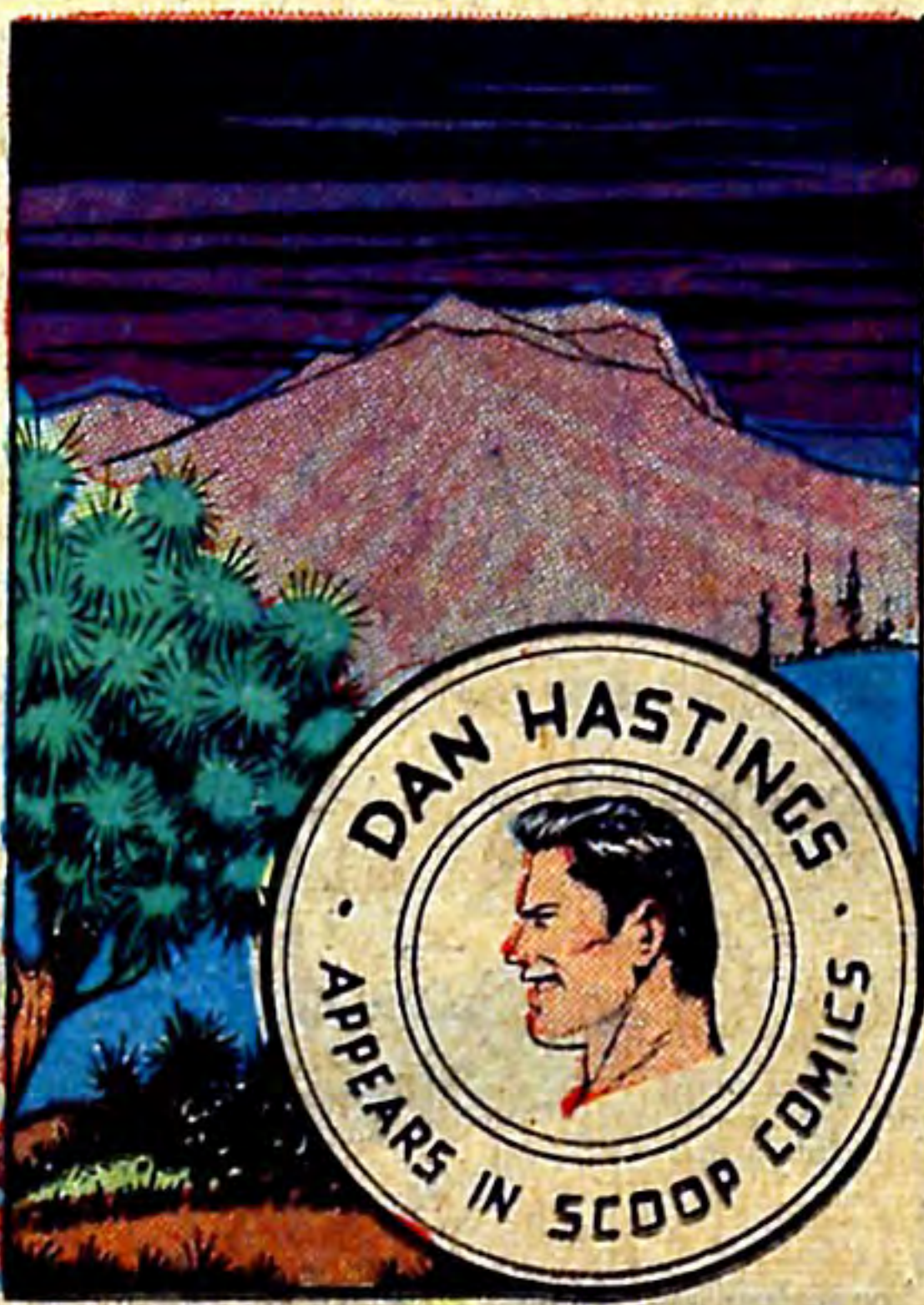
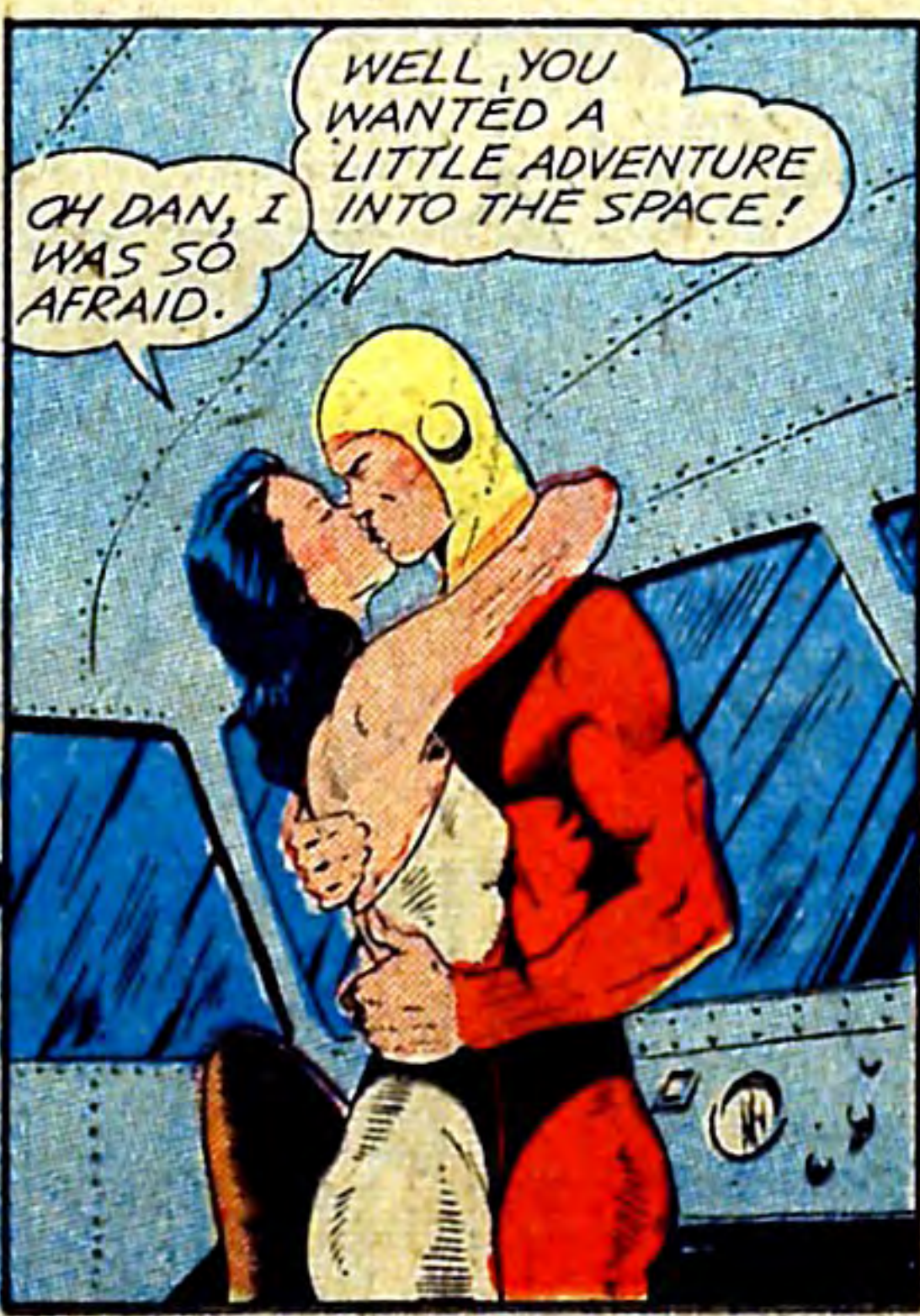


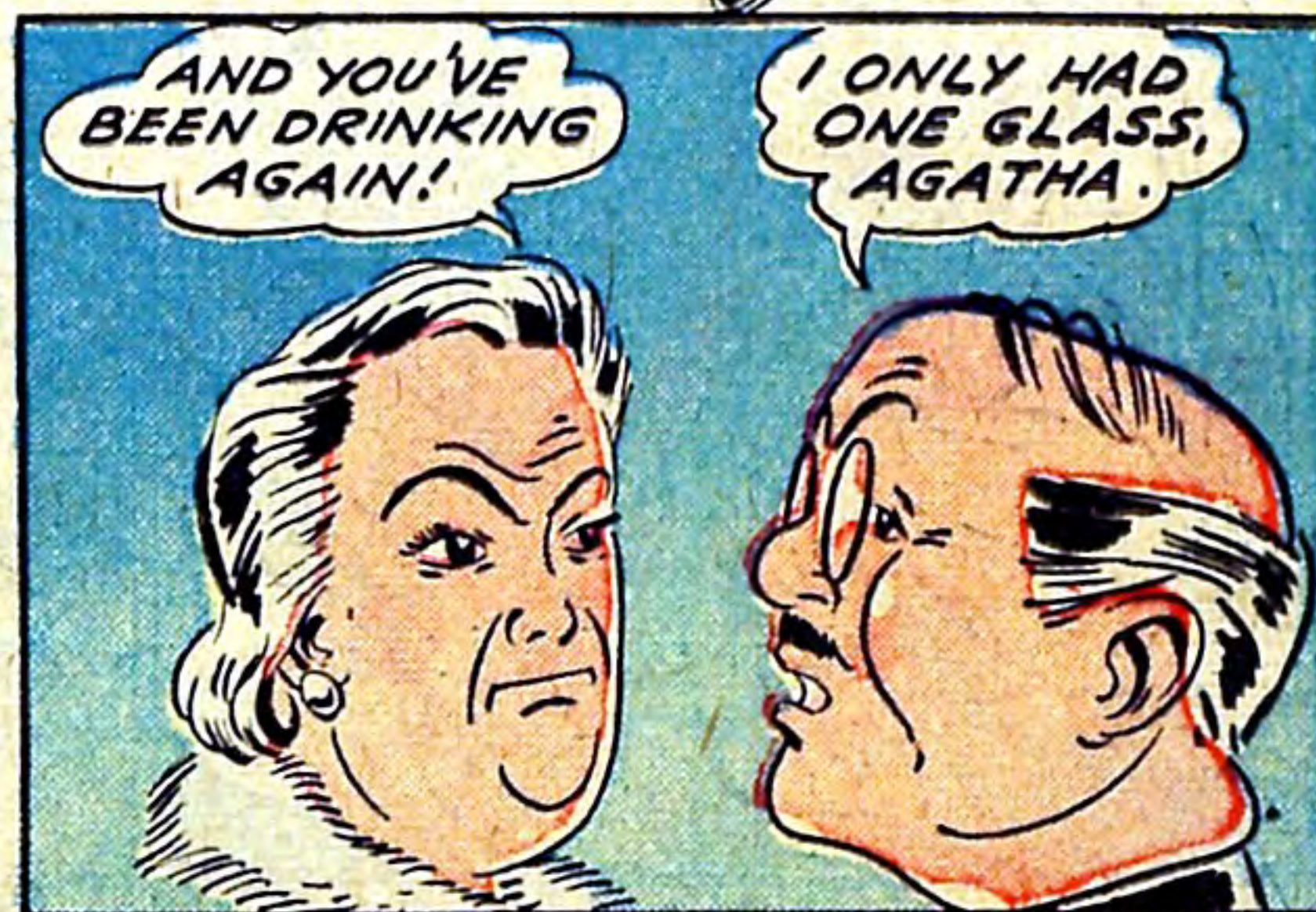
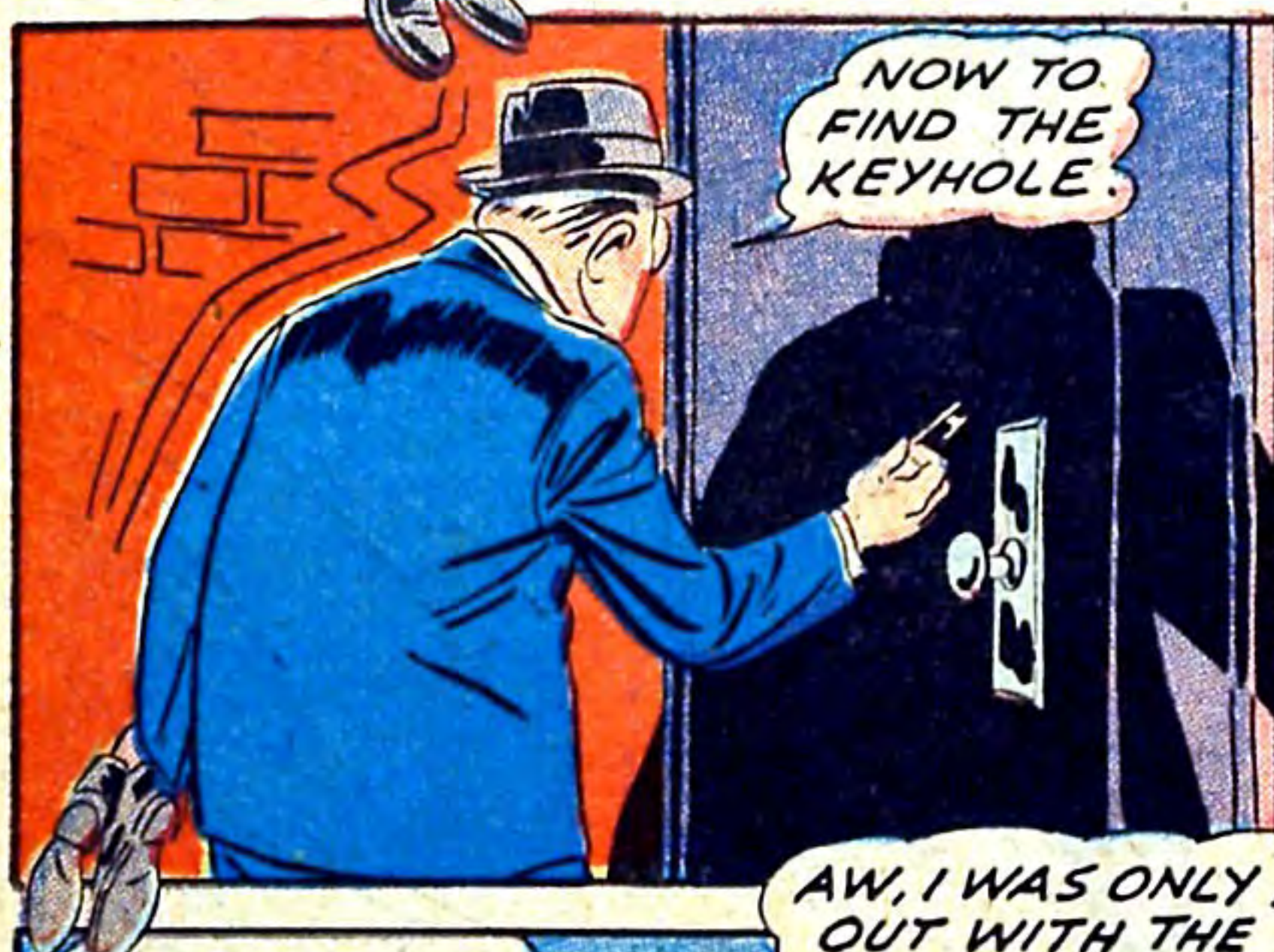
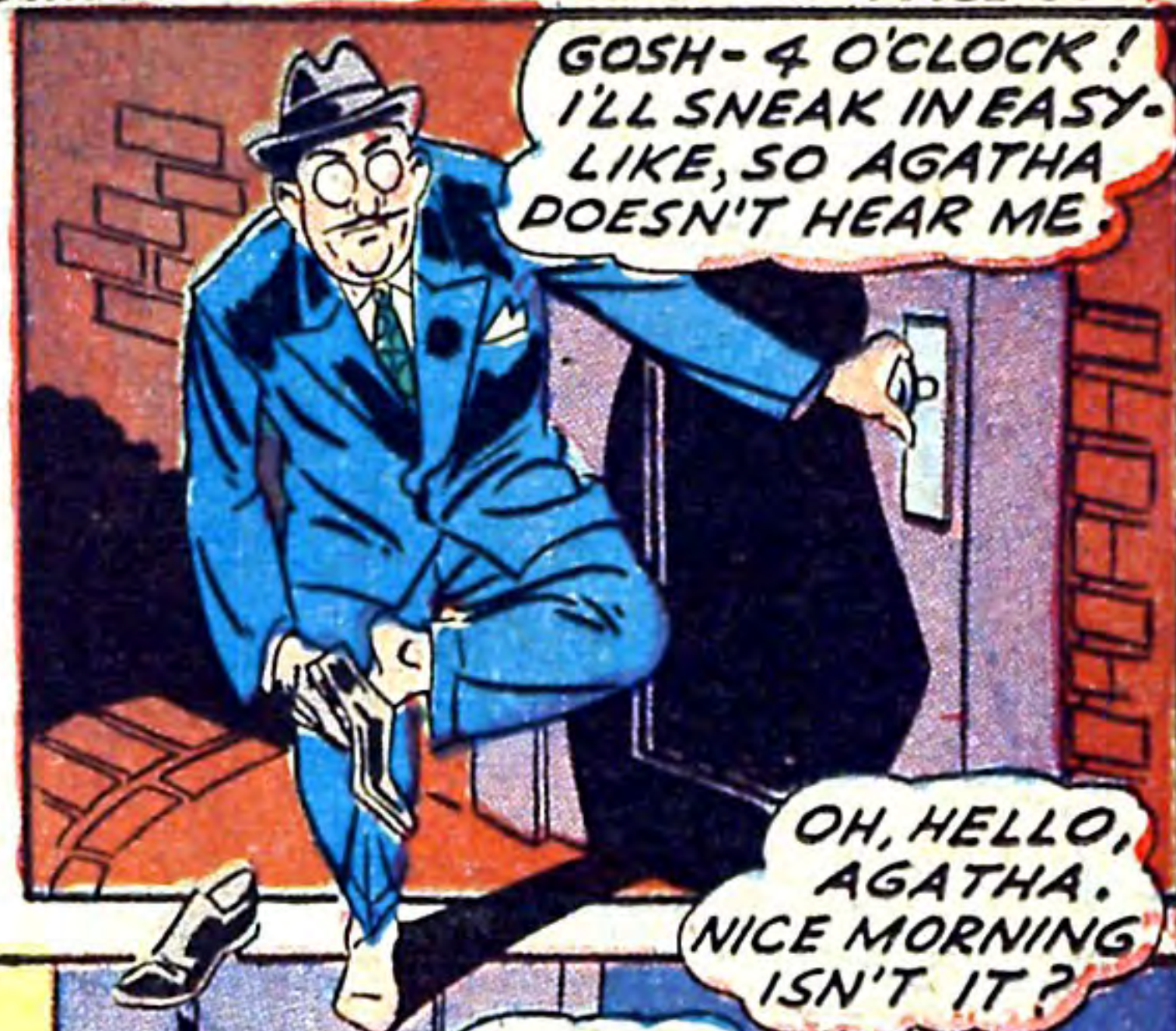
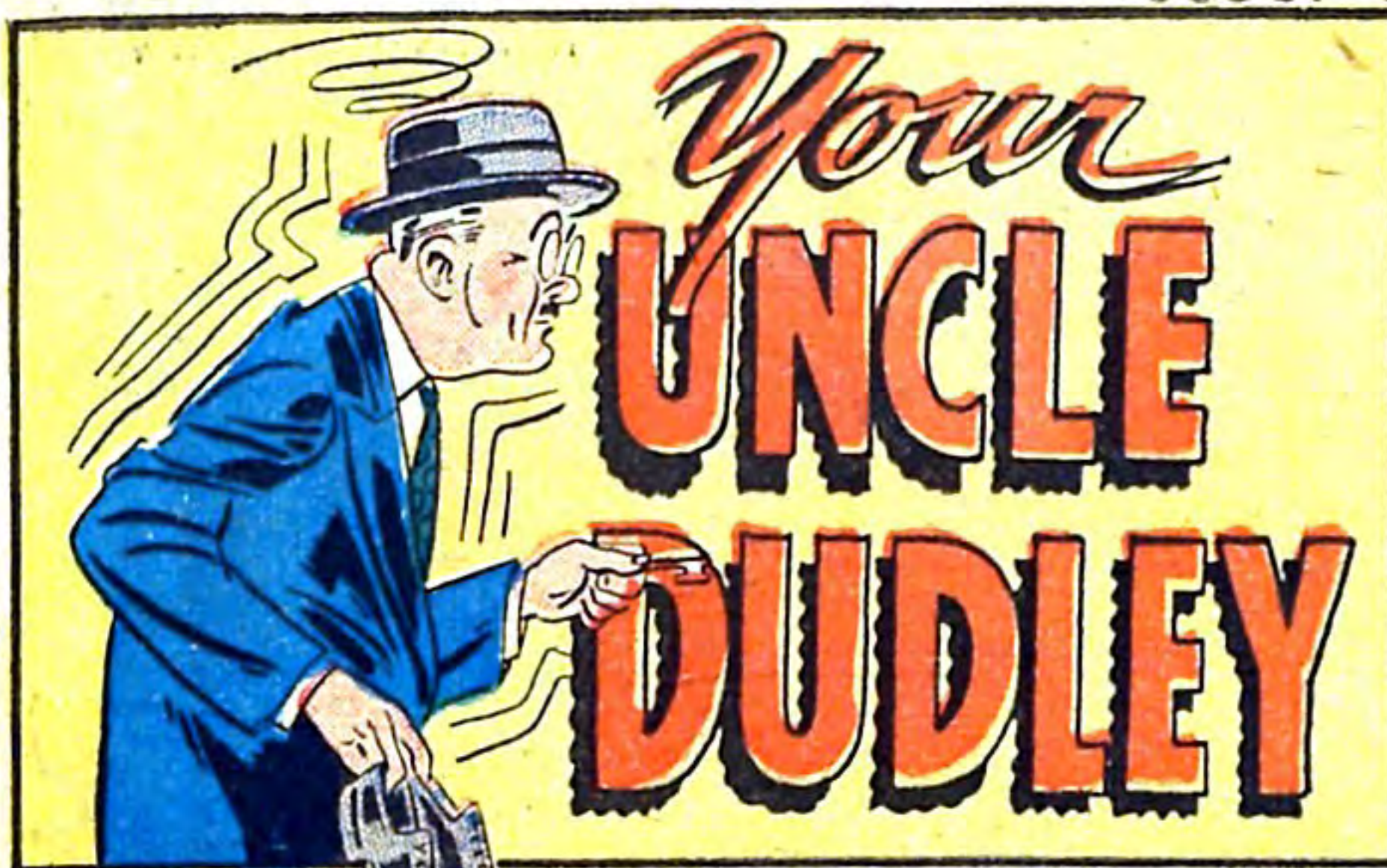
I GUESS THIS IS
MY ROUND,
WACKO!

NEVER,
YOU EARTH
DOG!

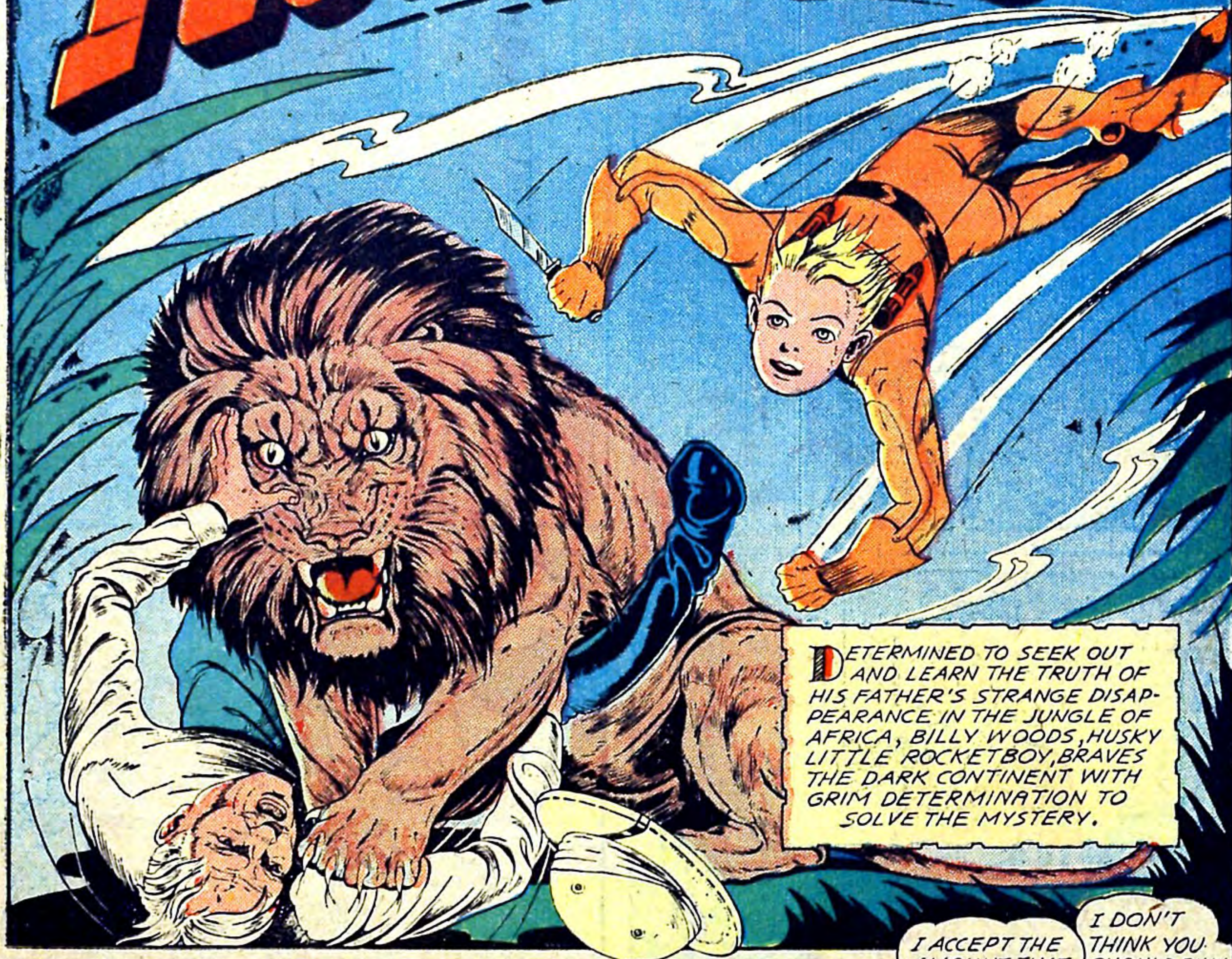


AS GLORIA RUNS TO THE ROCKET
SHIP, DAN HOLDS THE EXIT.





Rocket Boy



DETERMINED TO SEEK OUT AND LEARN THE TRUTH OF HIS FATHER'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE IN THE JUNGLE OF AFRICA, BILLY WOODS, HUSKY LITTLE ROCKETBOY, BRAVES THE DARK CONTINENT WITH GRIM DETERMINATION TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

IN A HOME THREATENED BY POVERTY, A STRUGGLE GOES ON IN A MOTHER'S HEART.

I WILL HELP YOU TO GET A GOOD POSITION MRS. WOODS AND WILL LEGALLY ADOPT BILLY.

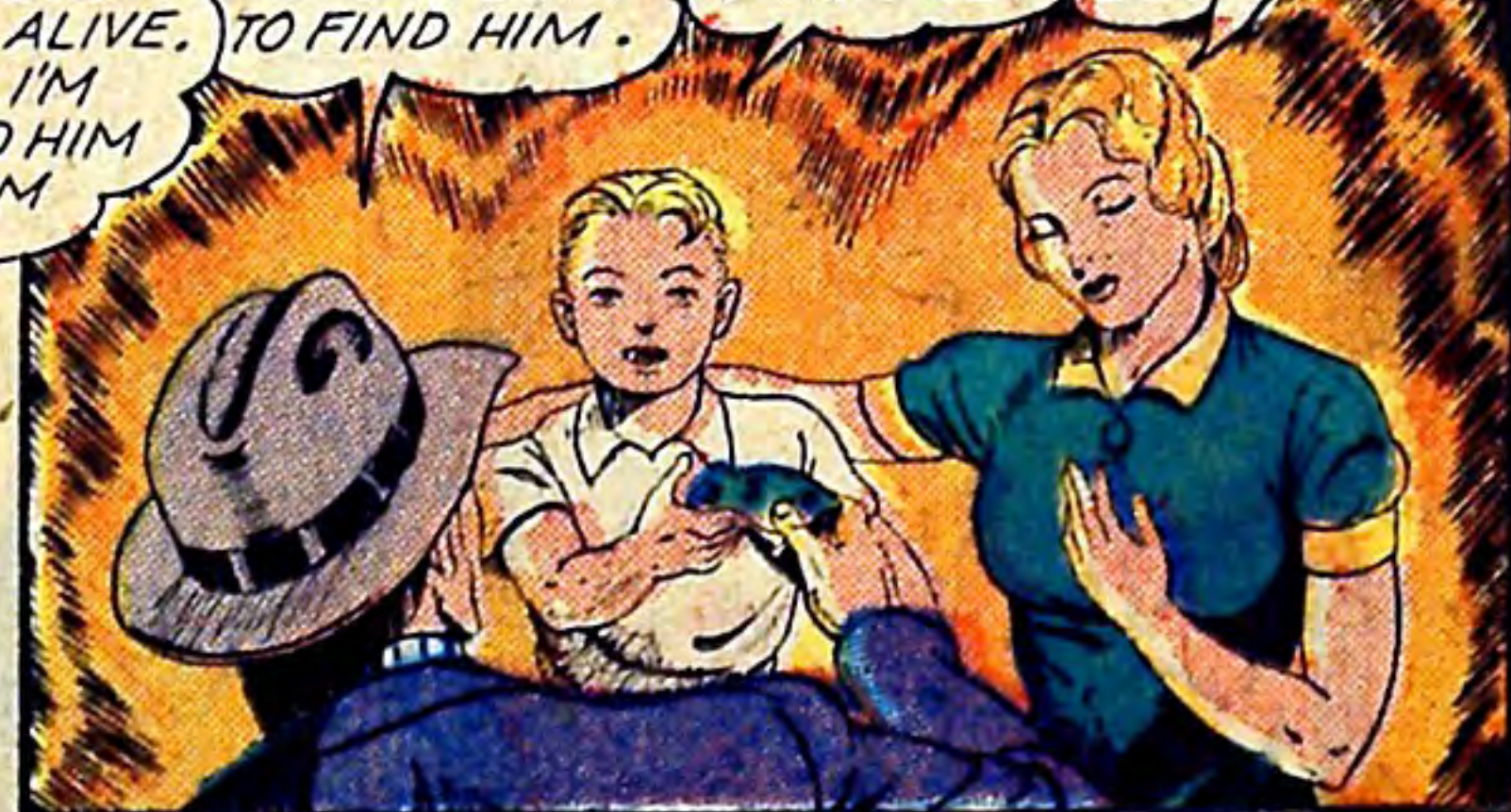
PERHAPS THAT IS THE ONLY WAY OUT. I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

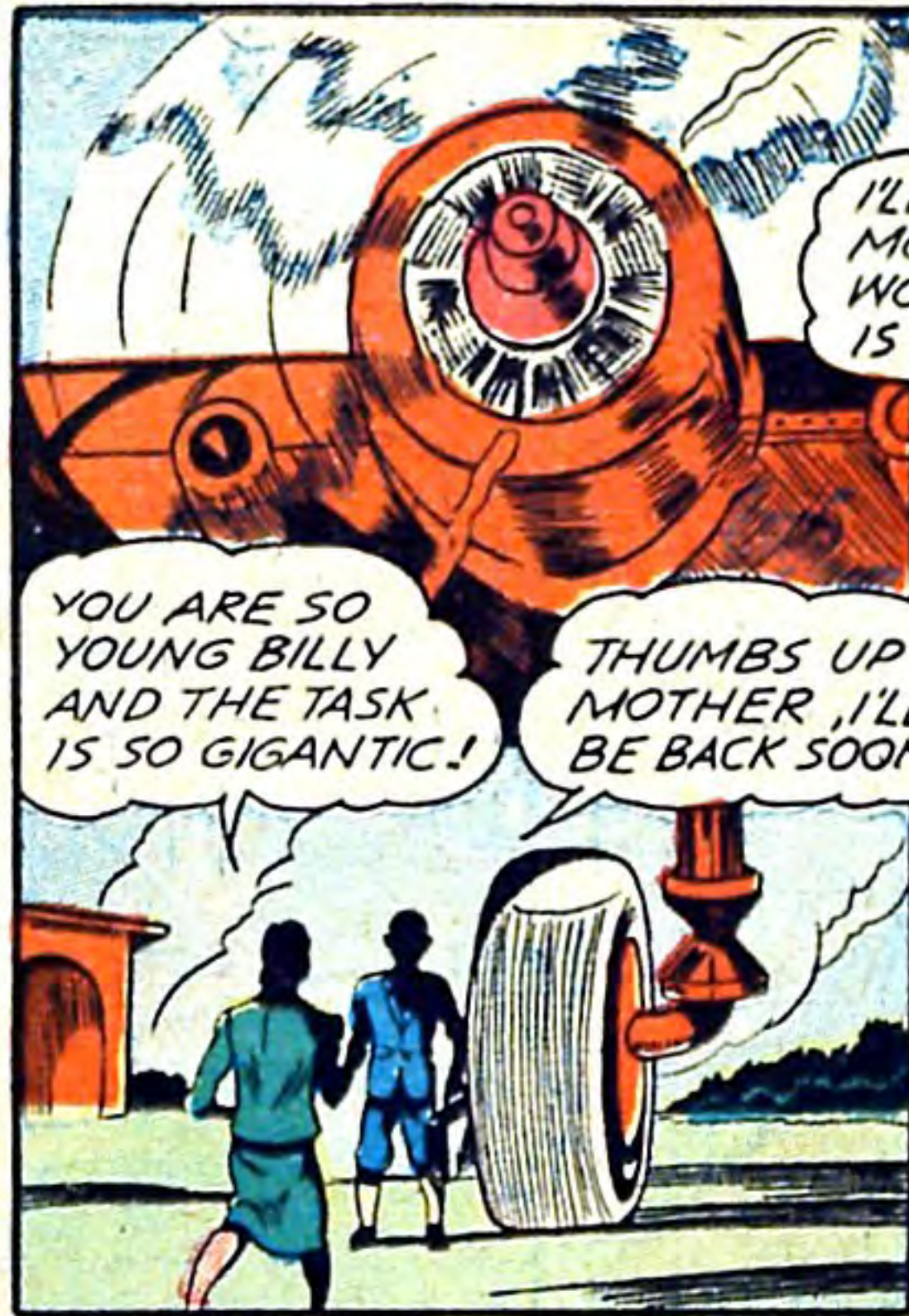
NEVER, MOTHER. I BELIEVE DAD IS STILL ALIVE. WHEN I CAN, I'M GOING TO FIND HIM AND BRING HIM BACK.

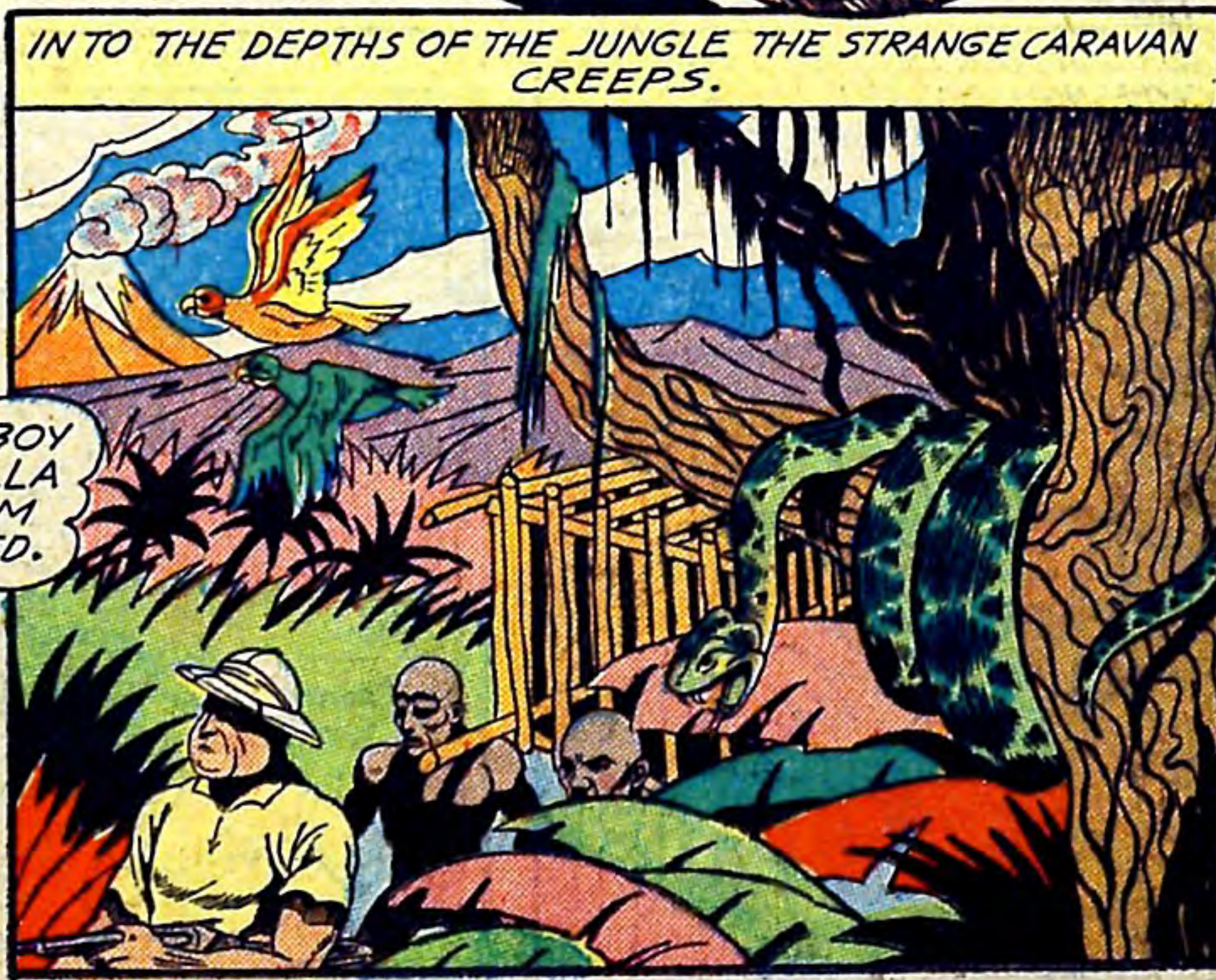
YOUR FATHER WAS MY FRIEND, BILLY. I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY TO TRY TO FIND HIM.

I ACCEPT THE AMOUNT THAT IT WILL COST FOR PLANE FARE TO AFRICA, MR. PACE.

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD, BILLY. STILL YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE THERE IS TO GO.







IN TO THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE THE STRANGE CARAVAN CREEPS.

THAT NIGHT AS THE CARAVAN HALTS.



A HOSTILE TRIBESMAN CREEPS CLOSE TO THE FIRE AND CRIES INTO THE NIGHT.



THE CALL IS ANSWERED.



IN HIS LAST MOMENTS, THE GANGSTER REVEALS THE HIDING PLACE.

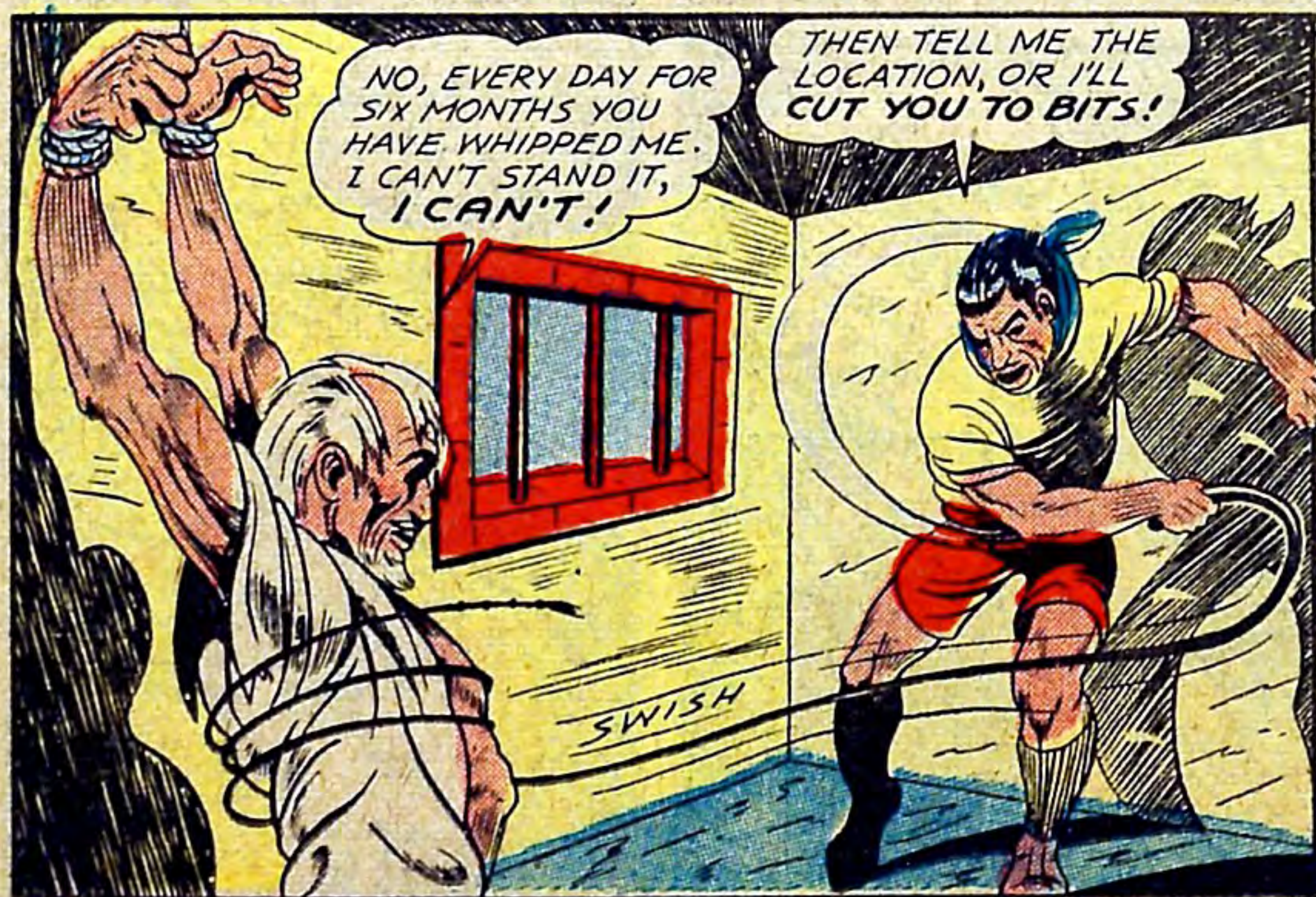
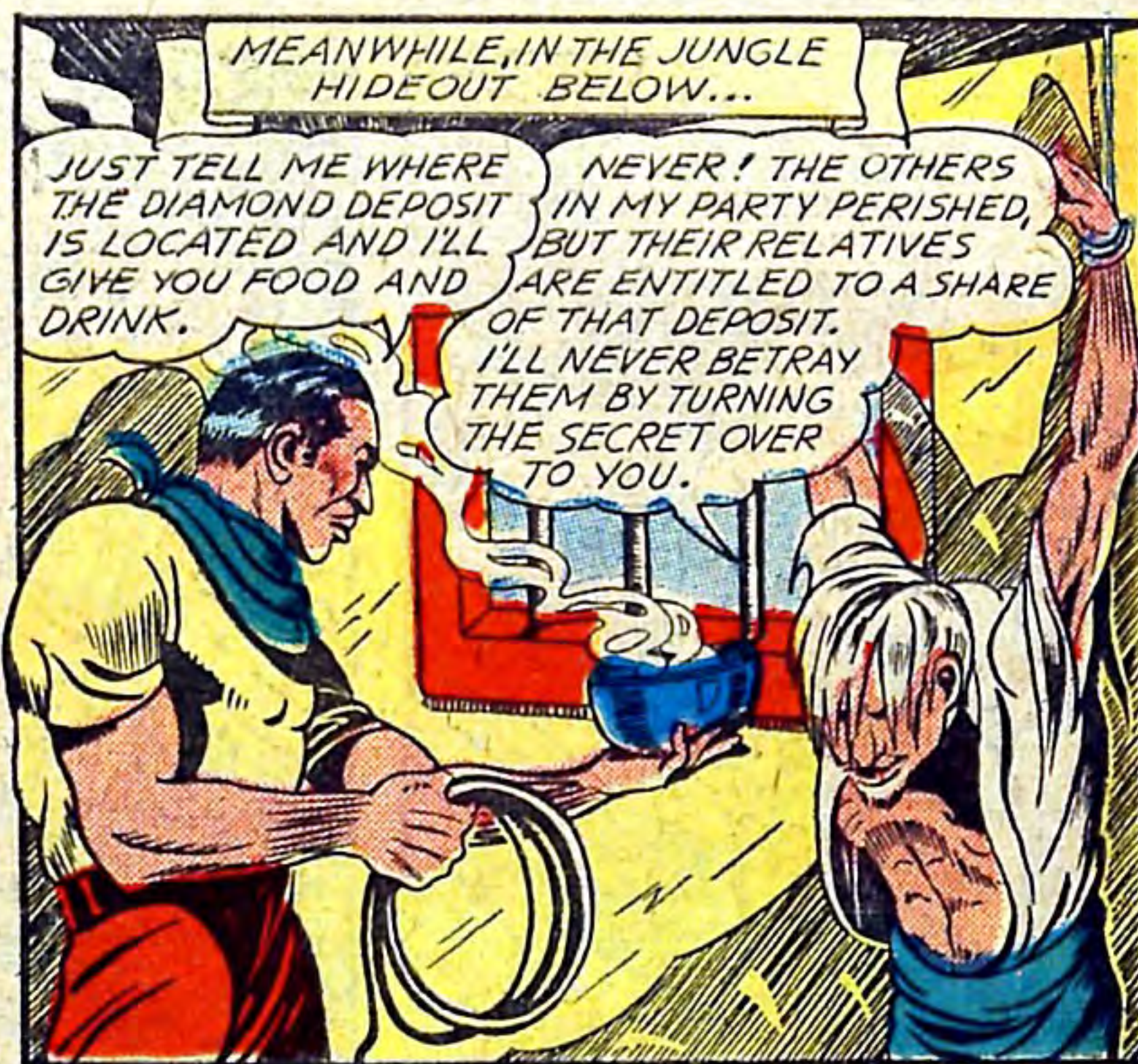
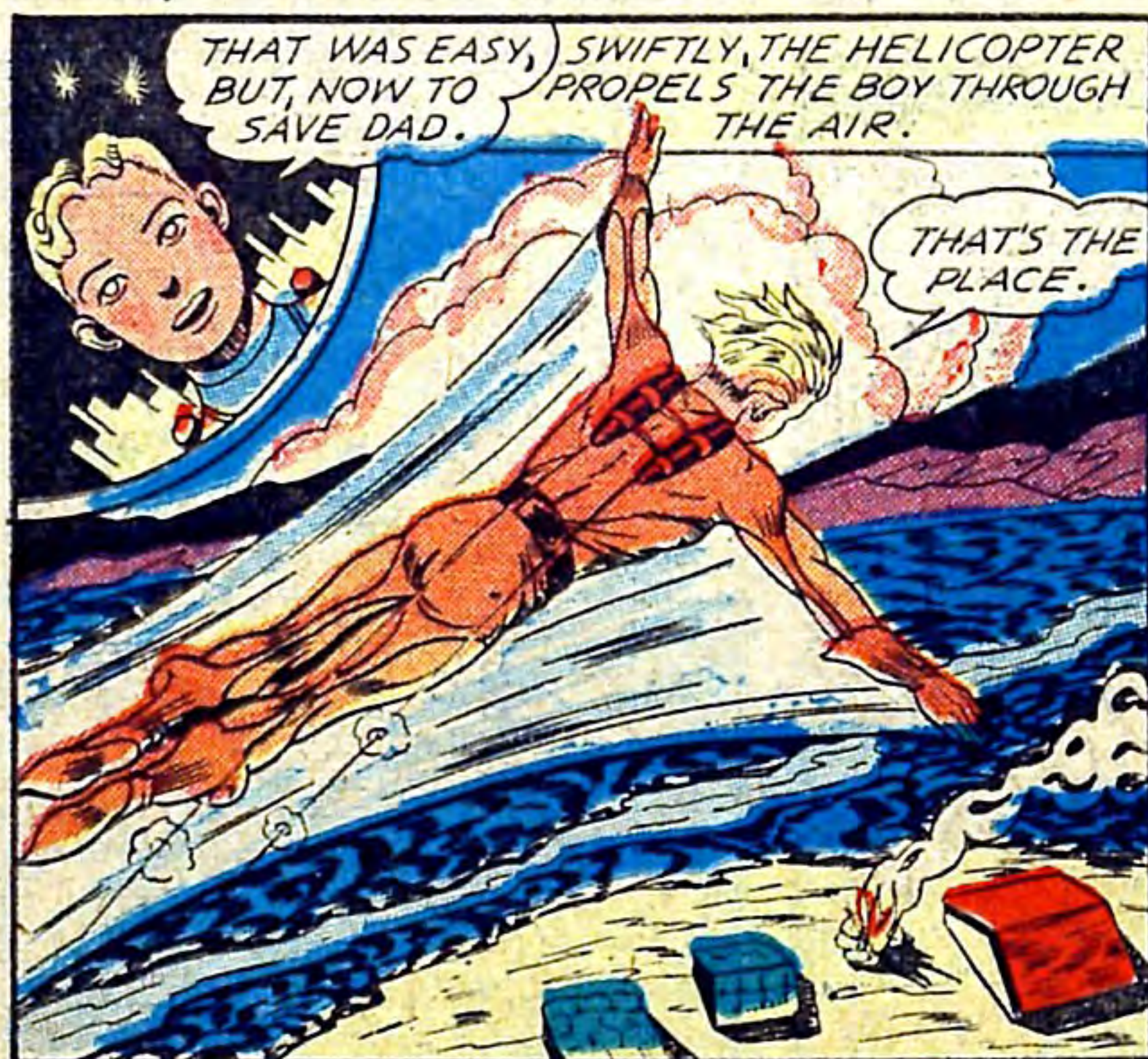
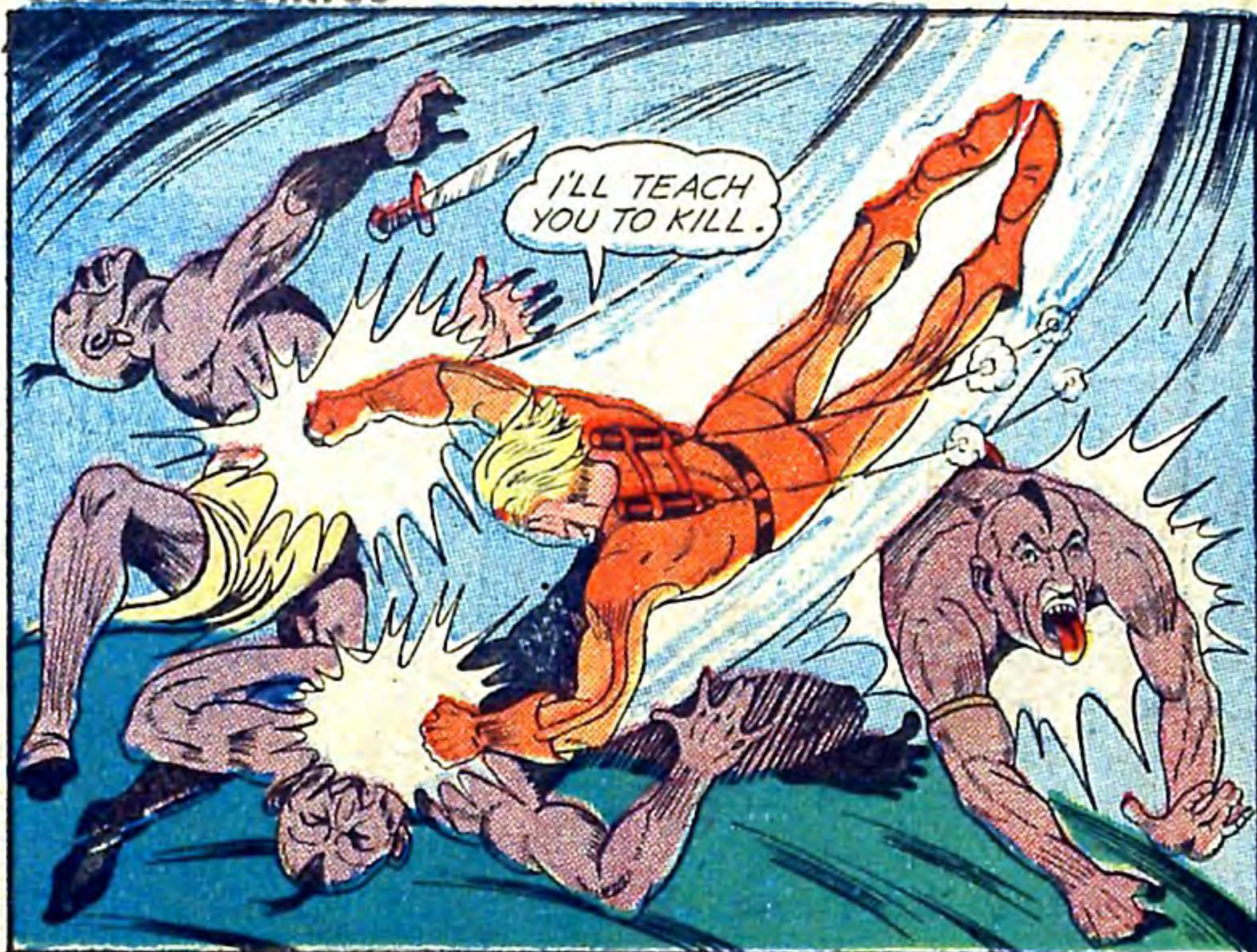


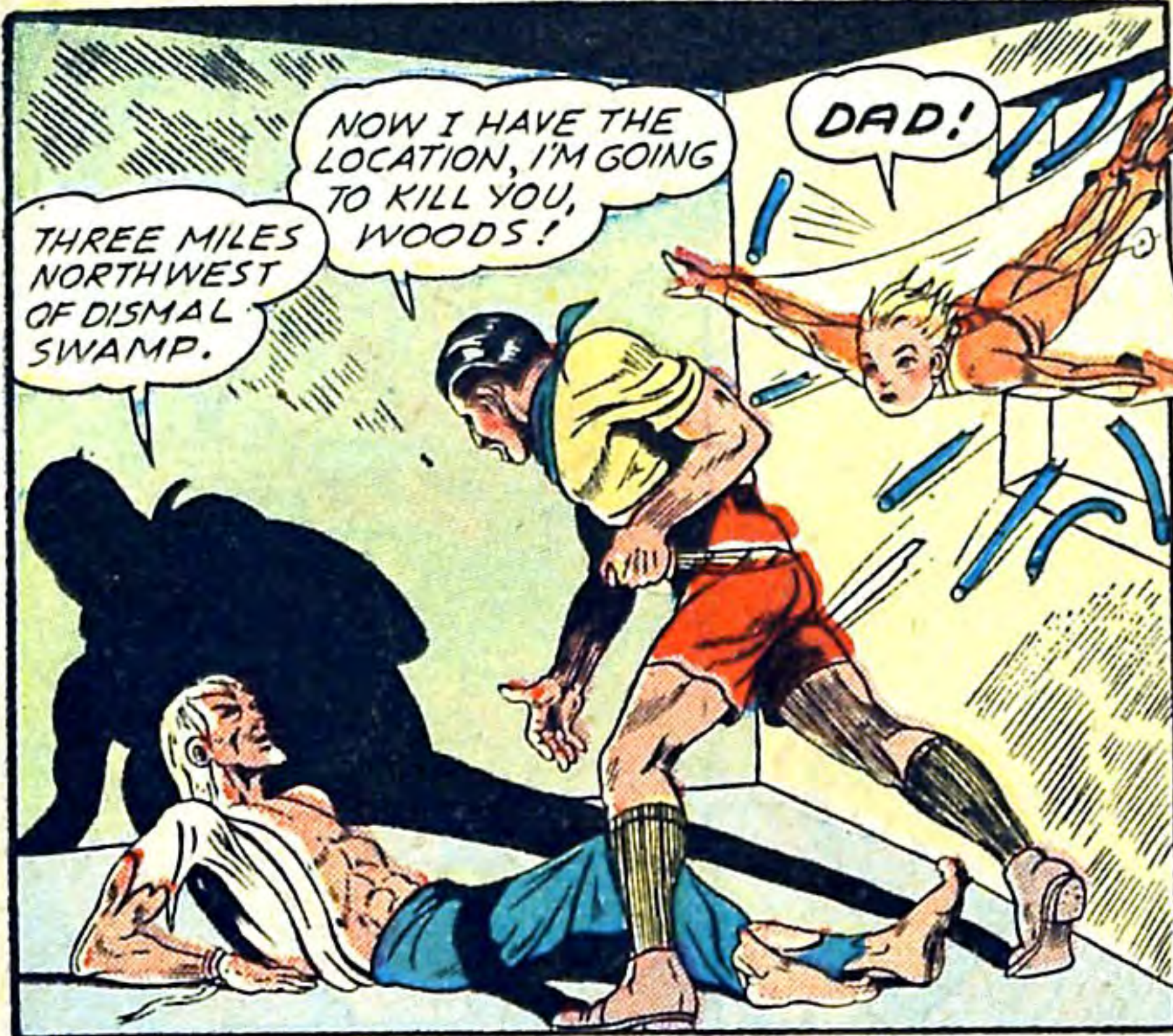
QUICKLY, BILLY SHEDS HIS OUTER CLOTHING TO REVEAL A FAMILIAR UNIFORM.

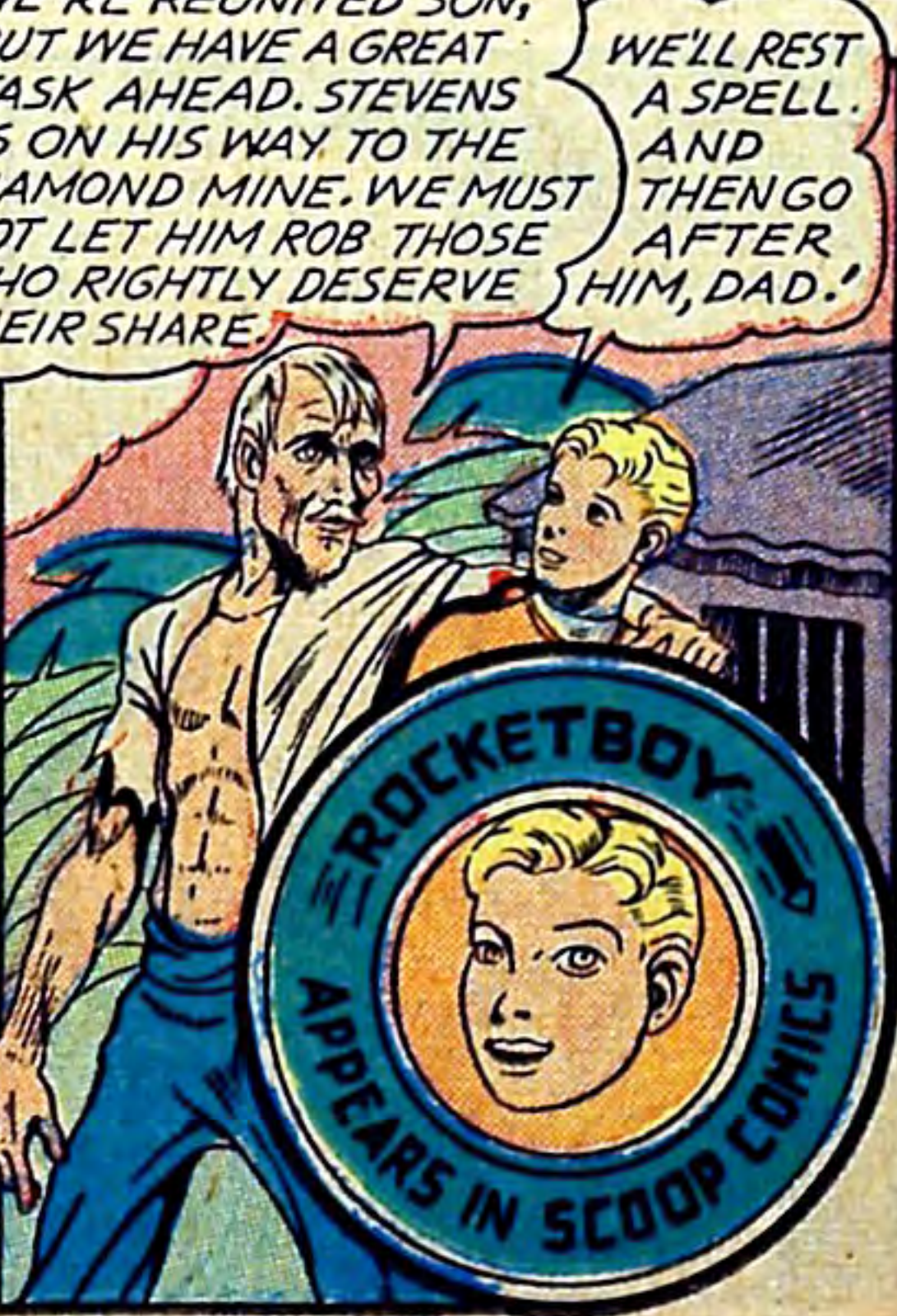
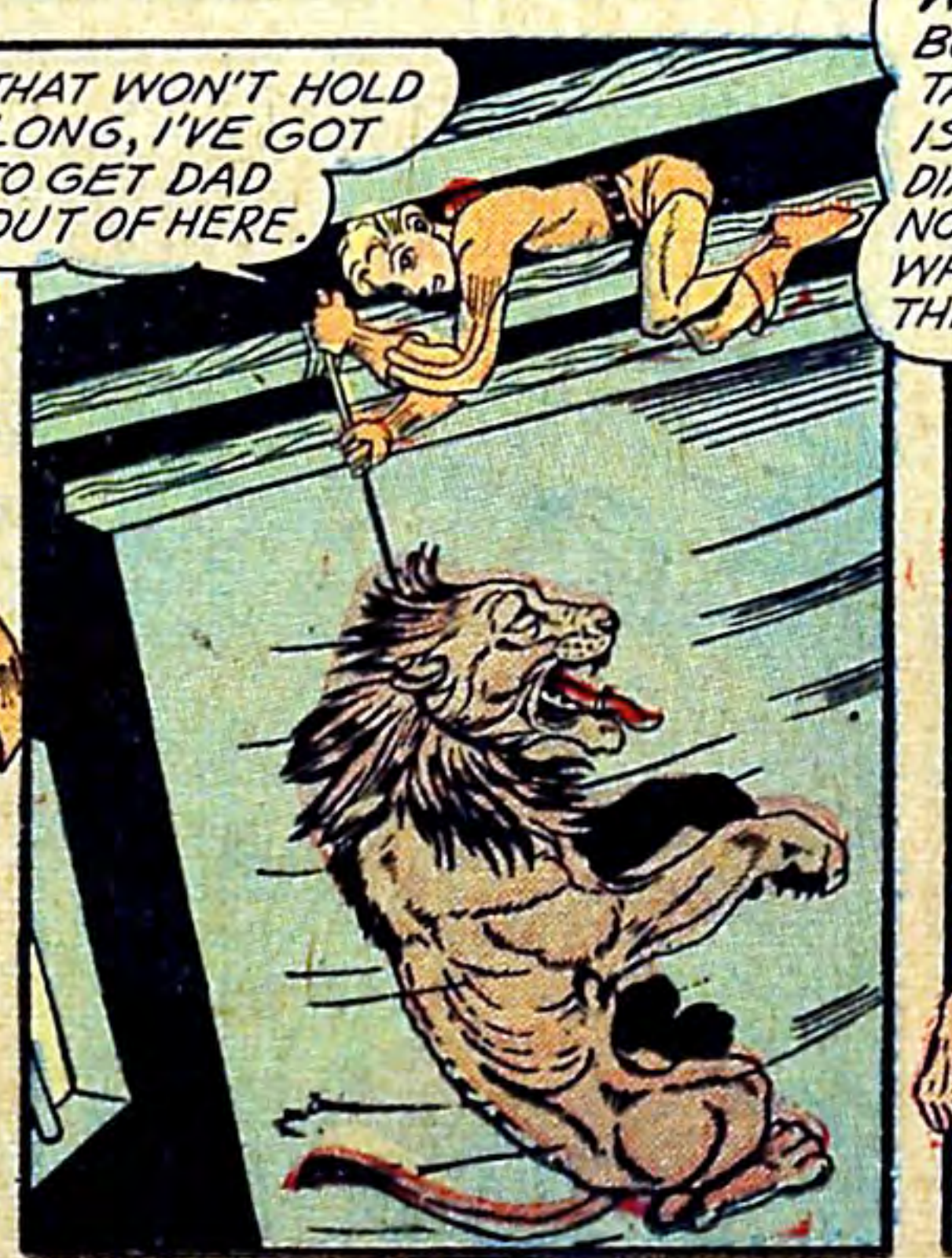


THE ASTONISHED NATIVES FLEE.









SOMETHING FOR THE KIDS

"I'd be better off dead," moaned Julie Rogoff to himself, as he sat behind the wheel of his cab. "Can't make a nickel," he cried. "It's been like this for weeks. Cripes, my wife and kids will starve to death."

His mind began to whirl. "Better off dead—Better off dead." Again and again, the thought spun through his mind.

"Let's see," he said, "they'll collect my insurance policy. That will help them eat for some time. The kids will miss me. But why should they? I never did anything unusual for them. Now, at least, I'll commit suicide and they'll collect enough money to eat for a year."

Suddenly, Julie cocked his head back. "Mustn't let the insurance company know I committed suicide. They don't pay off on suicides. Let's see, I'll drive the cab off a big hill and no one will be the wiser."

Julie turned the key and started the car. He began to drive uptown. "Hmm," he grinned, "it will be nice rolling down them big hills in the Bronx. I'll die where I was born, right in the Bronx. Heck, that almost sounds successful."

As Julie turned the corner and headed out of the Times Square business section, suddenly, the cracking of revolvers filled the air.

The plate glass window of the bank near the corner came crashing to the ground. In a flash, Julie

realized that the bank was being robbed.

Out of the bank's doorway raced three gangsters with smoking revolvers, while a fourth one held a money bag which contained the bank's deposits.

Julie spotted a policeman, with a revolver in his hand, running toward the bank robbers. Suddenly, a fusillade of machine gun bullets roared from the front of the getaway car, and the patrolman fell to the sidewalk.

The gangsters jumped into the car and began to drive off.

"Sons of Satan!" roared Julie, as he jammed his foot down on the gas pedal of his taxi. "The dirty killers," he screamed, "I'm going to stop them. Cripes, this is as good a way as any to commit suicide."

His car was speeding toward the getaway car that was pulling away from the curb. One of the gangsters spotted him.

"Look out!" cried one of the mugs, "that cab's coming at us."

Another rat grabbed a machine gun and sent a barrage of bullets into the taxi. Julie felt the hot burning lead rip into his shoulder. He gritted his teeth and kept the car going forward.

The next second, a loud, roaring crash filled the air, as the two cars smashed into each other. The fenders of the cars became embodied within each other, and the

two cars turned over and over until they came to a stop. None of the occupants in the cars moved.

.... Julie thought he was dead, "Probably resting in heaven," he mused. He felt something touching his lips. A straw passed between his lips and he felt a cooling sensation, as water came floating into his mouth through the straw.

Julie opened his eyes and saw his wife. "Sarah! Sarah," he cried. "Ain't I dead?"

"Who's dead?" laughed his wife. "You're in a hospital."

"Oh," moaned Julie, as he realized his plans had failed. "NO INSURANCE MONEY," he thought.

"Oh, Julie," he heard his wife sigh, "the children are so proud of you. They keep running around showing the neighbors your pictures that are in the papers. They're always yelling, 'LOOK, MY PAPA'S A HERO.'"

Julie smiled to himself. At least he had made his kids happy, even if he didn't get them food.

"Guess what, Julie," Sarah questioned. "The bank president is giving you a five thousand dollar reward!"

Julie whistled. "That's more than I would have collected on my insurance."

"Your insurance?" Sarah asked. "I secretly cancelled it to buy you the taxi."

GLOBE TROTTER

WHEN THE VERY EXISTENCE OF A PEACEFUL TRIBE IS THREATENED, ADVENTUROUS GLOBE TROTTER AND HIS PET JUMP TO THE RESCUE... EVEN IF IT MEANS FIGHTING THE PHANTOM NIGHT GOD.

© HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



AS GLOBE TROTTER AND HIS PET, FANG, ENJOY THE JUNGLE BEAUTY...

YES SIREE, FANG, THIS IS THE LIFE. PEACEFUL, QUIET AND FREE FROM THE TROUBLES OF THE....

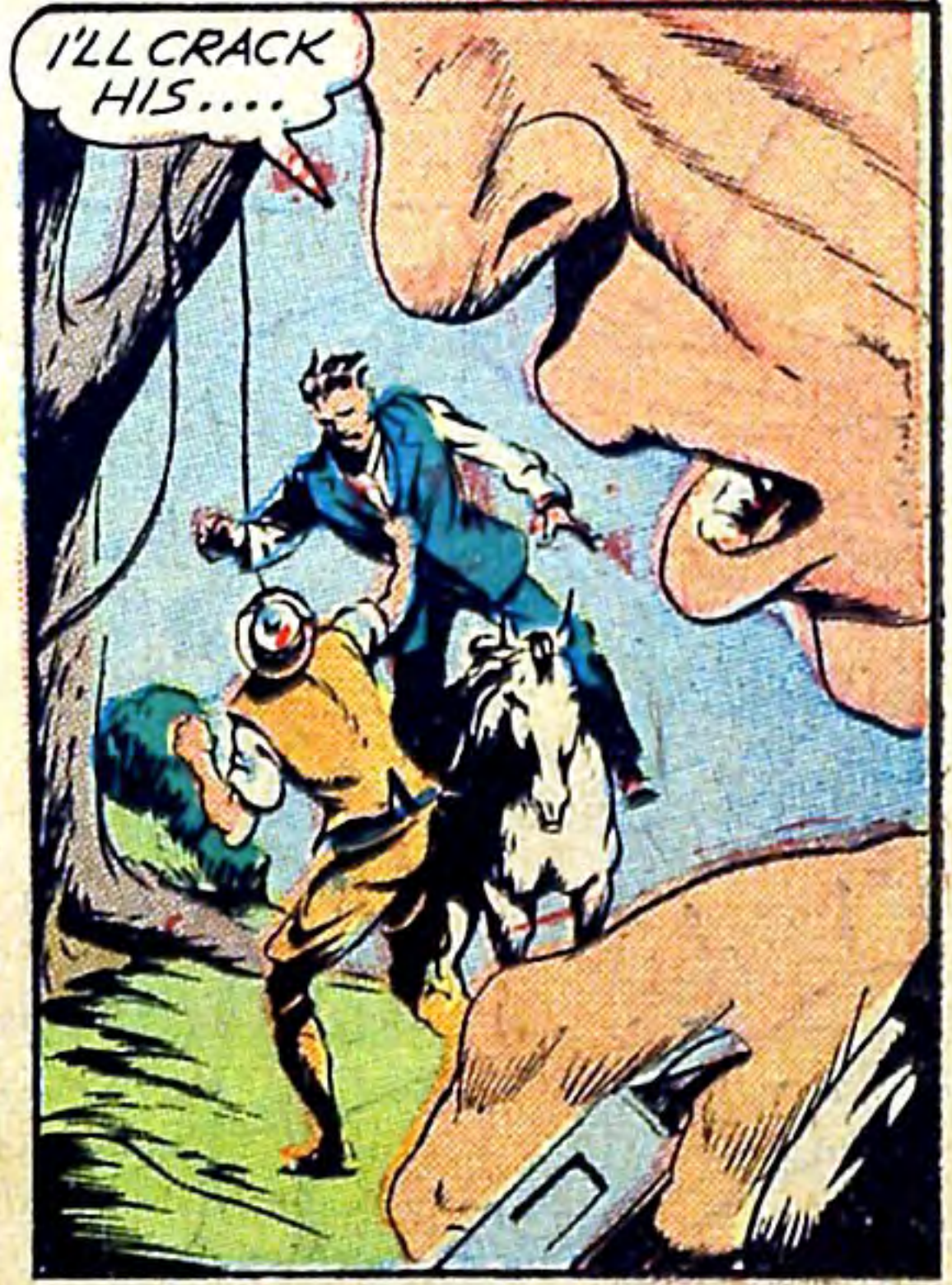


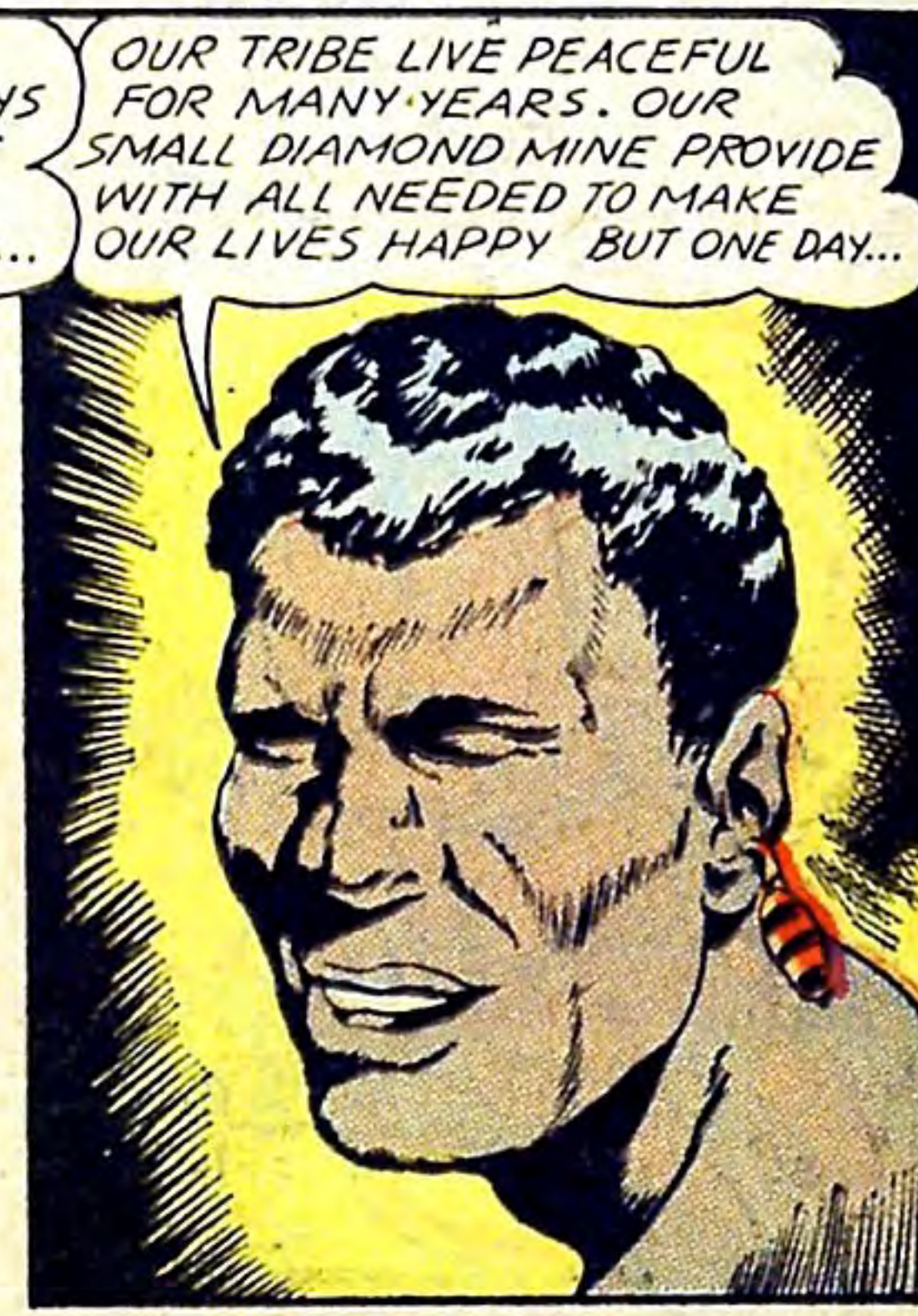
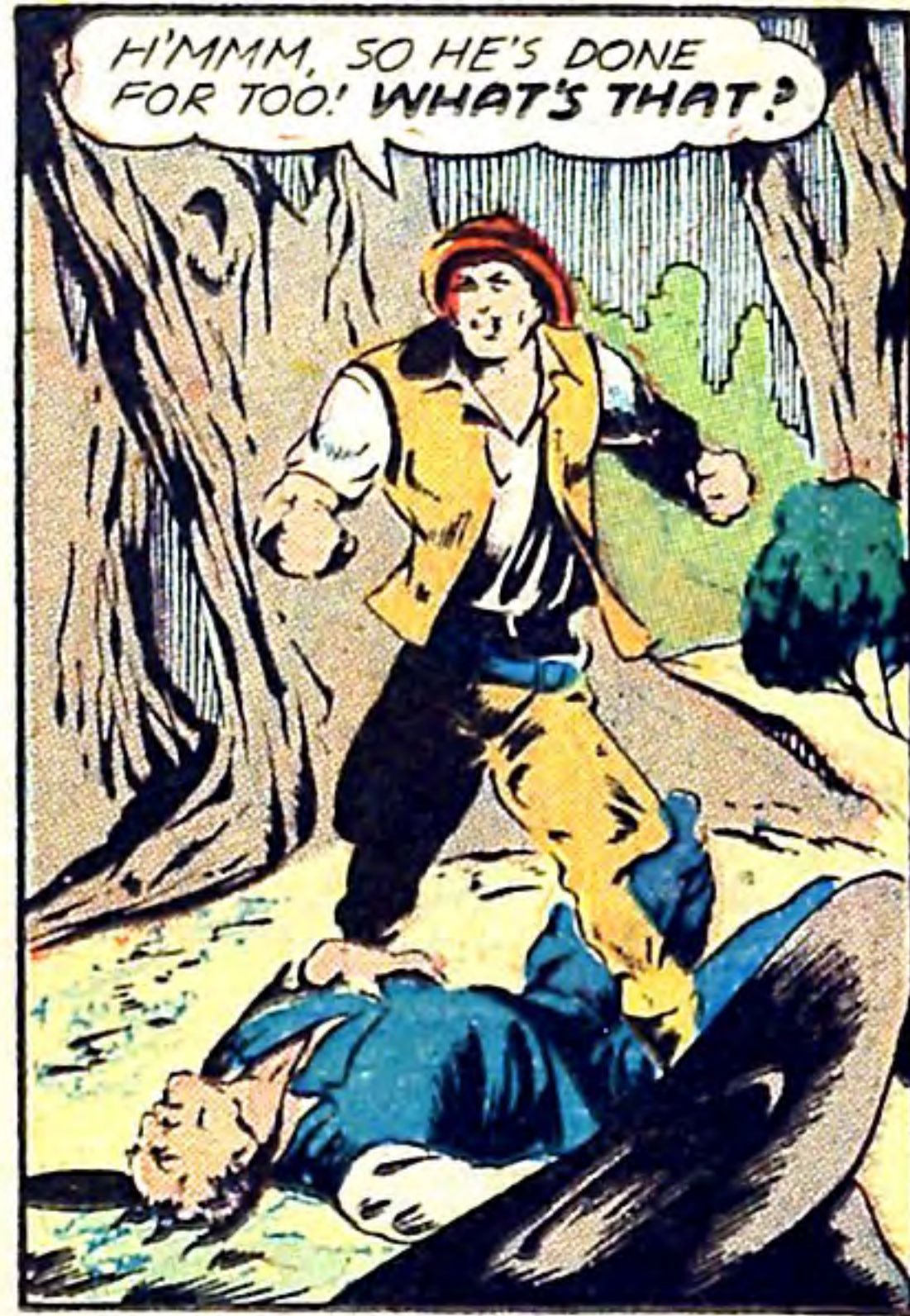
SUDDENLY, AN UNEARTHLY CRY BREAKS THE STILLNESS...

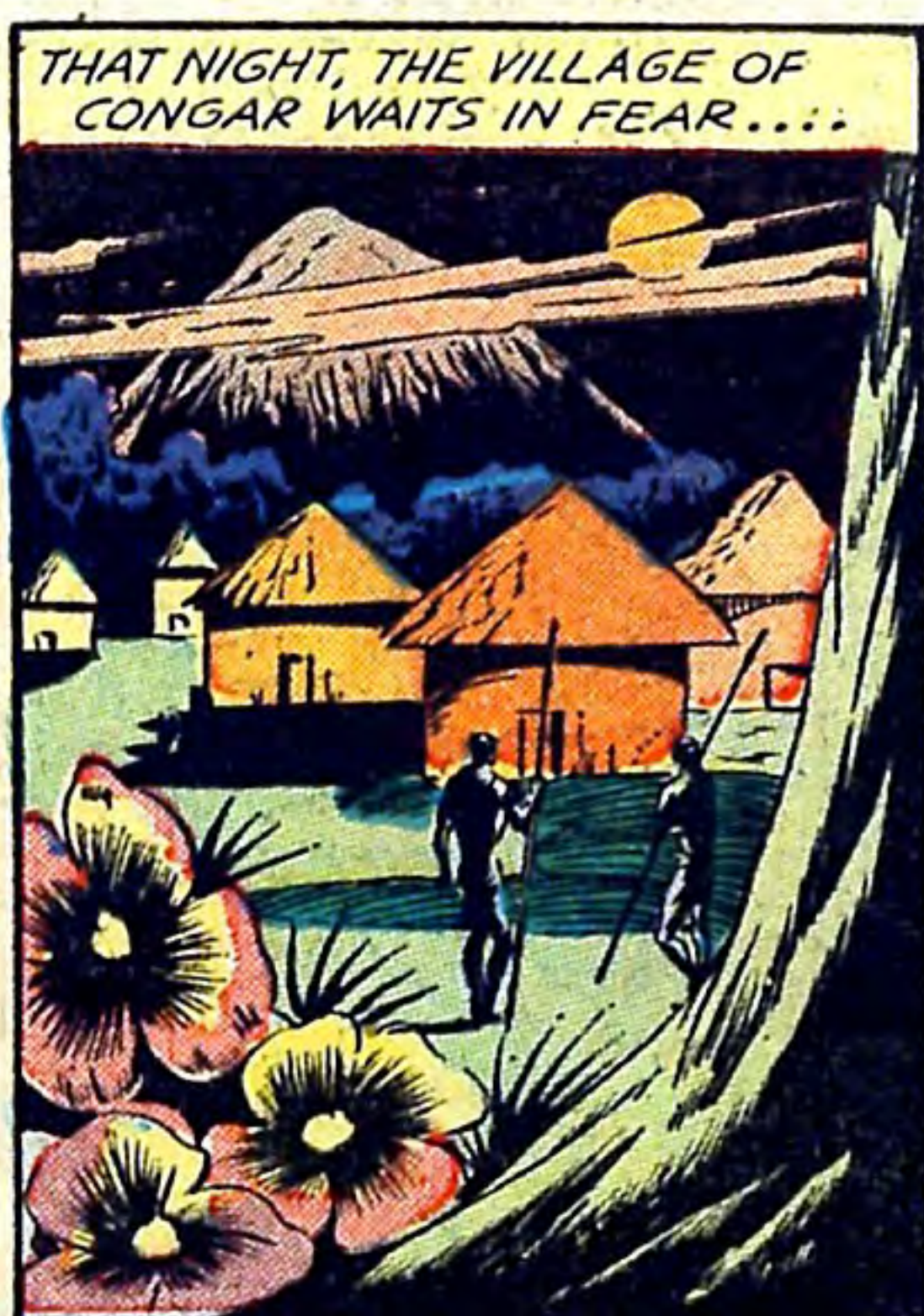
AAAAAGGGHH...

BRRR... I SPOKE TOO SOON! SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!









SNEAK INTO THE VILLAGE... AND VISIT YOUR PEOPLE ONE BY ONE. TELL THEM, YOU HAVE HEARD THE WORDS OF A DYING CLIFF DWELLER. THE NIGHT GOD WILL SOON BE BLOTTED OUT FOREVER!



TROTTER AND HIS PET PREPARE THEIR PLAN...

OKAY, FANG. WE'LL WAIT HERE! THAT PHONY GOD WILL BE AROUND SOON TO COLLECT HIS TRIBUTE.



SEEMS LIKE HOURS AND NO SIGN OF ANYBODY! MAYBE, FANG, WHAT'S UP...?

SNIFFFF! SNIFFFF! SNIFFFF!



LATER...

BOY, WHAT A HAUL!

IT'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER! SOON WE'LL...

FIND THE END OF THE TRAIL!



HEY, WHO SAID THAT? YIIII-LOOK!



YOU GUYS DON'T LOOK LIKE ANY NIGHT GOD TO ME!

GET HIM... HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



OKAY, FELLAS. LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!



RIGHT! AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

AAAGGGH!







SO, THAT'S THE GAG! A SEARCHLIGHT IN BACK CASTS THE SHADOW ON THE MOUNTAIN. OKAY, MISTER NIGHT GOD, HERE I COME.



NOW, LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE!

WHAT TH...



NOW WE'LL SEE IF HE'S DESTROYED!

SEE... THE NIGHT GOD IS CHALLENGED TO A FIGHT!



LOOK! HE'S DEFEATED!



SEE... 'TIS OUR DEAD CHIEF'S FRIEND, GLOBE TROTTER!

JUST A MICROPHONE, BATTERIES, AND A SEARCHLIGHT... THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO YOUR NIGHT GOD!



THIS IS THE WHITE MAN WHO FOUND THE BODY OF OUR CHIEF!

OKAY, OUT WITH IT!

AFTER LEARNING ABOUT THE DIAMOND MINE, WE KILLED THE CHIEF AND HIT ON THIS NIGHT GOD IDEA. I REMAINED TO STAGE THE SHOW, WHILE MY MEN HID IN THICKETS AND THEN CARRIED THE DIAMONDS OFF.

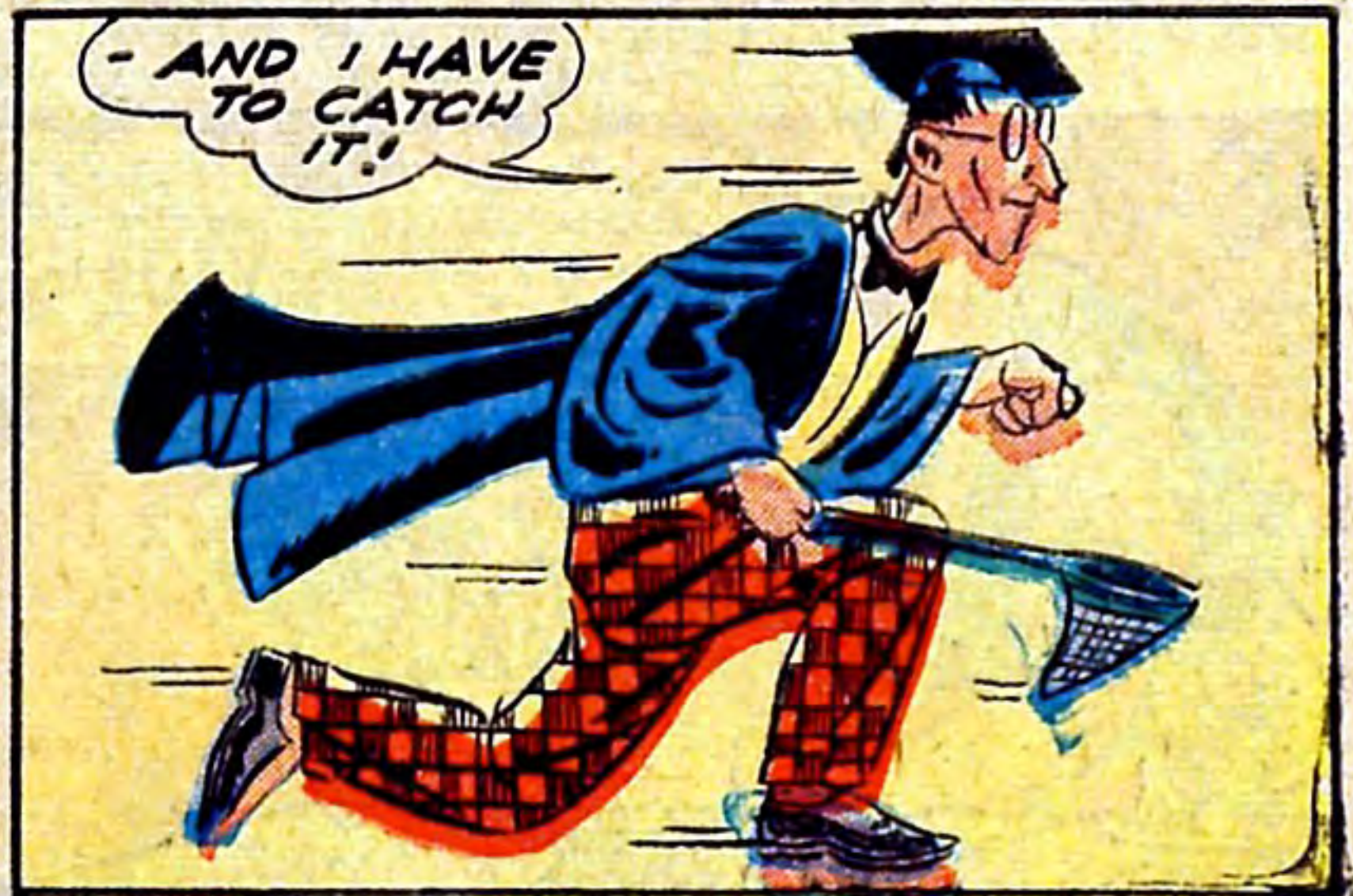
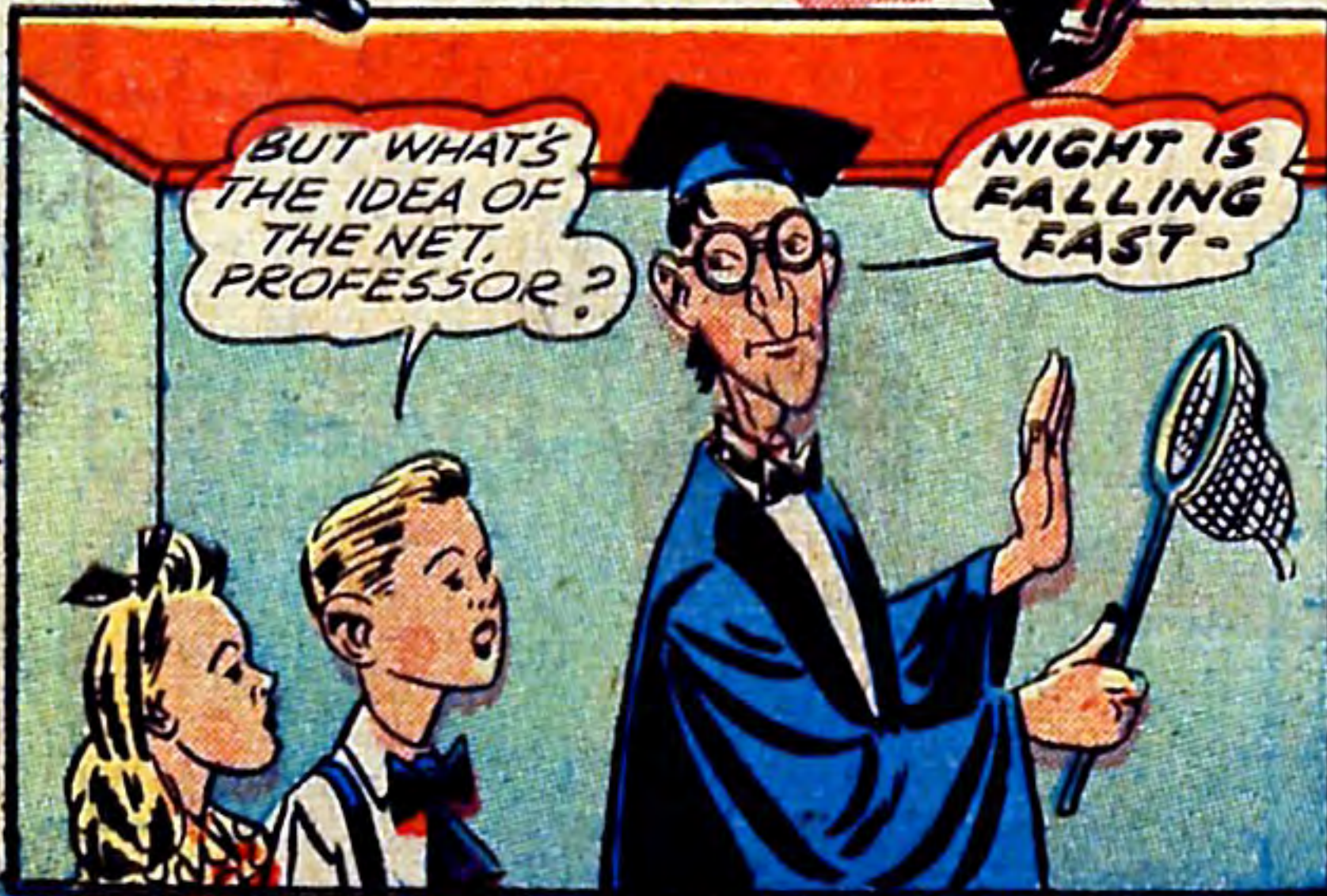
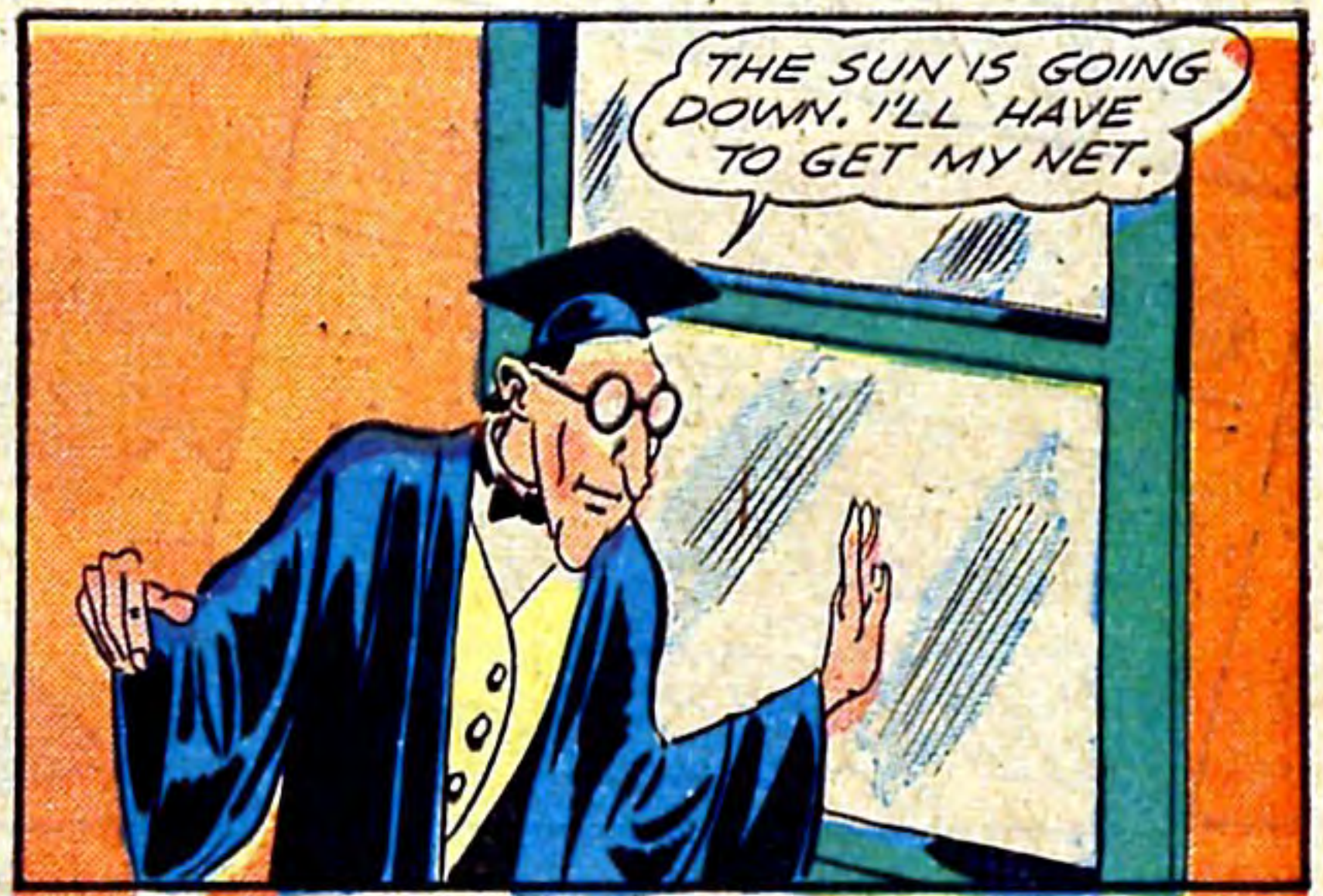
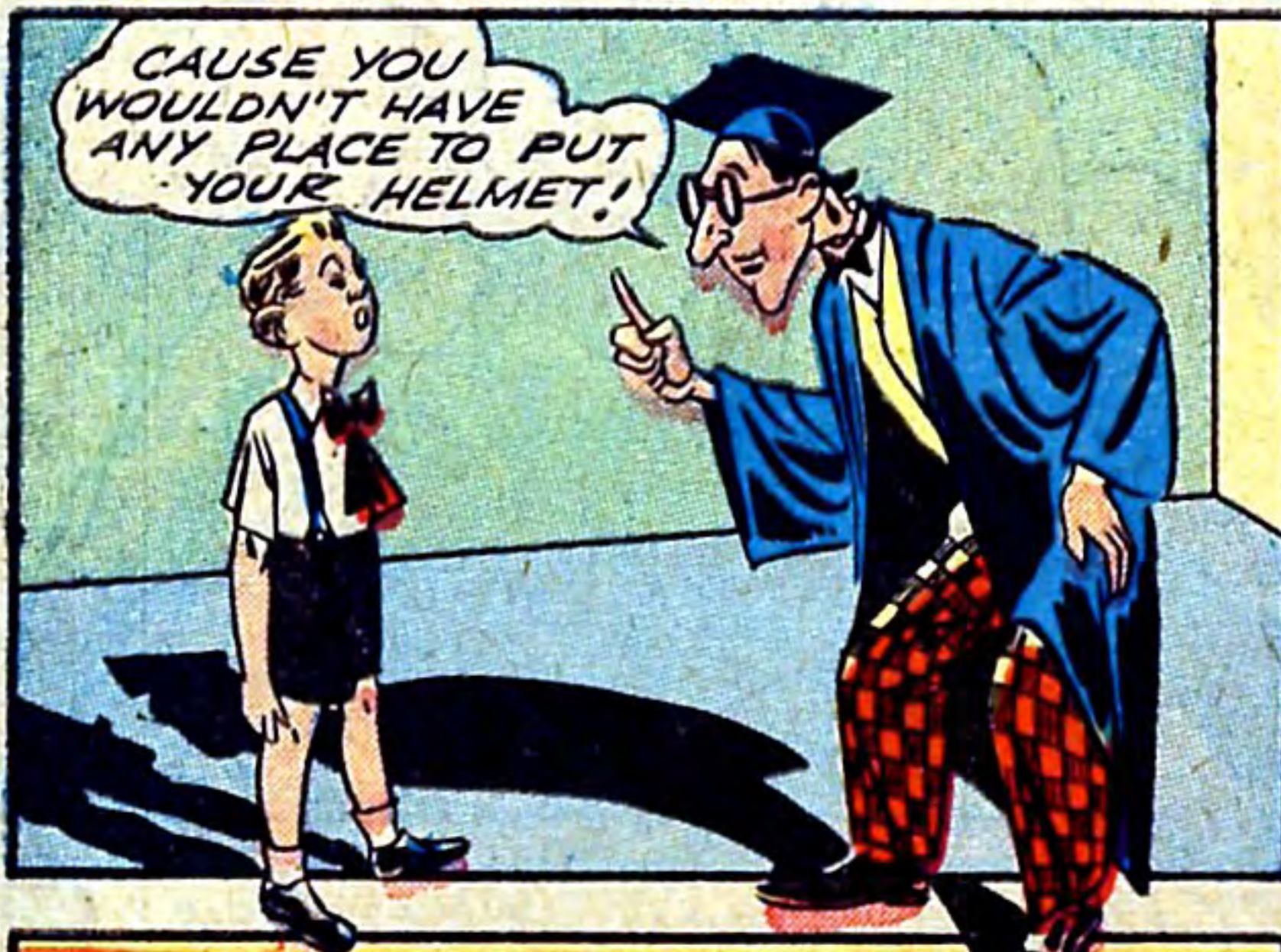
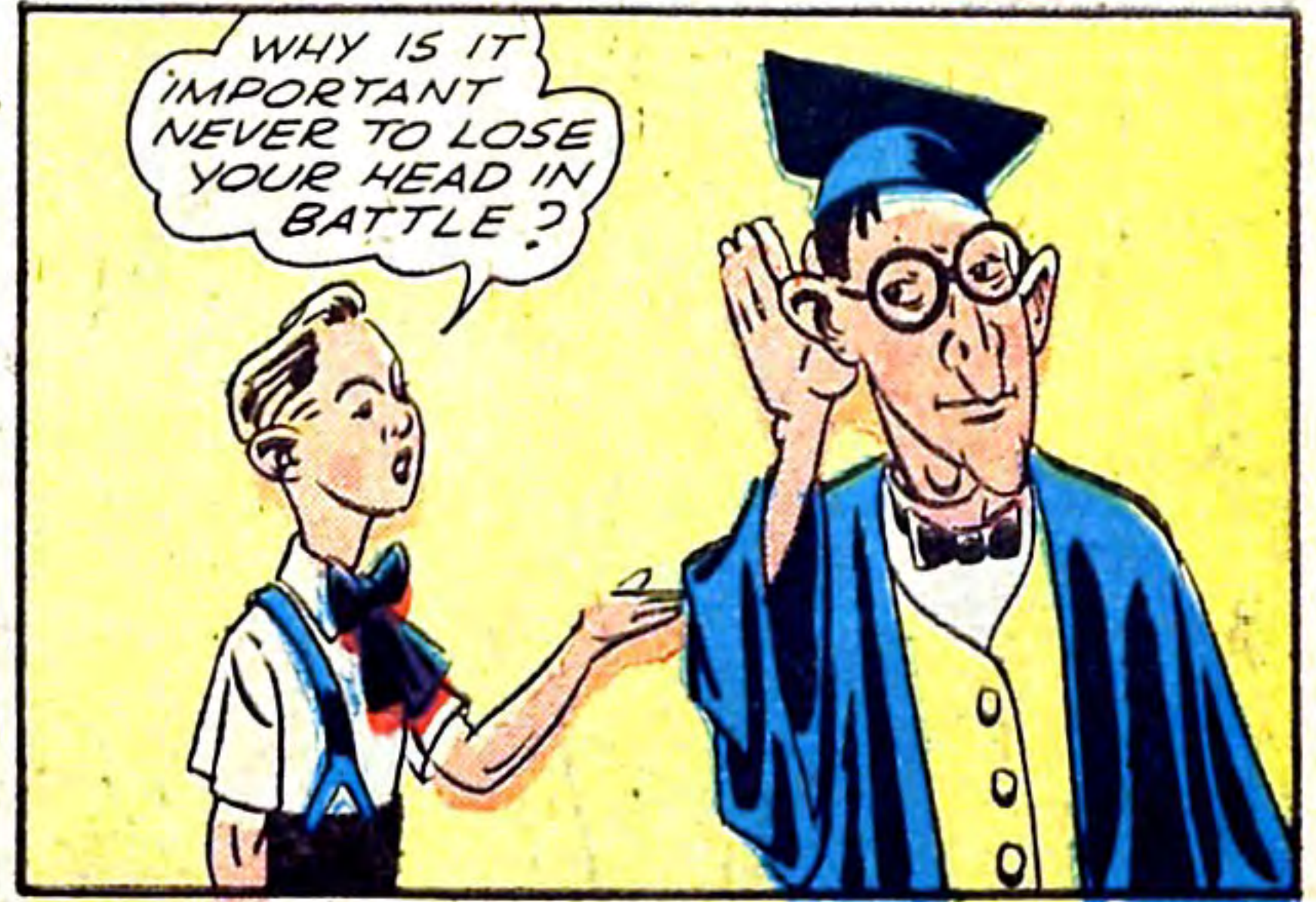
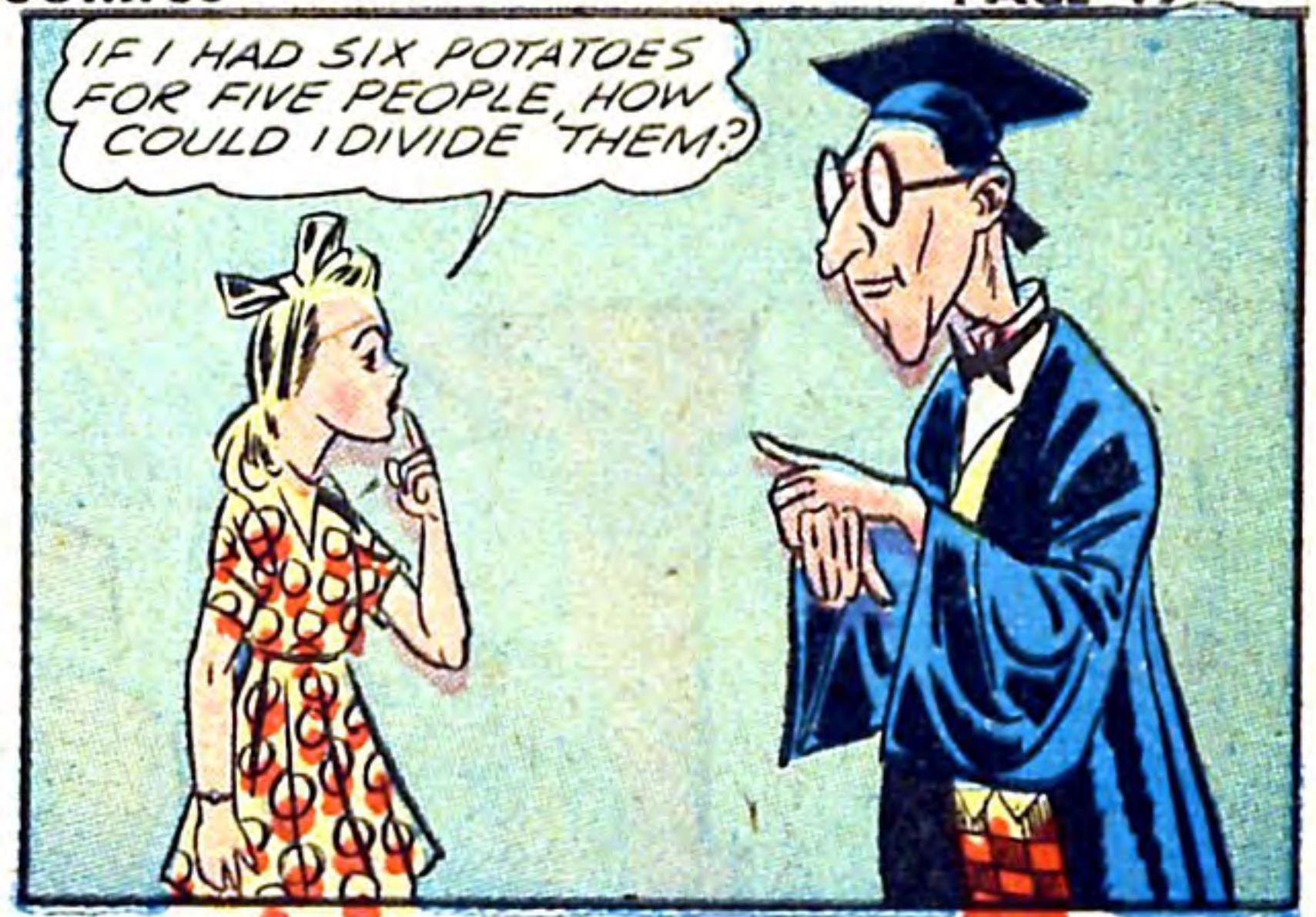
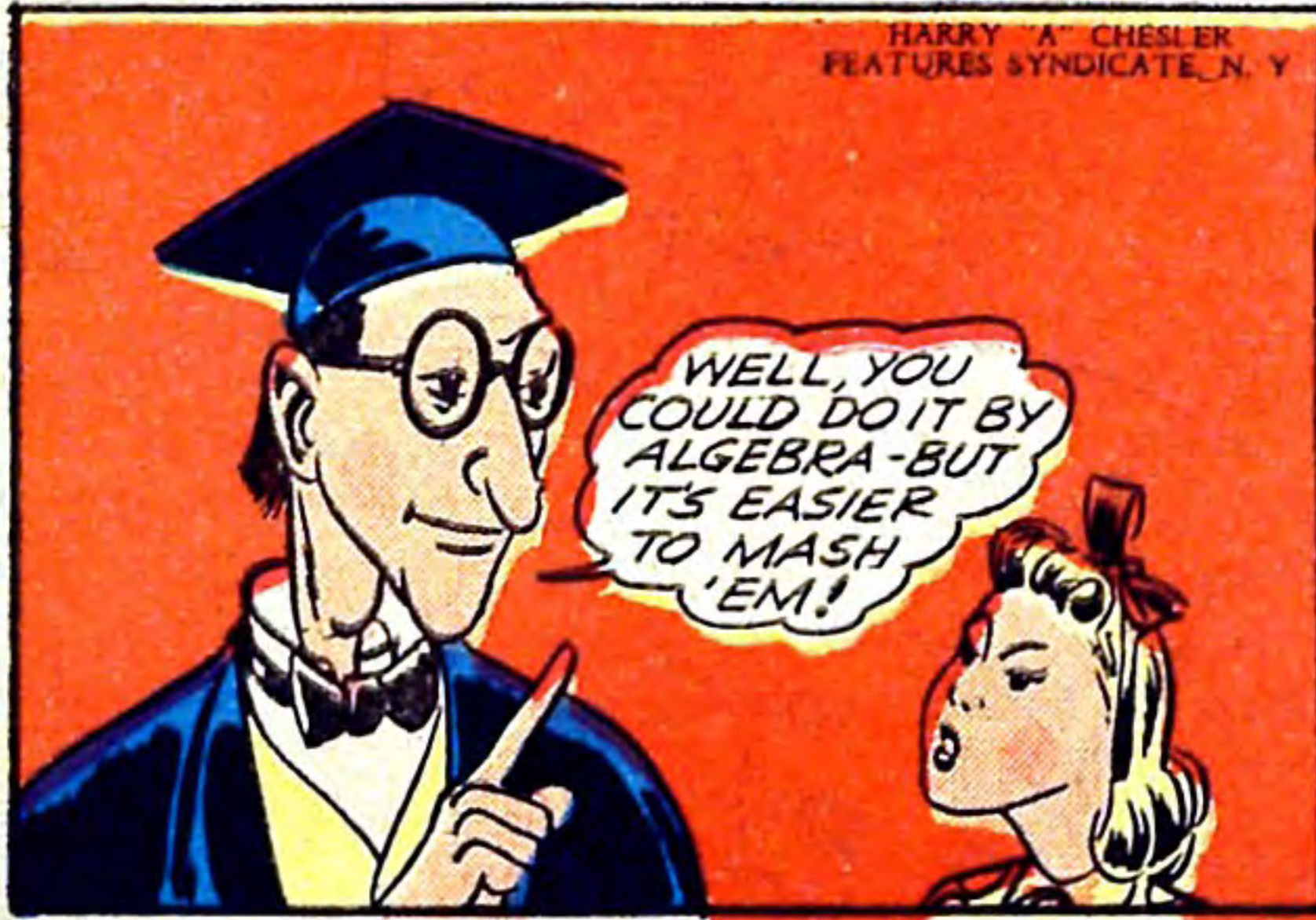
THEY KNEW THE LACK OF TRADE WOULD STARVE THE TRIBE... AND THEY WOULD EVENTUALLY GET THE MINE.

YOU'RE A BRAVE WHITE MAN. WE WILL NEVER FORGET THIS GREAT SERVICE.



Professor MC SCREW

HARRY A. CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.



Scoop Daley



IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN, SCOOP DALEY'S BOSS, JOE HANSON, SEES HIS RIVAL PAPER'S HEADLINE.



SALLY, SEND A CABLE TO SCOOP. TELL HIM TO GET THE STORY ON PROFESSOR MARTY'S RETURN TO OCCUPIED FRANCE.

Y-YES SIR!



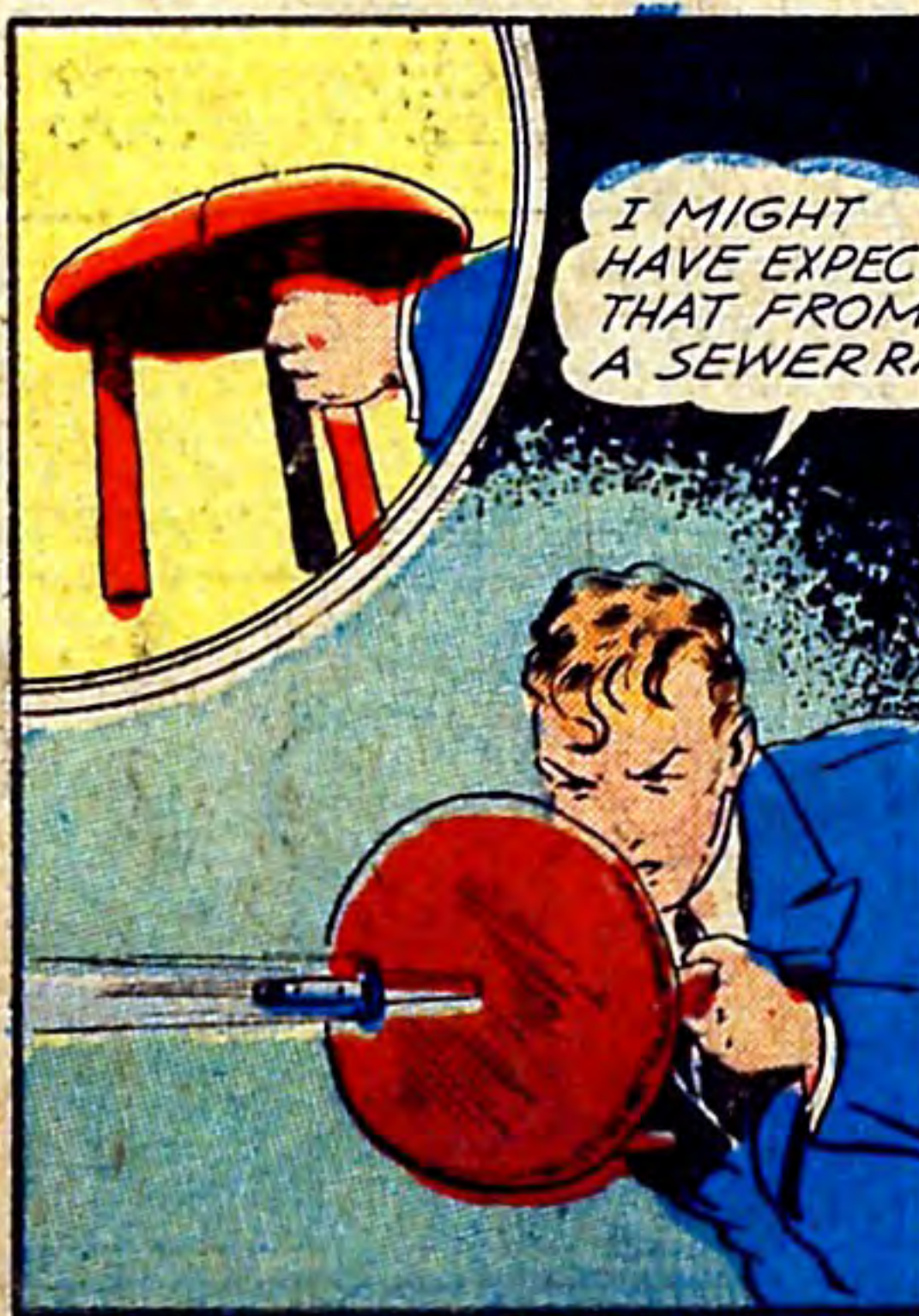
MEANWHILE IN PARIS, SCOOP DALEY FEASTS HIS EYES ON A LOVELY, MYSTERIOUS LADY...

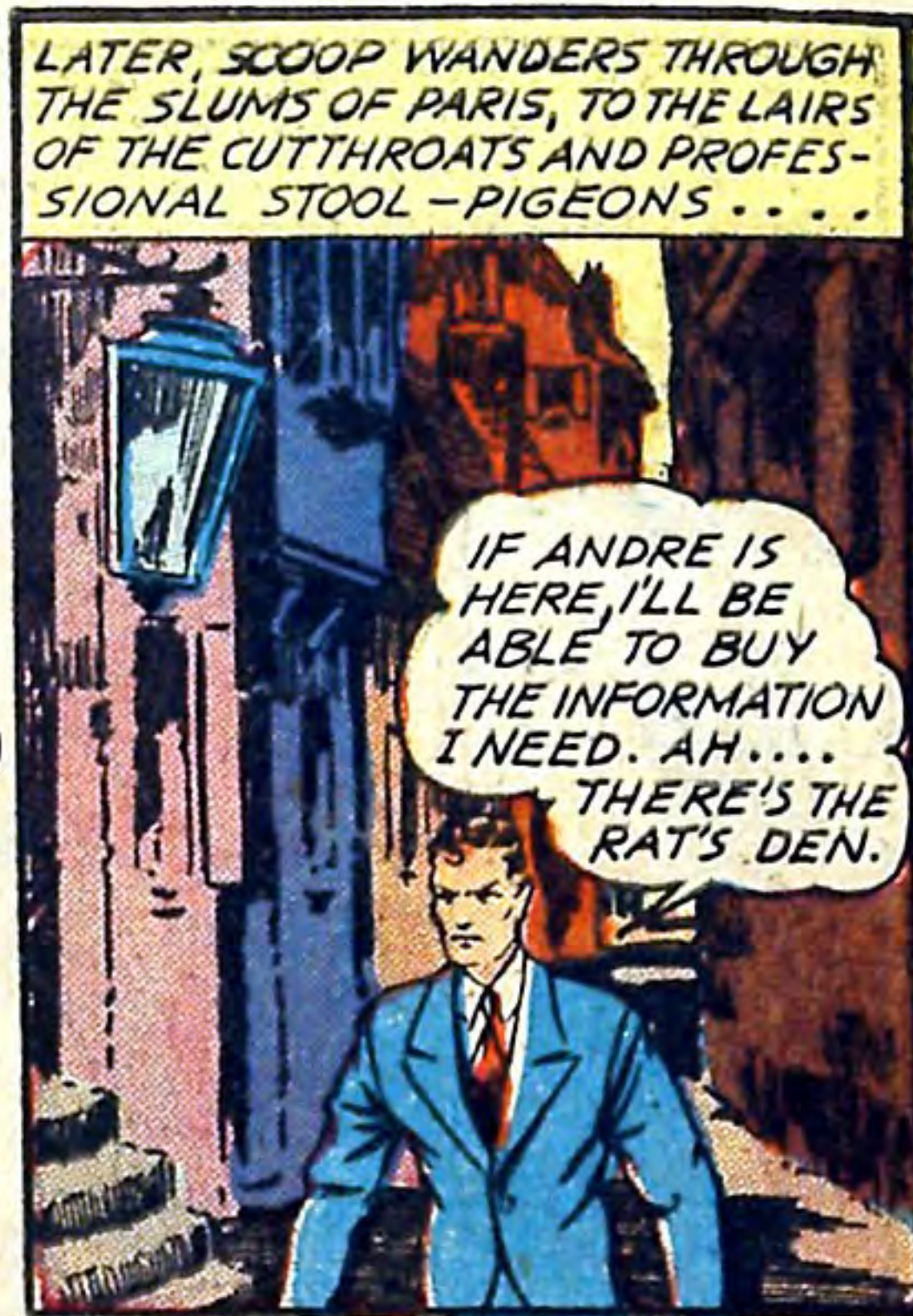


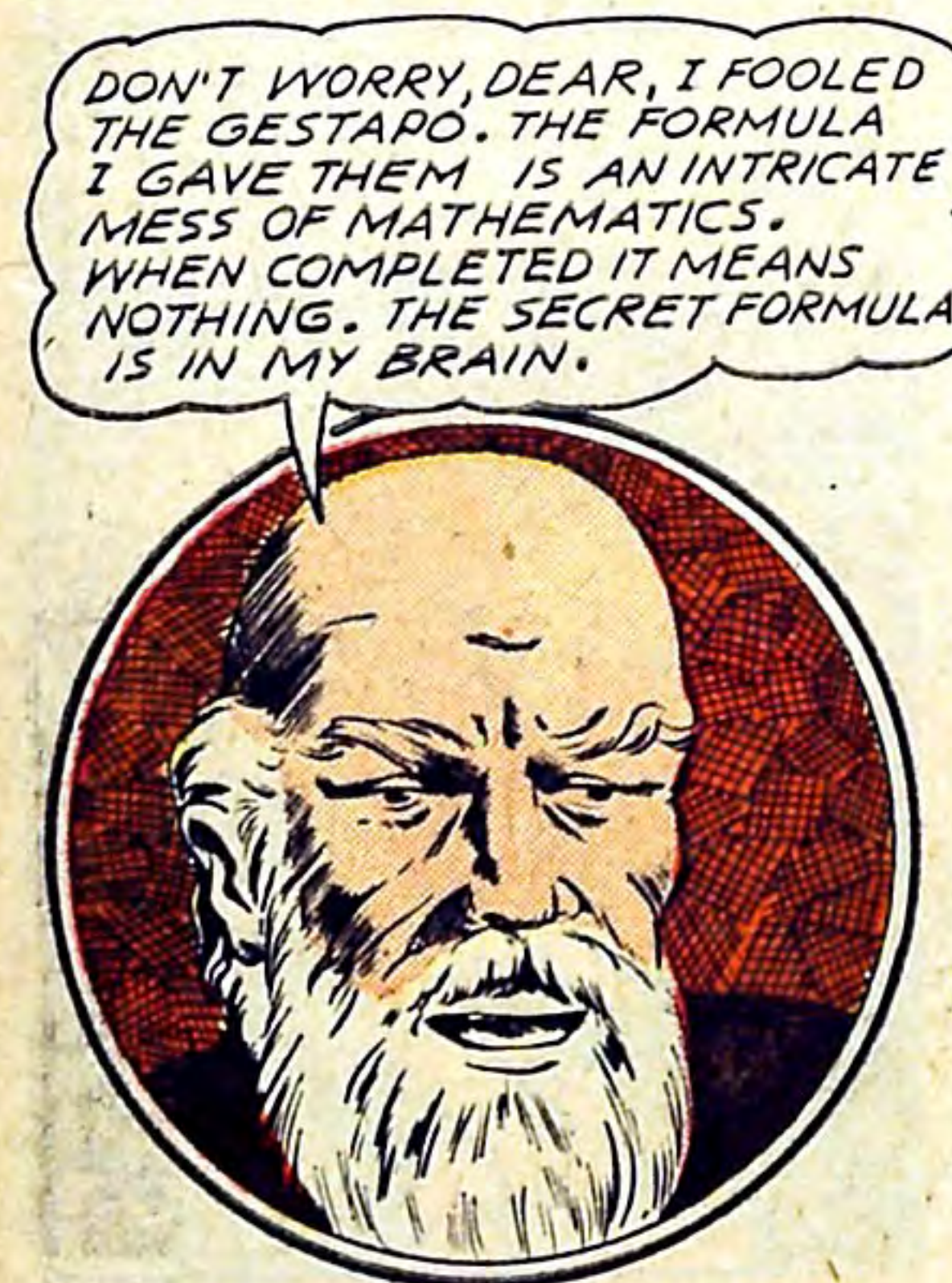
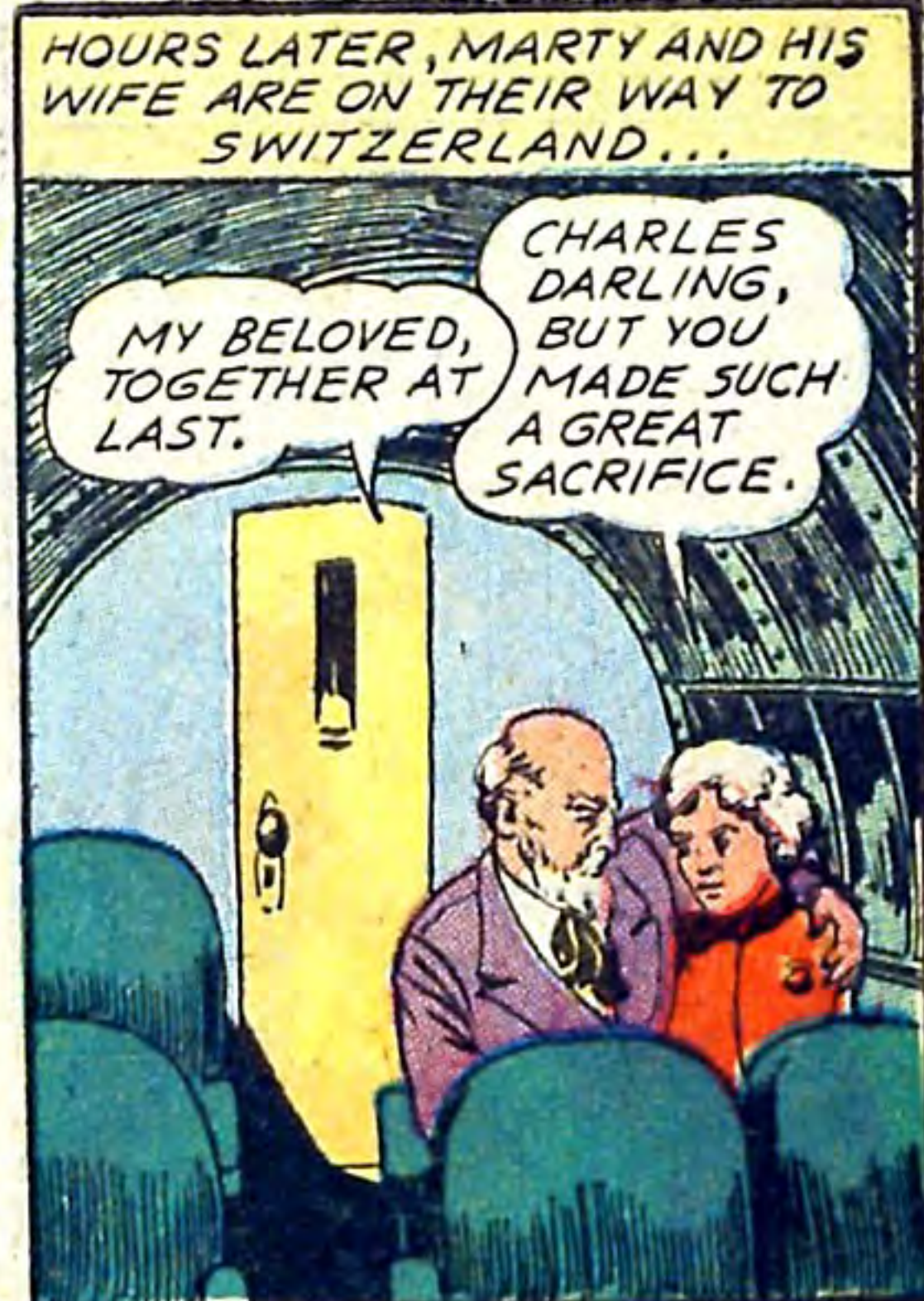
WHAT DO YOU MEAN PAYING ME OFF WITH A THOUSAND FRANCS. YOU PROMISED ME FIVE THOUSAND.



TRYING TO WELCH ON ME? WHY I'LL CUT YOUR THROAT!







SCOOP IS LED BY THE GESTAPO MEN TO THE TORTURE CHAMBERS.

SEE, HERE IS PROFESSOR MARTY AND HIS WIFE. SHE IS TO DIE A HORRIBLE DEATH, UNLESS WE GET THE RADIUM FORMULA.

WHY YOU DIRTY DOGS! I'LL TELL THE WORLD ABOUT THIS.



I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE . . .

I'VE GOT DIFFERENT IDEAS.

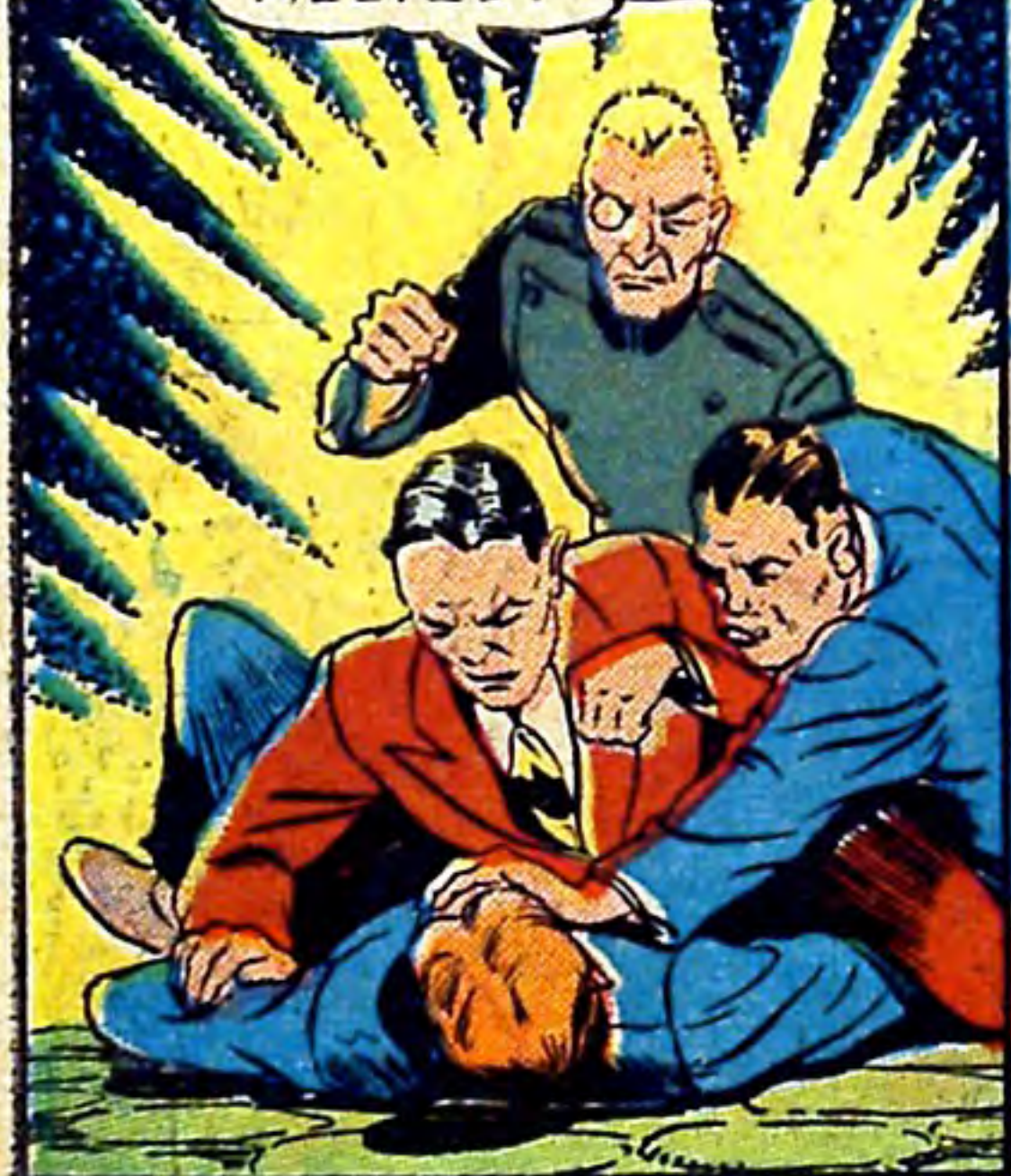


AAACHHH...

STOP HIM!



ACH! HIS RESISTANCE IS AS WEAK AS THE ALLIES.



CHARLES DEAREST YOU MUST NOT GIVE THEM THE FORMULA. MILLIONS WOULD THEN SUFFER.

WE ARE BROUGHT TO GETHER AGAIN ONLY TO DIE..



AT LEAST WE HAVE SEEN EACH OTHER BEFORE WE DIE.

YES BELOVED, WE ARE THE ONES TO GAIN FROM THE NAZI PLOT.



AH, WE ARE TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF THE COMPANY OF BEAUTIFUL HILDA CRAMER.

I CAME TO WITNESS THE TORTURES. I HEAR WE HAVE ANOTHER PRISONER, A SCOOP DALEY!



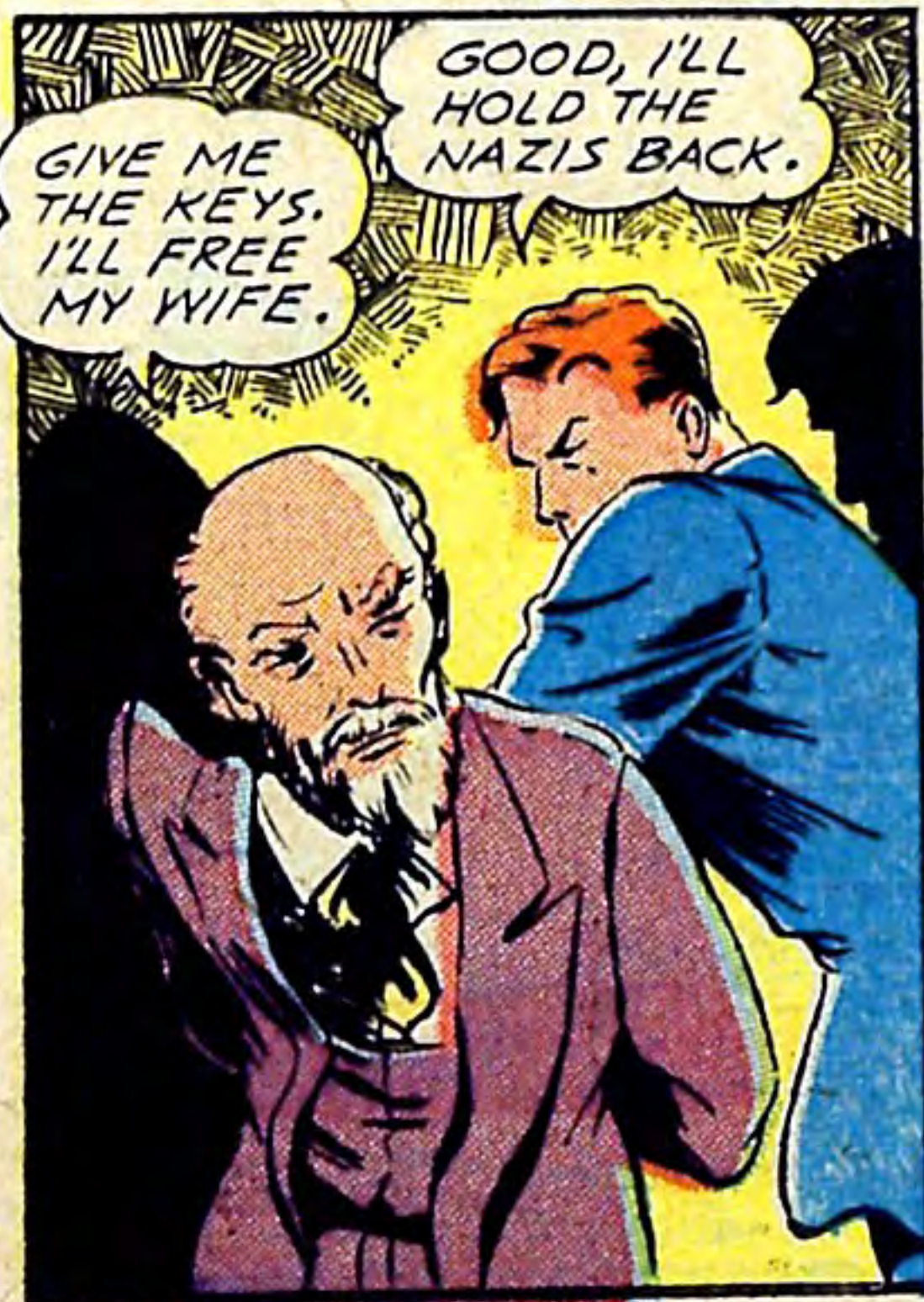
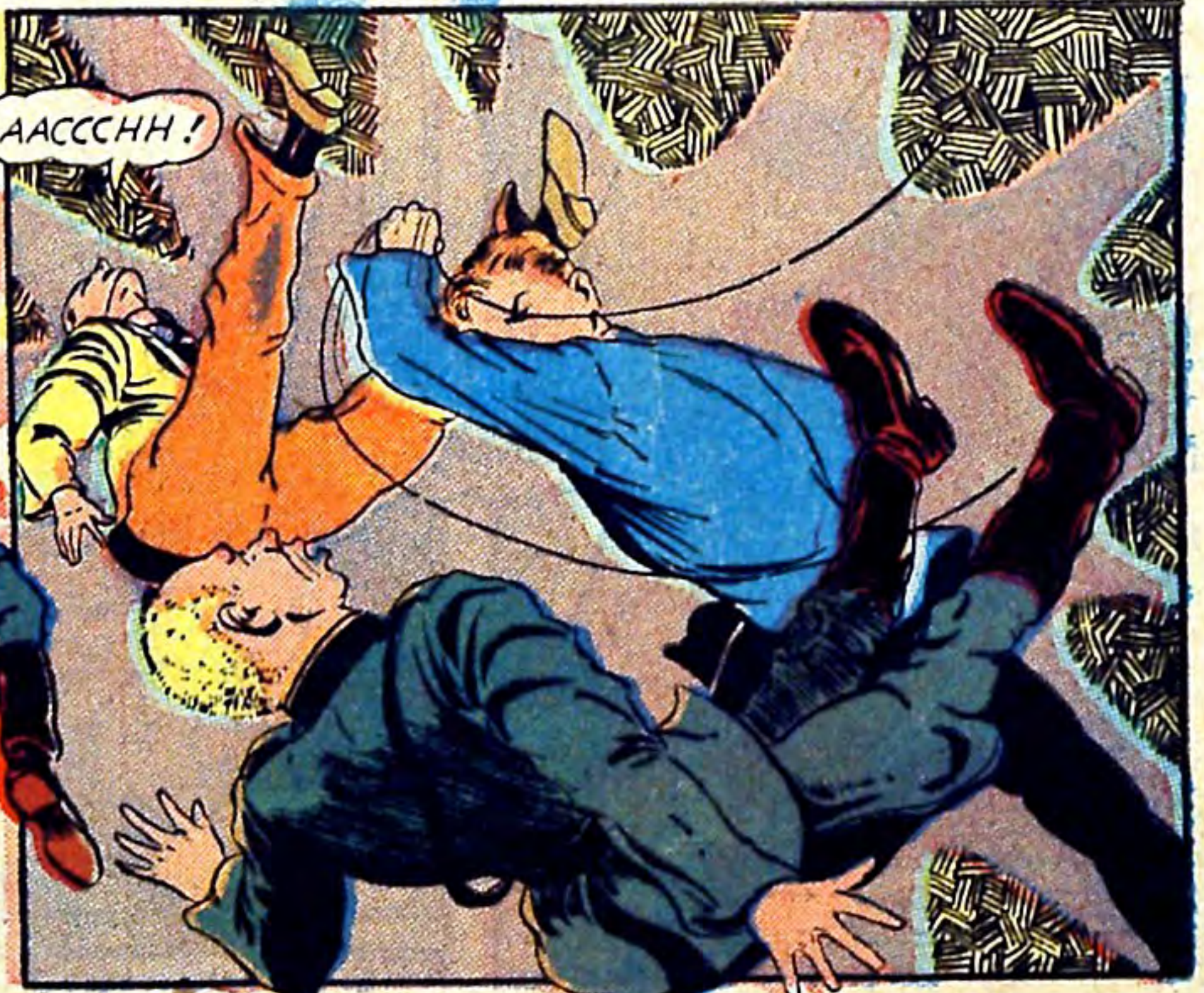
WHY, YOU HEATHEN! I SAVED YOUR LIFE.

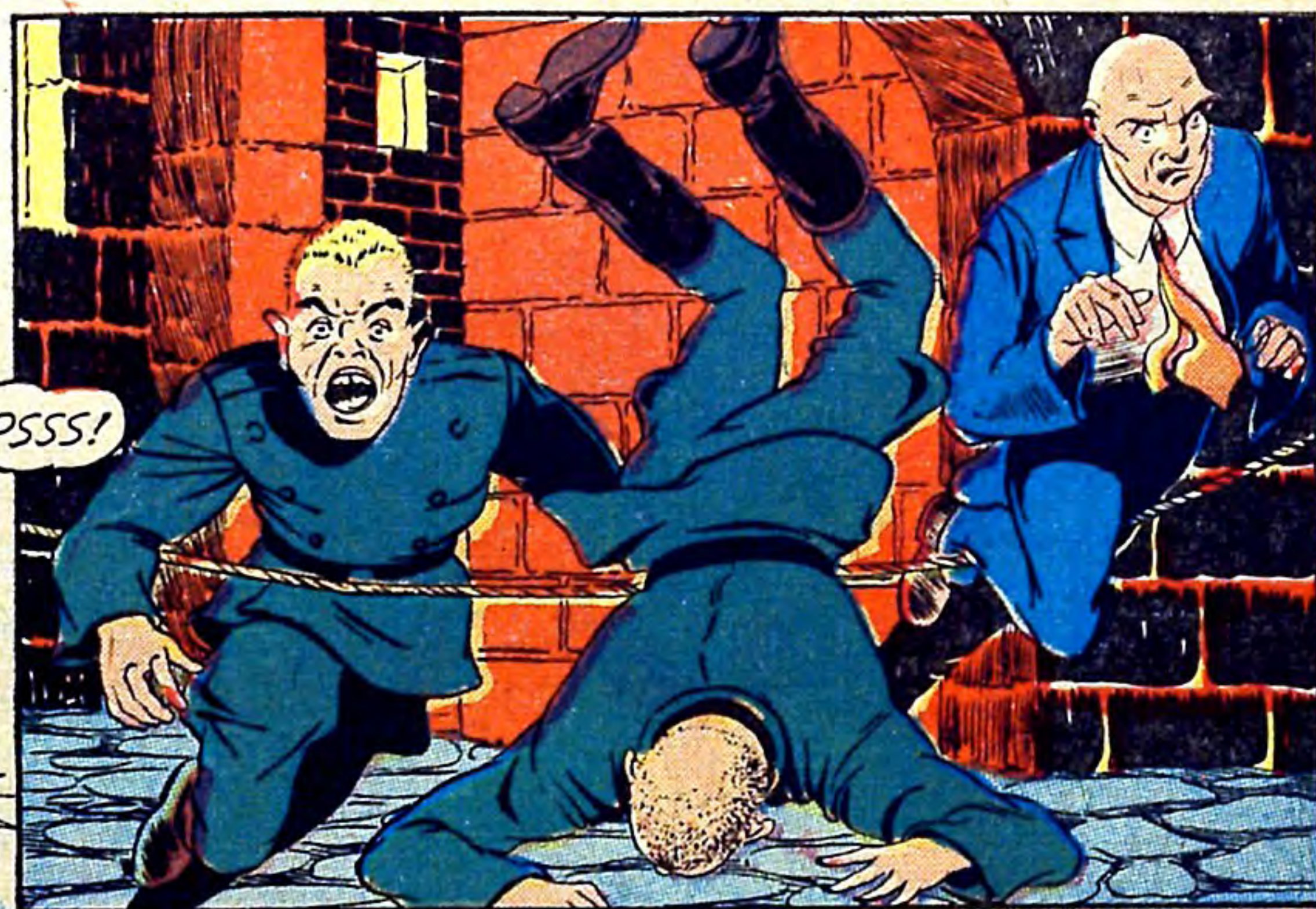
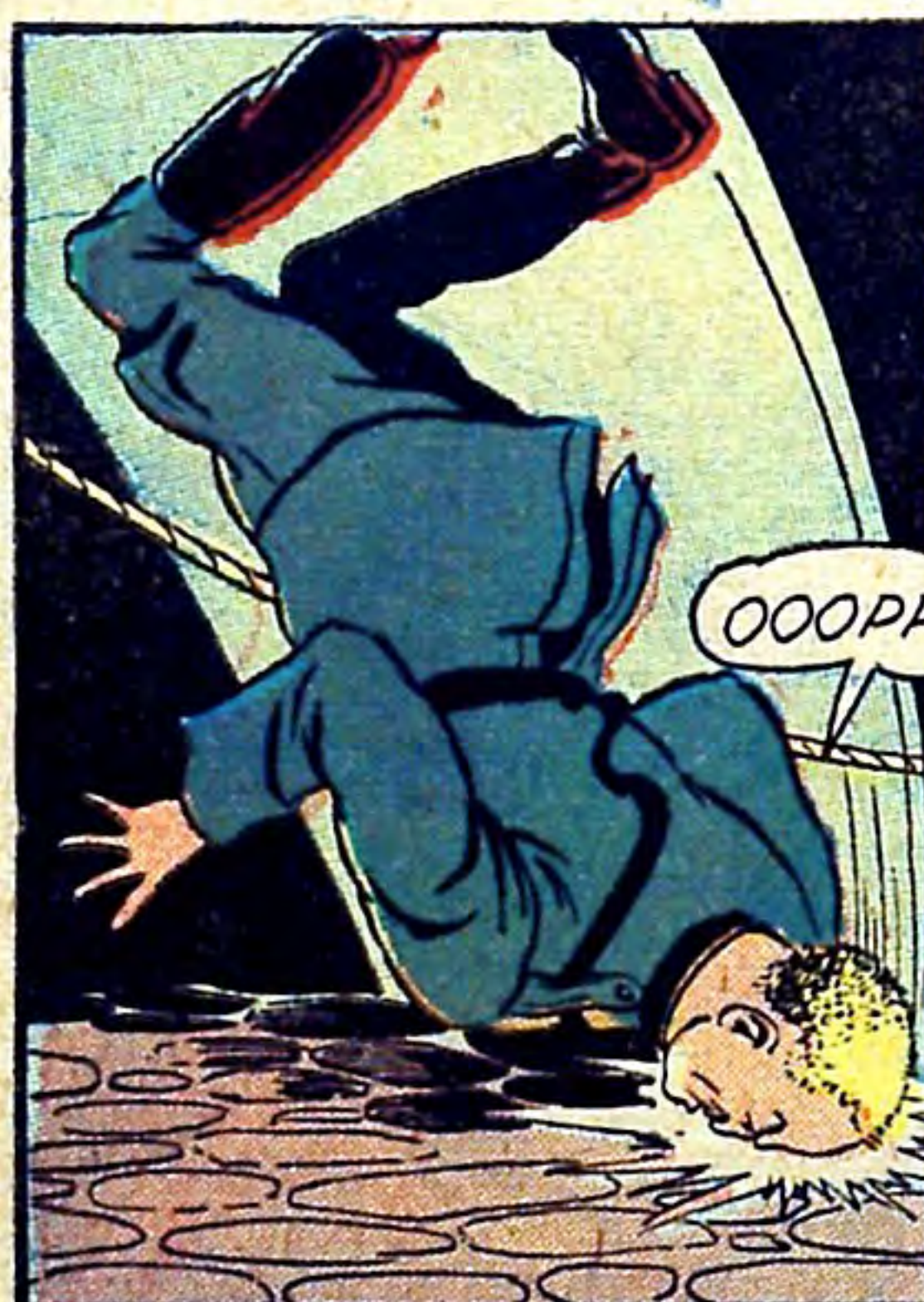
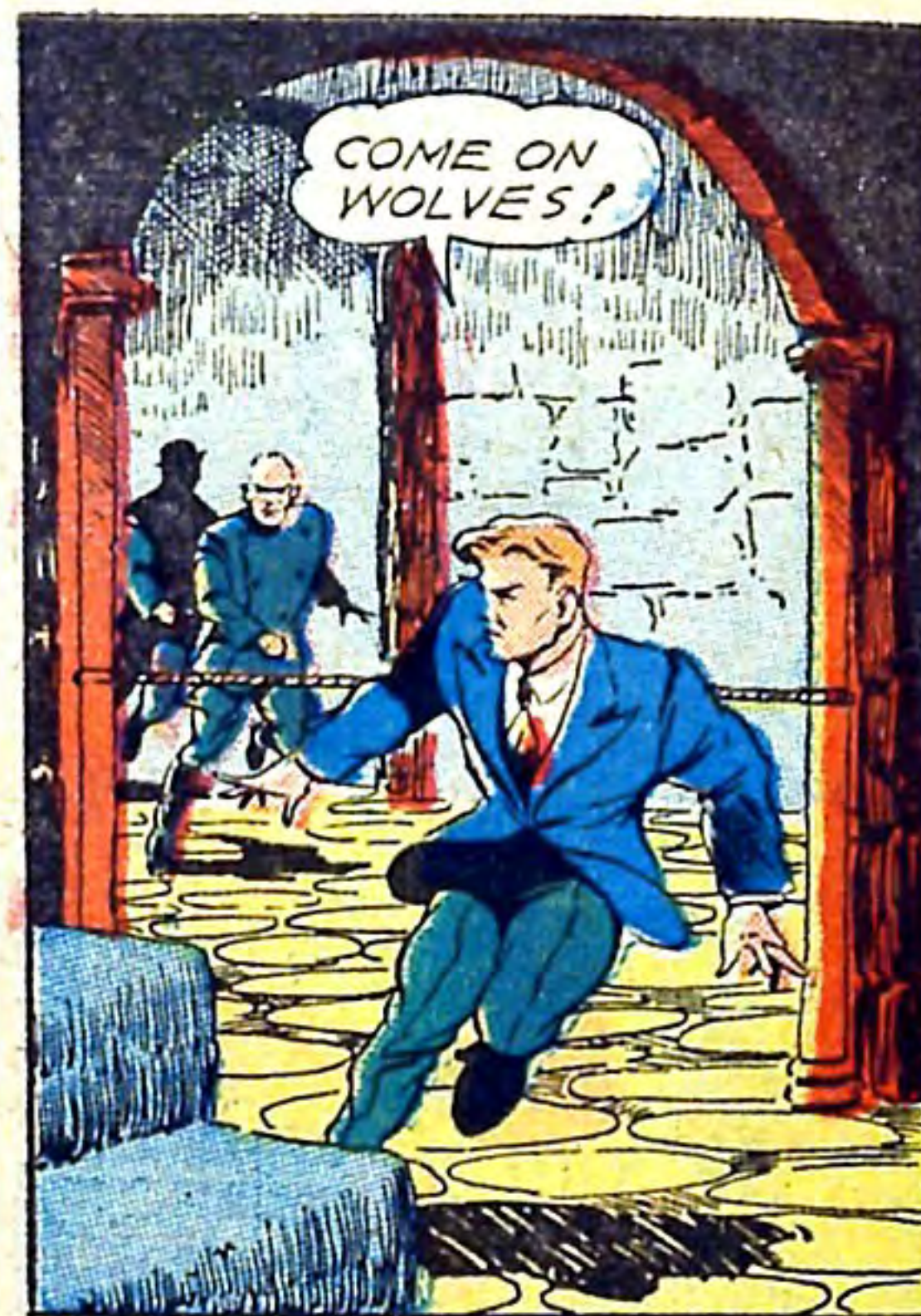
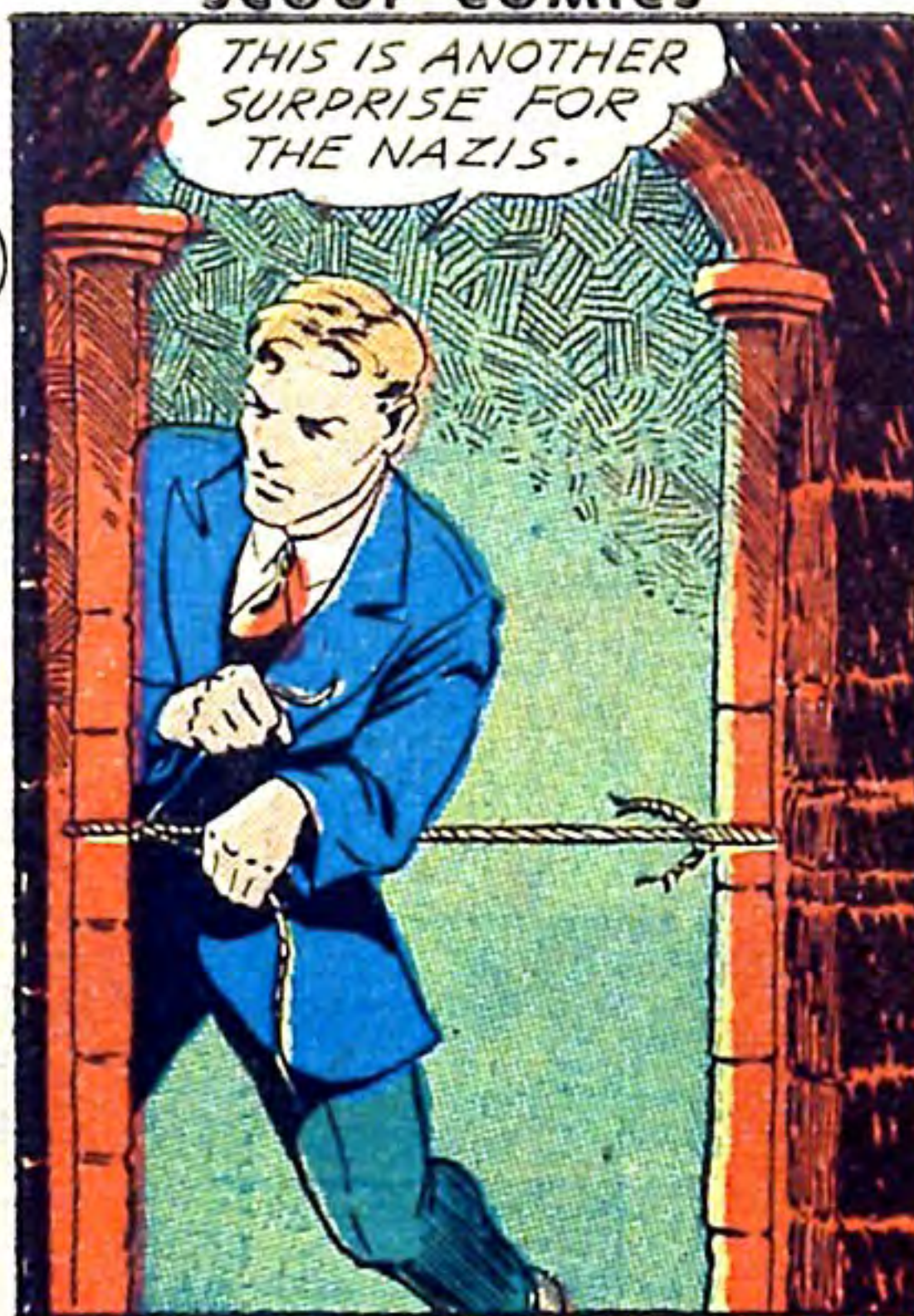
YOU SHOULD NOT SPEAK VILE OF ME. PERHAPS I WILL HAVE THE GESTAPO ONLY REMOVE YOUR EYES AND TONGUE.



REMEMBER, I ONLY PROMISED TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!







OLE FAITHFUL



"Mose," yelled Judge Hale to his colored handy man, "why haven't you sent that old horse to the glue factory, as I told you to last week?"

"Please, boss," cried the old Negro, "Ole Faithful done been on this farm for over twenty-three years. He was born the day my Sammy died over there in France."

"You know, boss," continued the colored man, "that horse is mighty attached to me. Ah once read a story about reincarnation. How dead people come back alive in another animal's body. Somehow, Ah feels like this horse might be my own son."

"Poppycock," yelled the old judge.

"Please, boss," begged the Negro, "that horse is mighty smart. Look," he said, as a shrill whistle came from his mouth. Suddenly a clattering of horse's hooves was heard and across the grounds came Old Faithful in a bee line dash for Rufus.

"See, boss," said the Negro, "every time Ah whistles, he comes straight at me."

"Poppycock," roared the judge again. "Have the truck take him to the depot in the morning and ship him to Birmingham."

"Yas, suh," cried Mose, as tears crept out of the corners of his eyes.

Mose slowly stroked Old Faithful's mane. "Horse," he sniffed, "run around the meadows tonight."

It's gonna be your last day on the farm."

Late that evening, old Judge Hale read the paper on his porch. "Gosh Almighty," he yelled, as he turned the paper and read a news dispatch. "JUDGE THOMAS FOUND MURDERED. JURIST'S EYES BURNED OUT."

"Thomas dead! Murdered!" gasped the judge. "Why, we used to sit on the same bench together. It was Thomas, Blackburn and myself who gave Killer Grange the life sentence together. Yep, that was the day before I retired."

The old judge sighed, "That Thomas was a fine man. Wonder why anybody would want to murder him?"

The judge heard footsteps coming toward him. He looked up and saw Mose.

"What's the matter now?" he roared. "If you're back again to ask me to keep your horse, it's nothing doing. If that horse isn't at the depot in the morning, you can quit your job."

"No suh, boss," said Mose. "Ah came to tell you somebody is outside on the grounds who wants to see you."

It was dark outside and as Hale walked toward the figure, he asked, "What do you want?"

The man remained silent.

Hale, with Mose close behind, came nearer to the man. The indignant judge yelled, "Come, come, what is it?"

The man suddenly removed his hat and at the same time whipped out a gun. "Put up your hands and come over here!" he barked.

"Gosh Almighty," gasped the judge, as he recognized the man. "KILLER GRANGE."

"Yeah!" snapped the killer, as he stepped forward and knocked Hale to the ground.

Grange quickly turned to Mose and then took a small acetylene torch out of his pocket and lit it.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Mose.

"Burn the judge's eyes out," he shot back. "I swore I'd do it as soon as I broke out of stir."

Mose whistled shrilly in surprise.

Suddenly, from the meadows, came a clatter of hooves. The killer turned.

"What's that?" he screamed.

Out of nowhere, Old Faithful came crashing through the bushes. The horse did not see the killer until he was upon him, but then it was too late as the powerful legs sent the killer to the ground.

... The next day, Mose was patting Old Faithful.

"Horse," he said, "Judge Hale thinks you are the smartest animal he ever saw. The way you came crashing through the hedge and knocked the killer down, won him over. How could he know you didn't see anything? Only Ah knows you is blind as the eyes on potatoes."

HARRY "A" CHESLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

CORPORAL GRANT

WHAT WAS THE STORY BEHIND THE SENSATIONAL REPORT FROM LONDON... SPITZBERGEN CAPTURED IN BLOODLESS BATTLE BY ENGLISH LANDING FORCE. THE ANSWER IS FOUND IN THE EPIC ADVENTURES OF CORPORAL GRANT.



AT A MILITARY CONFERENCE IN LONDON, NAVAL AND ARMY COMMANDERS CONFER WITH PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL.

MR. CHURCHILL, AN ACHIEVEMENT LIKE THAT BY ONE GOOD AGENT TO SABOTAGE THE DEFENSES OF THE ISLAND OF SPITZBERGEN. ONE MAN IS IMPOSSIBLE.



IMPOSSIBLE, BUT I APPROVE OF YOUR IDEA, GEN. MILLS. I RECOMMEND THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER WITH OUR FORCES, CORPORAL GRANT. I FEEL CERTAIN CORPORAL GRANT CAN ACCOMPLISH THIS DIFFICULT TASK.



AS THE HIGH AUTHORITIES OF ENGLAND PLAN HIS FUTURE, CORP. GRANT SLUMBERS ON...



CORPORAL GRANT, YOU WANTED AT THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE.



AHHH! WHAT? OH, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

--- THEREFORE YOU ARE TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY FOR SPITZBERGEN. YOU KNOW YOUR ORDERS, AND THE BEST OF LUCK TO YOU.



YES SIR.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE PLANE CARRYING GRANT SPEEDS FOR SPITZBERGEN.



THAT NIGHT, THE HEROIC YANK BAILS OUT OF THE PLANE.



SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.

GOOD LUCK, YANK!

A PARACHUTIST! QUICK! CAPTURE HIM! HE MAY BE CARRYING A SECRET MESSAGE.

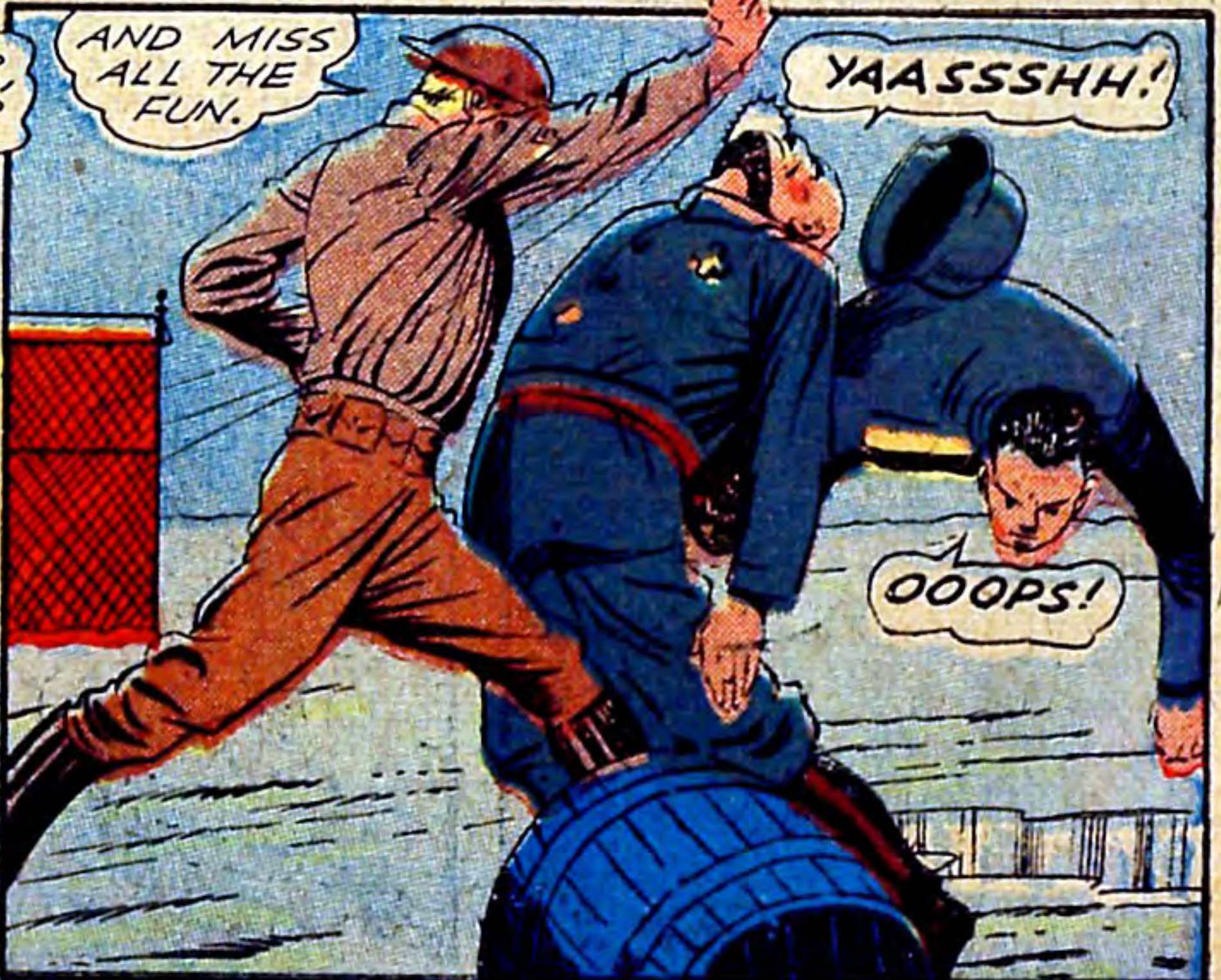


SURRENDER!



SURRENDER, WHAT FOR?

AND MISS ALL THE FUN.



YAA SSSHH!

OOOPS!



POP GOES THE WEASELS. AND IT'S ALL OVER!



LET'S SEE, YEP, HERE'S THE COAL MINE CONCENTRATION CAMP. NOW TO FREE THE FRENCH WAR PRISONERS, WHO ARE FORCED TO WORK THE MINE.



THE GUARD PACES SILENTLY IN THE NIGHT, WHEN ---

ACH HIMMEL! WH-- WHA-- IT'S A GHOSTER!



SHHH, MUSTN'T MAKE ANY NOISE.

ULP!.. EGGG!



A WELL! JUST WHAT I NEEDED.



WHEE! TWO POINTS, SOME AIM.



THE COMMANDER ORDERED THE MINERS TO STOP WORK EARLY. HE HAS A SPEECH TO MAKE.

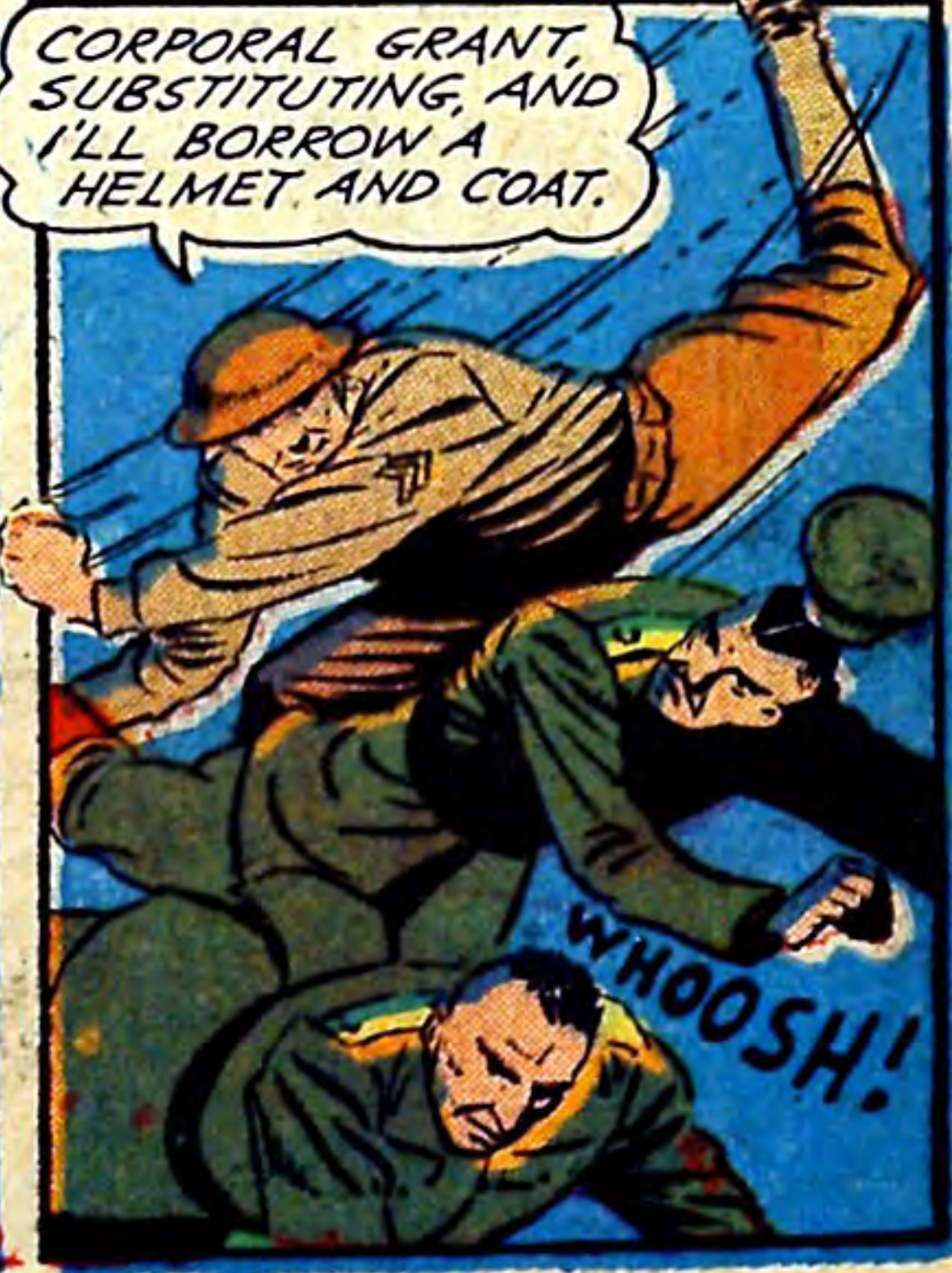
ACH! SO WE WILL START THEM WORKING EARLY.



THE FRENCH PRISONERS WILL BE MAD WHEN WE WAKE THEM--

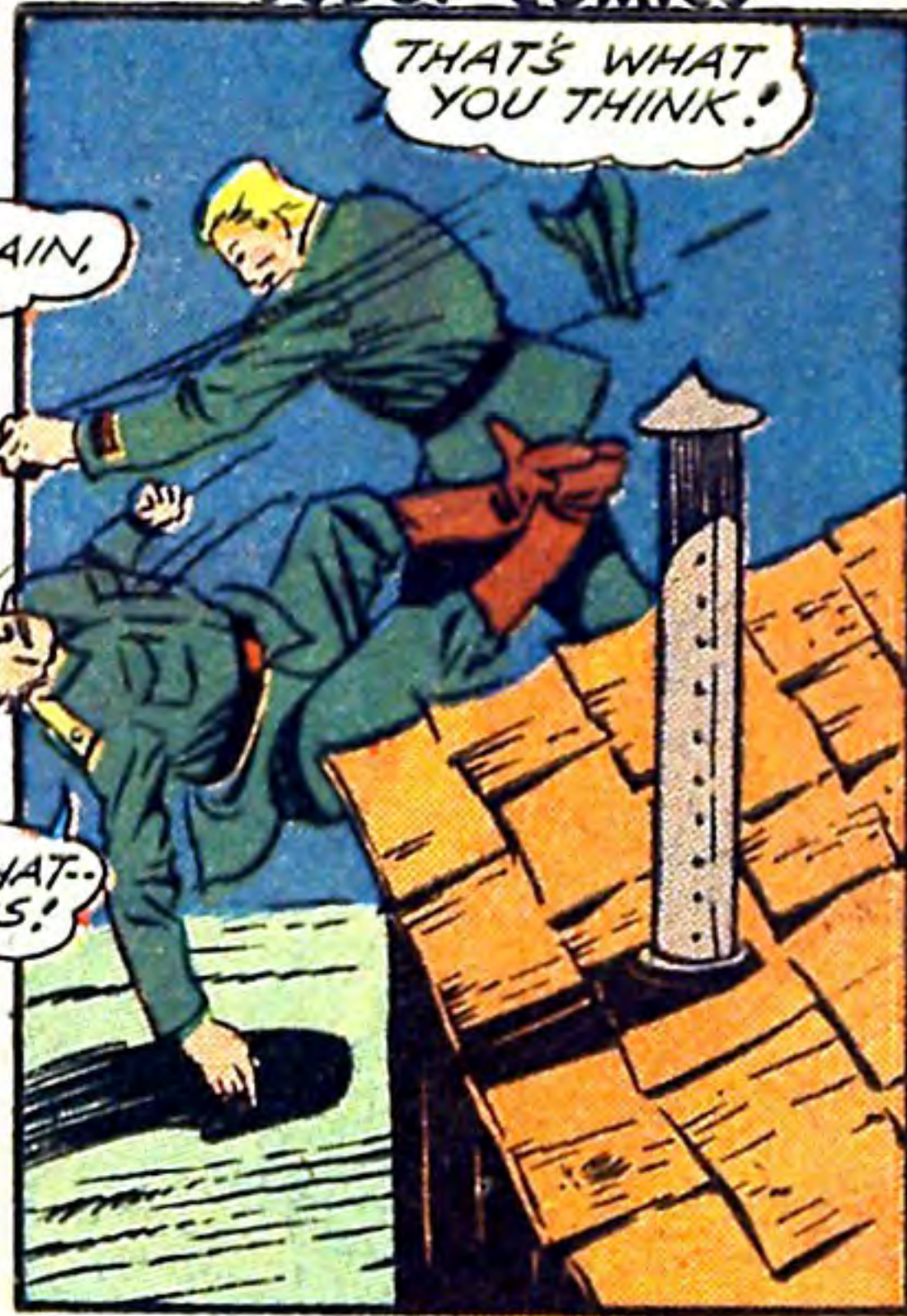
WHAT'S THAT--?

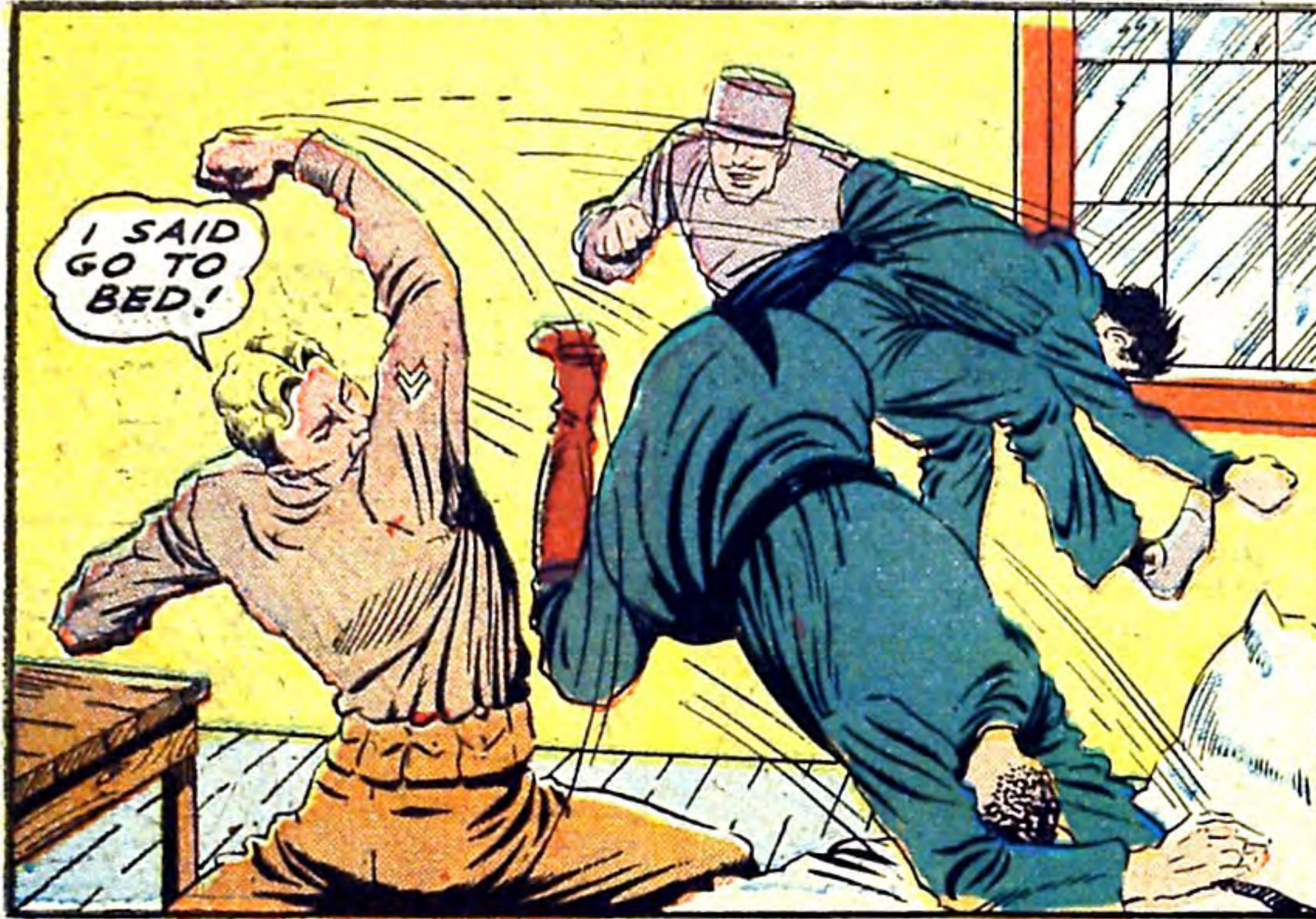
ME, MUGS!

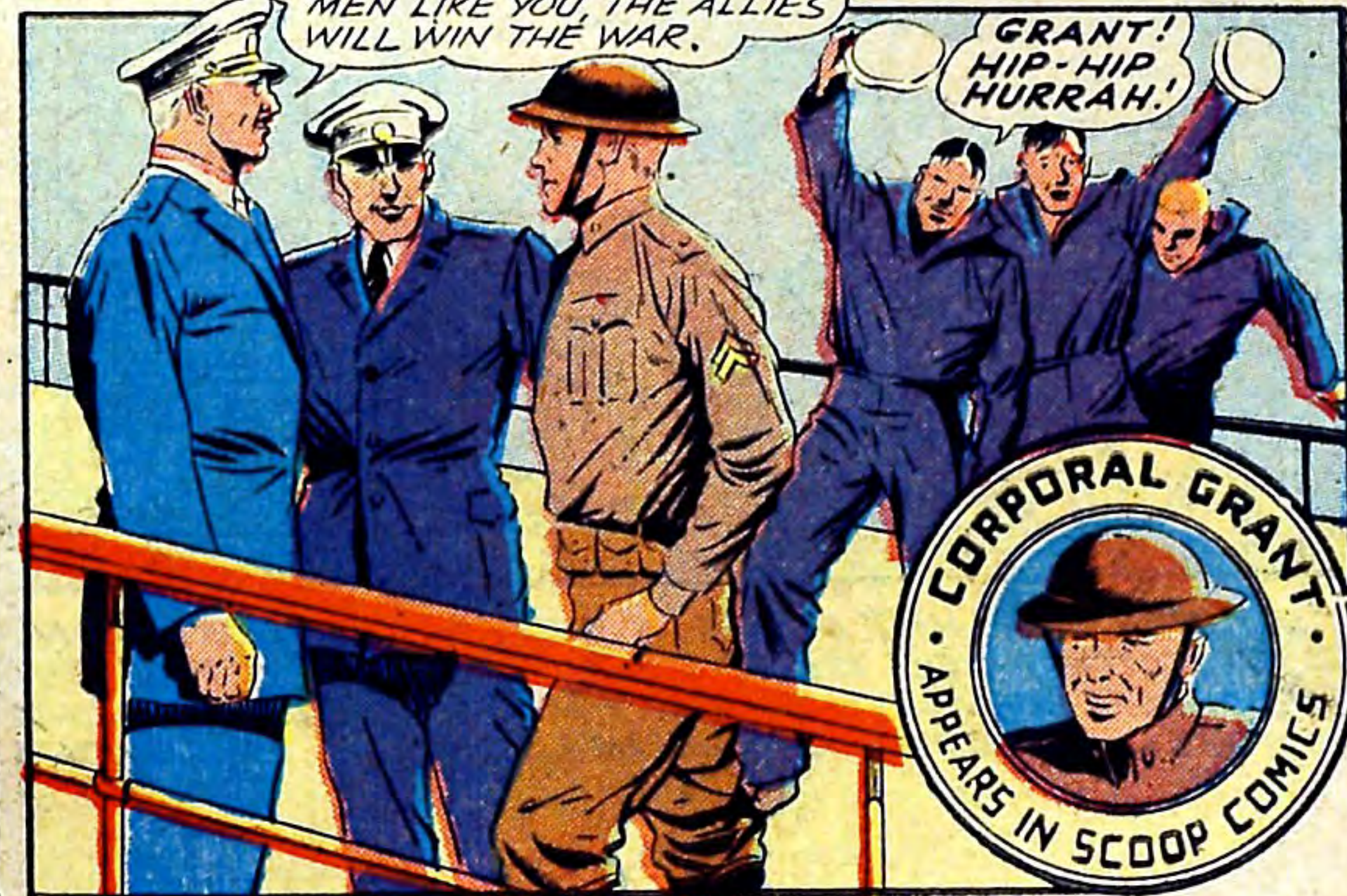
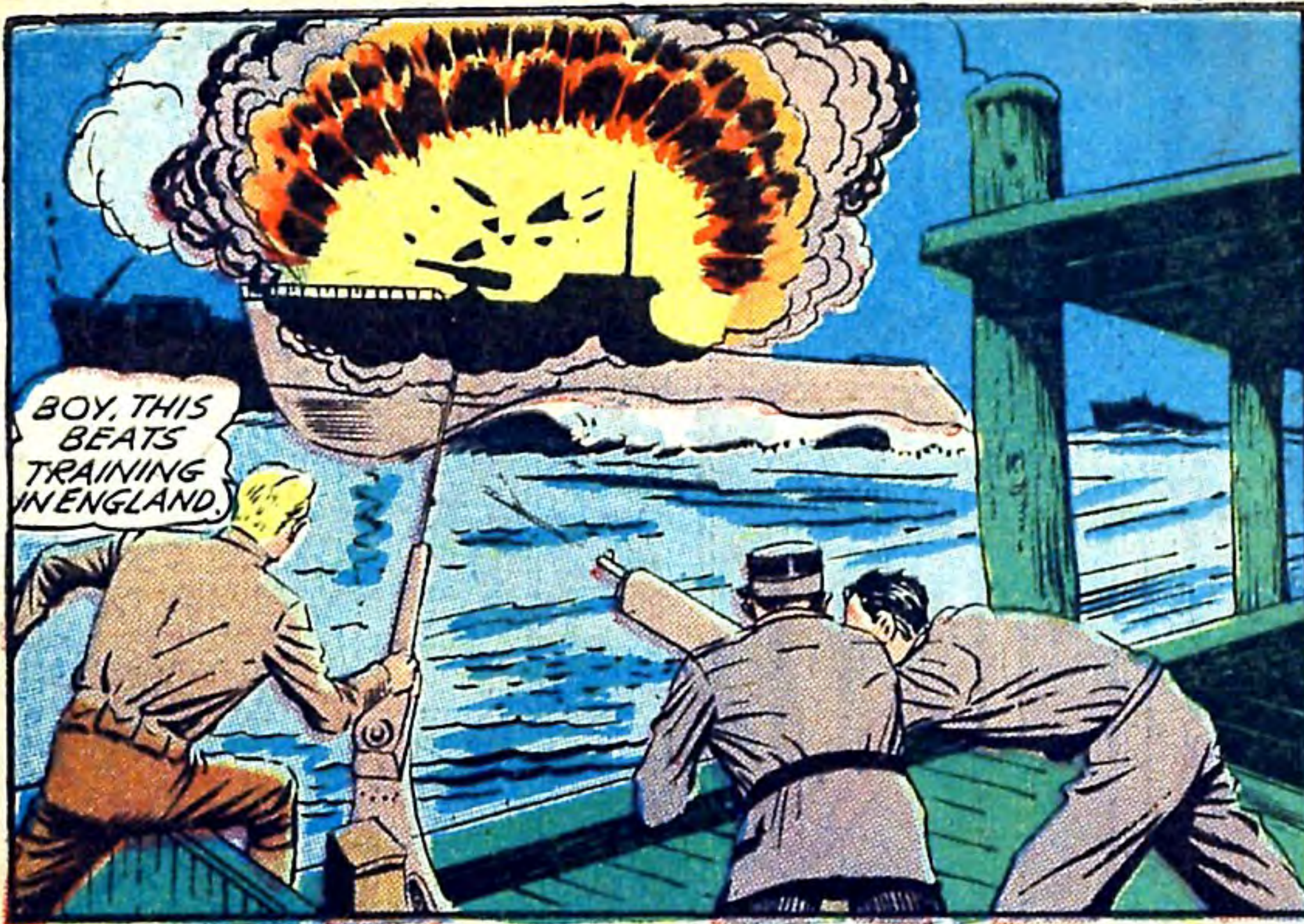


CORPORAL GRANT, SUBSTITUTING, AND I'LL BORROW A HELMET AND COAT.

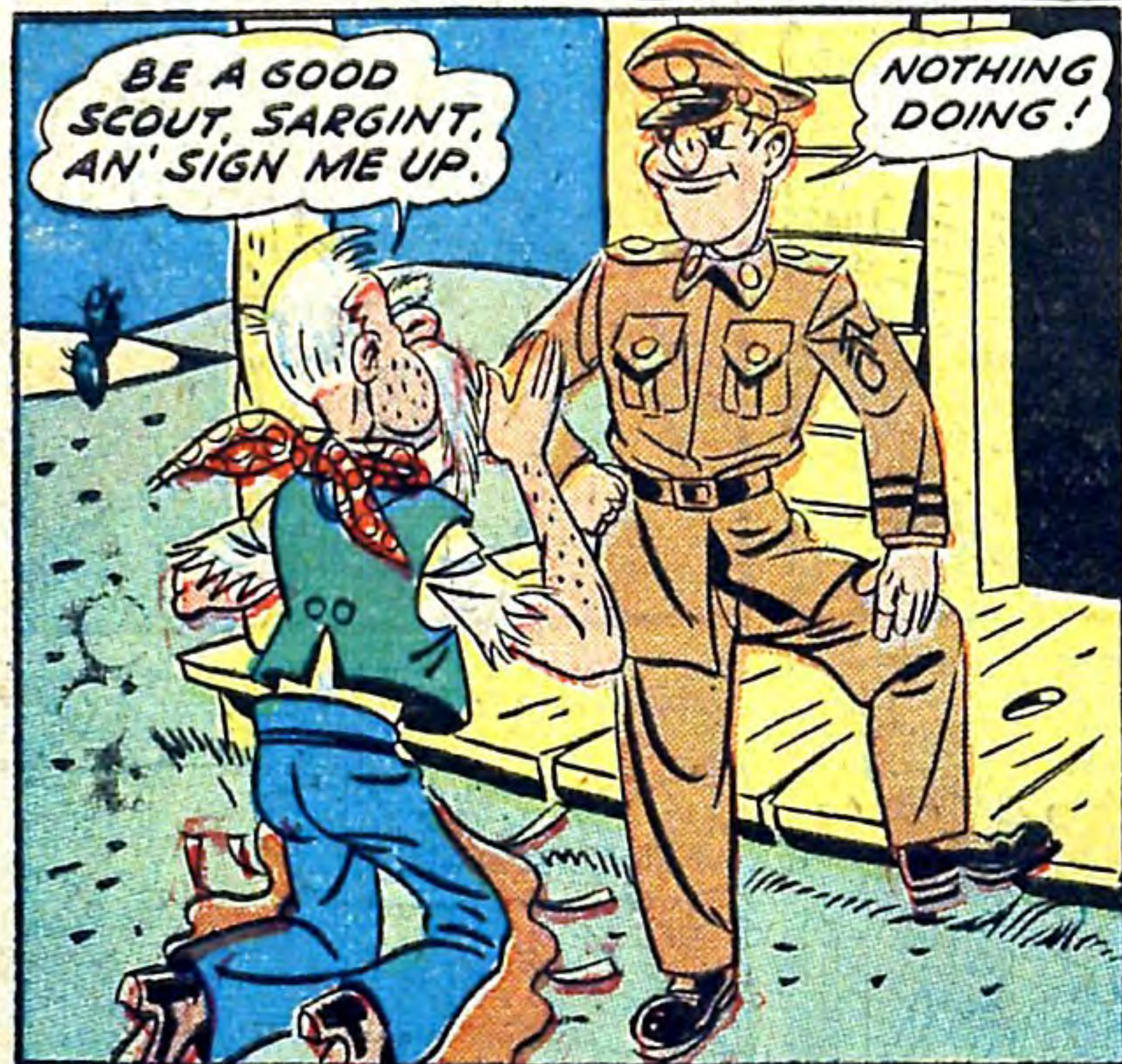
WHOOSH!



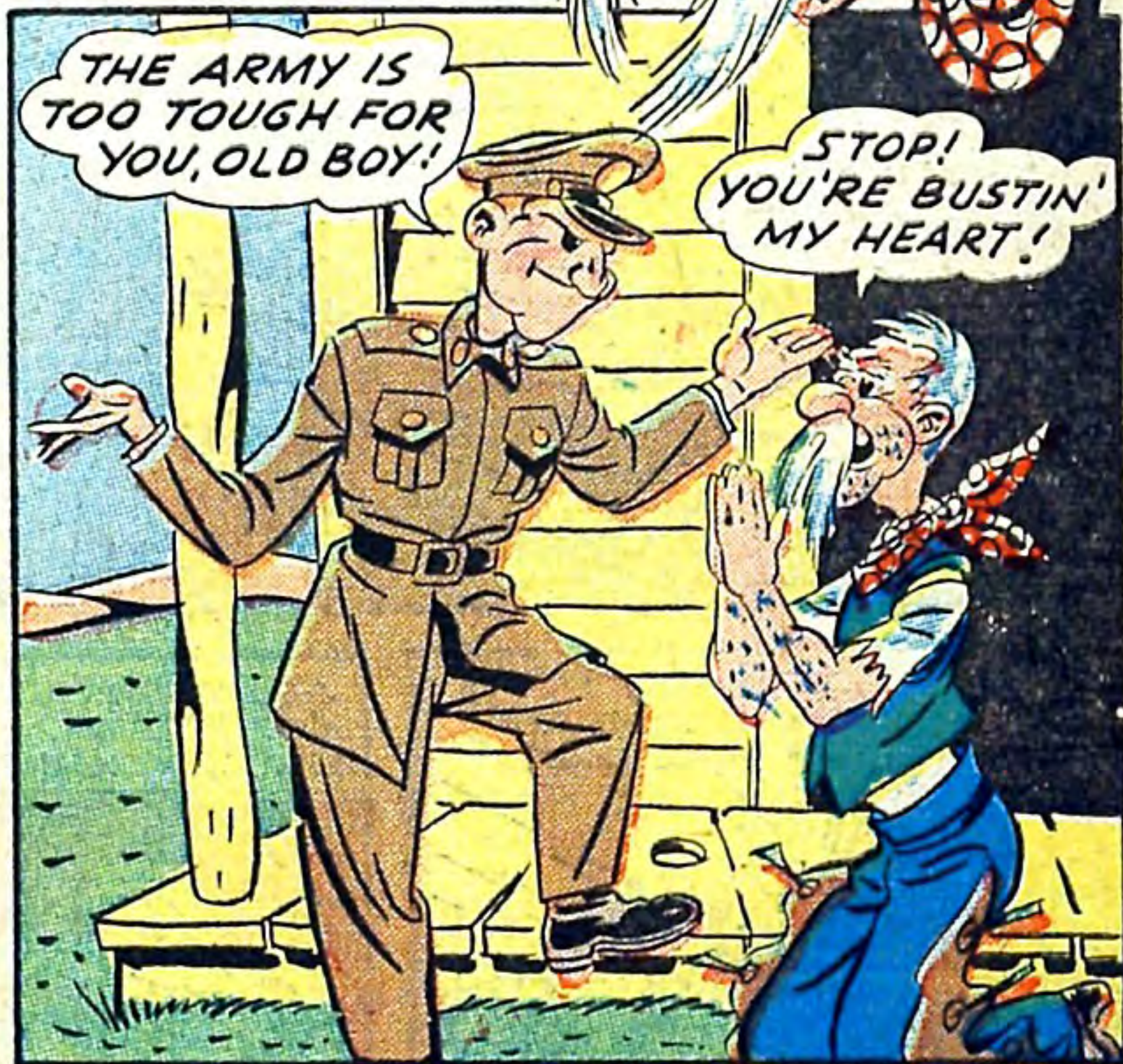




LONESOME Luke



OLD LONESOME LUKE IS TRYING HARD TO GET A KHAKI SUIT HE TOLD THE SERGEANT: "I KIN ROPE AN' MAN! - HOW I CAN SHOOT!"



BUT SERGEANT SMITH KNEW ALL THE ROPES HE SAID TO OUR OLD FRIEND: "THE ARMY LIFE IS PLENTY TOUGH YOU JUST DON'T COMPREHEND."



"DITCHES YOU MUST DIG EACH DAY, POTATOES YOU MUST PEEL. YOU HAVE TO MARCH SO MANY MILES YOU'LL RUN DOWN AT THE HEEL."



"JES' PUT ME IN THUH CAVALRY," WAS WHAT OLD LUKE REPLIED. "I DONT MIND MARCHING ALL DAY LONG AS LONG AS I KIN RIDE!"

JESSE JAMES



DR. SAMUELS, STEPFATHER OF JESSE AND FRANK JAMES, PRESENTED EACH OF THEM WITH A SHOTGUN—



JESSE'S MOTHER PLAYED A LARGE PART IN HIS EARLIER CRIMES— SHE ACTUALLY ENCOURAGED HIM TO STEAL AND KILL, WHICH HE LEARNED TO DO WITH SKILL AND DARING.



JESSE JAMES
1847 1882



CHARLES QUINTRELL'S GANG WHICH INCLUDED JESSE AND FRANK JAMES, RODE INTO LAWRENCE, KANSAS, AND KILLED EVERY MALE CITIZEN IN SIGHT, SHOWING NO PITY FOR CRIPPLES OR OLD MEN—



JESSE JAMES WAS SHOT AND KILLED BY ROBERT FORD, AS CHARLEY FORD, HIS BROTHER, STOOD BY. THE FORDS COLLECTED \$30,000 REWARD WHICH WAS SPENT IN RIOTOUS LIVING—

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